

Read our  
Page Sunday.

uslins

We don't intrust the buying  
aste is not to be compared with  
stores. Our buyer does not take  
length of a sleeve, or a quarter  
that our garments are looked upon  
ate this fact, we quote a few

Special The holiday  
Jewelry hundreds of  
pieces of jewelry, such  
brooches, shirt waist sets, rings,  
clasps, mourning jewelry  
sets, baby pins, cuff buttons, brooches,  
etc. Articles which were  
formerly priced at 50c to 75c  
to be offered on a  
special table for one  
ay, choice for..... 25c

Writing The newly-arrived  
Tablets and stationery  
comes forward with  
new writing tablets for  
day. The papers contained  
are strictly first-class  
for purposes intended. They  
are the cheapest tablets ever  
in Los Angeles. Reveal-  
ers to match each size.  
er package..... 5c

Ruffled The daintiest  
curtains for  
rooms. In many places  
them in diningrooms, etc.  
show an unlimited  
to quote a few of the  
table.

Special A soap sale  
Soaps talking. We  
sell more soaps than  
er three Los Angeles  
is the reason. On our  
drug counter.

Percale The regular  
rappers of percale  
ruffles in dark colors, trim  
ruffles and finishing  
ruffles. To be sold  
one day at..... 69c

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# The Times

FOUR PARTS AND WEEKLY MAGAZINE

SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 14, 1900.

FIVE CENTS

MUSEMENTS AND ENTERTAINMENT—  
For Theatrical Announcements See Page 3, Part III.

TIMELY SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS—

**\$50,000.00 Sale.**  
Particulars in our full page adv. in part 3, page 9. Some of the best are—  
—Sappho, 4½c.  
—Cl. Hoods and Eyes, 1c.  
—Des. nickel plated Safety Pins, 3c.  
—Ladies' Mosaic Gown, 39c.  
—4½c. Silkies for 3½c.  
—4½c. Outing Flannel, 4½c.  
—4½c. white crocheted Bed Spreads, 3c.  
—Stained Kitchen Cloth, 2½c.  
—White Pillow Cases, 6c.  
—Gingham at 3½c.  
—Macbeth Lamp Chimneys, 3½c.  
—Bunch 10c Dress Stays, 3c.  
—Ladies' 15c Hose, 9c.  
—Ladies' muslin or cambric Drawers for 25c.  
—Large honey-comb Towels, 2½c.  
—Turkey red Prints, 4½c.  
—Se roll Cotton Batting, 3½c.  
—Heavy, mottled 10c Flannel, 6c.

**Broadway Department Store**  
Broadway, corner Fourth Los Angeles.

**BARBONS**—Every picture a work of art.  
16—Medals—16.  
Values should not miss the opportunity to have  
pictures taken under  
the most favorable con-  
ditions. Studio 220½  
N. Main St., Los Angeles.  
Phone 220½.

**GREEN VOCAL QUARTETTE**—  
At Y.M.C.A. HALL, 209 SOUTH BROADWAY,  
TUESDAY EVENING, JAN. 16. Y.M.C.A. Membership Tickets admit  
two and lady. General admission 50 cents, with reserved seat.

**THE ROUTES OF TRAVEL**—  
FRESH AND BLOOMING—  
Around The Kite-Shaped Track.  
Kite-Shaped Track  
LOS ANGELES  
THE SIGHT TO SEE  
COLUMBIA  
CHRYSLER  
DUOMO  
MUSEUM  
METRO  
PACIFIC  
SANTA FE  
THEATRE  
WILSON  
YACHT CLUB

**California Limited**  
Santa Fe Route  
Lv. Los Angeles 6:00 p.m. Tues. Thurs. Sat. Sun.  
Ar. Pasadena 6:30 p.m. Tues. Thurs. Sat. Sun.  
Ar. Denver 9:30 p.m. Thurs. Sat. Mon. Tues.  
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Ar. Chicago 2:15 p.m. Fri. Sun. Tues. Wed.  
Ar. New York 8:30 p.m. Sat. Mon. Wed. Thurs.  
Entirely new and luxurious equipment.  
ELECTRIC LIGHTED THROUGHOUT.  
EVERYTHING to make you comfortable and  
the FASTEST TIME EVER MADE.

**SPECIAL EXCURSIONS MOUNT LOWE RY.**  
SUNDAY, JANUARY 14.  
From Los Angeles to Alpine Tavern and return (including  
all points on Mount Lowe Ry.) Pasadena Electric Cars  
leave 8, 9, 10 a.m., 1 and 3 p.m. All the a.m. and 1 p.m. make entire  
round trip same day. Return part of excursion tickets good for 30 days.  
Telescope, ECHO MOUNTAIN HOUSE, REASONABLE RATES, FINE  
ACCOMMODATIONS and FINE ORCHESTRA.  
GOLDEN POFFY FIELDS—a sight to see, stop-overs if desired. Watch  
the operation of the World's Fair Searchlight each evening at 8 o'clock.  
Tickets and full information, office 214 South Spring St. Telephone Main 960.

**HAWAIIAN ISLANDS**—Samoa, New Zealand and Australia, S. S. Moana  
leaves San Francisco Jan. 24th. For rates, tickets  
and full information apply to Hugh H. Rice, Agt., Oceanic S. S. Co., 30 S. Spring St.

**RESORTS AND CAFES**—  
SUNNY SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA—  
Hotel Florence, San Diego, Cal., the finest hotel in California. Modern in  
all its equipment. STEAM HEAT. Elevator service, etc.  
Opened for the fourth season under the management of  
E. E. NICHOLS & SON,  
Also of the Cliff House, Monterey, Cal.

**WILKINSON HOTEL**—  
Santa Barbara,  
With an addition of forty bedrooms and new passenger elevator makes the most  
complete resort hotel in the State.  
Open during every day. Perpetual May climate.

**SANTA CATALINA ISLAND**—  
The famous resort 3½ hours from Los Angeles. HOTEL METROPOLE al-  
ways open at popular rates. Golf Links. Submarine gardens as seen through  
glass-bottom boats. Marvelous Exhibition of living fish in glass tanks. Boat-  
ing, fishing, etc. Most equable climate in the world—  
temperature 70 degrees. Regular daily steamer service from San Pedro  
on Friday. See railroad time tables.  
BANKING COMPANY, 222 South Spring Street, Los Angeles. Tel. Main 36.

**WILKINSON HOTEL**—J. B. Duke, Prop., 725 Westlake Ave. A select family hotel  
located in the most beautiful residential portion of the city, one block from park. Recently  
renovated. Newly furnished. Telephone M. 84.  
LONDON—30 North Hill Street, near Second. The leading family hotel. Cuisine  
excellent. All modern improvements. Special rates by the week. THOS. FASCO, Prop.

## DEEP SILENCE OVER ALL.

No Fresh News from the  
Seat of War.

Censorship Enforced With More  
Rigor Than Heretofore.

Movements of the Troops in the  
Field Closely Guarded.

Much Speculation as to Buller's  
Turning Movement.

Unconfirmed Rumor of His Second  
Serious Defeat—French's Latest  
Forward Move—Volunteers  
Off for Africa.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]  
NEW YORK, Jan. 13.—[Exclusive  
Dispatch. Copyright, 1900, by the New  
York Tribune.] The Tribune war cable  
dated, London, January 14, says the  
War Office was prolific in casualty lists  
yesterday, from Mafeking, Stormberg,  
Colenso and other camps, but was  
silent hour after hour respecting Bul-  
ler's turning movement. Comments  
upon that movement made twenty-four  
hours earlier still held good at a late  
hour last night. There were no new  
facts, and the theories of experts were  
of no value because there was utter  
lack of information upon which to base  
them.

It was evident that Buller's advance  
to Potgieters Drift, if not a feat for  
disguising the real attack at Colenso,  
or seventeen miles below on the Weenen  
road, was the first misadventure in a se-  
ries directed against the enemy's flank  
and rear, and that time must be allowed  
for the British to get the entire plan of op-  
erations. The passing of the Tugela  
by a strong column with a flat-bot-  
tomed scow or a rough floating bridge,  
worked by a single rope, was the only  
means of transit, would require time,  
even if the enemy did not molest the  
invaders, and possibly it could only be  
undertaken under cover of darkness.  
Military writers here have succeeded  
in locating the drift with a fair degree  
of certainty, but the district is off the  
main road, and little is known about it.  
It is a grazing region, occupied mainly  
by Dutch farmers, Springfield is an  
insignificant village with a few houses  
and two Kaffir stores. A journey by  
post cart from Springfield to Lady-  
smith, via Potgieters Drift, occupies  
seven and a half hours. These are the  
only obtainable facts respecting the  
quarter where Buller is known to be  
operating.

Croakers were inclined to suspect at  
midnight that the War Office was  
holding back bad news; their com-  
plaints merely indicated their own  
nervousness. The officials themselves  
asserted that they were as completely  
in the dark as the corps of reporters  
clamoring for news. Opinion in well-in-  
formed military circles is hopeful. The  
danger of a counter attack is not over-  
looked, especially when there are re-  
ports that eight Boer camps were dis-  
covered by British scouts earlier in the  
week on the south bank of the Tu-  
gela. It is assumed with confidence,  
however, that Warren's division is pro-  
vided with a mule train and carries his  
own supplies, and cutting off communi-  
cations with the rear will not be a se-  
rious accident. Most sanguine experts  
expect him to rush on to Ladysmith  
after crossing the Tugela, and either  
breaking through or turning the Boer  
line, and when reinforced by White,  
to move south toward Colenso. Theories  
like these are trifles light as air.  
What Englishmen want is positive in-  
formation about what Buller has done,  
not what optimists hope he may do.  
With all the uncertainties, however,  
there is turning movement of the Boer  
forces and a crushing defeat of  
Ladysmith and a direct frontal  
attack upon Colenso.

News from other sections of the field  
of operations is also meager. Reuter  
sent an encouraging report from  
Renegburg of the advance of a strong  
force under French's command, under  
cover of artillery fire, and its encamp-  
ment on the eastern flank of the enemy.  
This maneuver is probably to threaten  
the Dutch line of retreat toward Oran-  
ge River. The enemy has clearly been  
disturbed by it, for an unsuccessful at-  
tempt has been made to take the Brit-  
ish position. Details were lacking at  
a late hour, but there seemed to be a  
promise of the successful close of  
French's ingenious maneuver around  
Renegburg, which his chief object  
has been not to capture the town but  
cutting off the enemy's communications  
with bridges over the Orange River.  
Belated reports of the capture of  
the reconnaissance toward Stormberg add  
nothing to the official report.

**CABLE CENSORSHIP.**  
ENGLAND EXERCISES IT GENTLY.  
[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]  
LONDON, Jan. 13.—[Exclusive Dis-  
patch.] The report that Russia and  
France have addressed a representation  
to England, respecting interference  
with private and official dispatches  
over eastern cables, is entirely with-  
out foundation. It would have been  
strange had they done so, because  
nothing is clearer than that interna-  
tional telegraph conversations do not  
apply in time of war. As a matter

## "THE POWER THAT RULES THE PACIFIC IS THE POWER THAT RULES THE WORLD."

(Senator Beveridge's Speech.)



Uncle Sam: "And I rather guess I'm going to be it."

of fact this government asserts that  
its undeniable rights have been ex-  
ercised in buying mail and  
the tenderest regard for foreigners. If  
any government should attempt to  
make difficulty it would be the easiest  
thing in the world for the British ad-  
miralty to give the hint, and in a few  
days the cable would be accidentally  
cut in the neighborhood of Delagoa  
Bay. Before he left London, Gen.  
Buller suggested this course on the  
ground that it was evident that, in  
spite of the care exercised by military  
censors, the enemy were getting valu-  
able information. But the government  
preferred to go on the principle of  
giving the smallest provocation possi-  
ble.

### VEIL UNLIFTED FROM THE THEATRE OF WAR.

ANXIOUS EYES STILL LOOKING IN  
VAIN FOR NEWS.

Movements of Gen. Roberts and  
Kitchener and British Troops in the  
Field Carefully Concealed—An Un-  
credited Rumor That Buller Has  
Again Sustained Serious Defeat.

[A. P. NIGHT REPORT.]  
LONDON, Jan. 14, 5 a.m.—[By At-  
lantic Cable.] The veil concealing the  
theater of war from the anxious eyes  
of Great Britain and the rest of the  
world is still unlifted. It is impos-  
sible to doubt that this absolute clos-  
ing of all the channels of information  
is due to the censorship, the strictness  
of which has been redoubled since the  
landing of Lord Roberts and Lord  
Kitchener, concerning whom nothing  
has transpired since the announcement  
of their arrival at Cape Town four  
days ago.

The War Office stated at midnight  
that no further news from the front  
had been received, and none from any  
other source has come to hand during  
the night. As usual, when news is  
scarce, the rumor-mongers have been  
busy.

The latest story floated was that in-  
telligence had reached the headquar-  
ters of the Scots Guards that Gen.  
Buller had again sustained a serious  
defeat. Inquiry at Wellington Bar-  
racks show that while such a rumor  
had reached there, it was neither of  
fact nor in any form deserving of  
credence.

**ENGLAND'S REAL FRIEND.**  
ITALY LENDS SUBSTANTIAL AID.  
[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]  
LONDON, Jan. 13.—[Exclusive Dis-  
patch.] In Europe England's only real  
friend is Italy, and she is proving a  
friend in need. From the first the

### PORTUGUESE REPUBLICANS. RESENT BRITISH INTERFERENCE.

[A. P. NIGHT REPORT.]  
LISBON, Jan. 13.—The Republican  
press is working up an agitation  
against the monarchy on the basis of  
England's interference with vessels  
outside Delagoa Bay. They declare  
that England's action is in violation  
of Portugal's neutrality, and is due to  
the weakness of the existing regime.

### SEIZURE OF SULPHUR. BRITISH AGAIN BLUNDERED.

[A. P. EARLY A.M. REPORT.]  
NEW YORK, Jan. 13.—A special dis-  
patch to the Tribune from Washington  
says:

"The reported seizure by the British  
at Port Elizabeth of an Italian bark  
laden with sulphur, in the opinion of  
the State Department officials, is an-  
other case that Lord Salisbury will  
have to disavow as explicitly as he has  
done in the American foreign question.  
It is said to be beyond reason that  
Great Britain would consent to regard  
sulphur as contraband any more than  
she would be willing to include food  
stuffs in that category, for in a war  
with a commercial power, the prece-  
dent would be fatal to her manufac-  
tures."

The United States, in entering upon  
the war with Spain, included sulphur  
in the list of contraband liable to con-  
fiscation, as it was used in the manu-  
facture of powder, and besides, it was  
scarce obtainable in this country. Spain,  
however, for some obscure reason, in-  
cluded sulphur in her contraband  
schedule, and was subsequently com-  
pelled to withdraw the item upon the  
strenuous remonstrance of Italy—a  
protest which was supported accord-  
ing to the prevalent belief at the time  
by Great Britain and other European  
powers. It was shown to the satisfac-  
tion of Spain that sulphur could have

(CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE.)

### Points of the News in Today's Times

[INDEX TO THE NEWS BUDGET:—Volume: Fresh A.P. Night Report  
and exclusive Times specials received by wire since dark last night, about  
13 columns. Financial and Commercial, about 4 columns. Day Report (not  
so fresh) about 9 columns. Aggregate, 26 columns. The Index for tele-  
graphic and local news refers to general classification, subject and page.]

The City—Part 1, Pages 7, 10; Part 2,  
Page 9; Part 3, Pages 1, 2, 3, 4,  
5, 7; Part 4, Pages 1, 2, 3.  
New fire-engine companies wanted by  
suburban residents... Fake restaurant  
license... Answer prepared in school  
bond litigation... Arbitrary routing  
provided for by railroads' new tariff.  
Ranch hand convicted of forgery... Al-  
lowance for Mrs. Rosenberg... Hal-  
bert arraigned... A peculiar trade.  
Bachelors organize... Crandall ac-  
quitted... Was Rover Brown kidnapped?  
High School defeats Occidental College  
at football... Camera club's officers  
elected... Condition of city funds.  
Bunco men held... Seventh Regiment  
officers elected... Driver runs down a  
wheelman.  
Southern California—Part 4, Page 6.  
"Book day" and its episodes at Pa-  
dena library... Asphaltum deposit  
tapped at San Pedro... Long Beach  
election prospects... Lively fight prom-  
ised at Colton... Admiral Dewey writes  
to a Tustin man... Rich copper field in  
Orange county... Golf prize winners at  
Redlands... San Diego Chamber of  
Commerce fighting Jamaican treaty.  
Developments of Cedros Island gold  
mines... Covina water companies elect  
officers... Needles to have a smelter.  
Increased postal business at Soldiers'  
Home... Hotel to be moved to Whit-  
tier... Balcony laws to be enforced at  
Santa Barbara... Lodge installations  
at Ventura.  
Pacific Coast—Page 3.  
Thousands of Russians to colonize in  
California... Peculiar epidemic at San  
Luis Obispo... British ship Red Rock  
safe... Training ship Adams sails for  
San Diego... Remarkable phenomenon  
near Santa Cruz... Part of town of  
Hendrich under water... Fruit grow-  
ers' convention will work for coop-  
eration... Steamer Elm Branch re-  
cued... Machinery for the Manila ice  
plant ordered on this coast... First  
professional golf tournament on the  
coast begun at Oakland... Heavy-  
weight wrestlers matched... Redding  
banishes slot machines... Coils to es-  
tablish a pension system.

General Eastern—Pages 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.  
Nicaragua Canal prospects better  
than ever before—Senator Morgan's  
change of front... Hearing on shipping  
subsidy bill... Sensational political  
gossip at Washington—Senator Quay  
to be seated... Clark bribery investi-  
gation... Bryan addresses Missourians  
on "Pending Problems"... Grave situa-  
tion in Kentucky over electoral con-  
tests... Name of ship wrecked in St.  
Mary's Bay still unknown... Promi-  
nent sports say Chynski was robbed of  
the decision over McCoy... Italy de-  
mands punishment of lynchers... New  
Orleans racing... Lieut. Bliss honored  
by South Carolina women... Denver  
newspaper men shot by an attorney.  
Venezuela revolt not yet downed.  
Burglars slay a merchant... Col.  
Wood, the famous showman, dead.  
Feasible Pacific cable route found.  
Actor Felix Morris dead... Secretary  
and Mrs. Hay dine Washington notes,  
bles.  
By Cable—Pages 1, 2, 3, 4.  
Deep silence maintained regarding  
the war in South Africa—Uncredited  
rumor of Buller's second defeat—Eng-  
land on edge over Balfour's frivolity,  
British people no longer silent regard-  
ing mismanagement of the war—Lon-  
don volunteers off for Africa—Gen.  
French makes another move forward.  
New Zealanders make a brilliant  
achievement—Bitter feeling in Germany  
against England—Italy's friendship for  
England... Pleasant relations between  
Germany and America... Russian troops  
on the move in Asia... Work  
progressing satisfactorily on the Paris  
Exposition buildings—Quiet politically  
in French capital... Cesar thanks Count  
Muraviev for his labors for Russia.  
Santa Domingo to pay France through  
an interior loan... War talk in the  
Spanish Senate... Americans win sev-  
eral victories in the Philippines.  
Wood's removal of Mors thought to  
be justifiable by Havana people.  
Financial and Commercial—Part 4,  
Page 5.  
Citrus fruits in the East... New  
York and London stock mar-  
kets... New York weekly bank statement.



will not be able to  
this branch before  
at arrived from Fer-  
ne Potlatch, six miles  
the flood carried











...ing been quoted from  
...to be delivered from

is a future, and that radical changes  
are imminent, even in China, where

other Chinese delicacies, which I did not refuse, pausing to wipe their

At an Organize. BIRK & BROS.  
422 South Spring Street.

Books on blood and skin diseases will be mailed free to any address by the  
 Swift Specialty Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

*(continued from page 60)*



## CANAL LEGISLATION.

HARDLY ANY OPPOSITION TO THE HEPBURN BILL.

Senator Morgan Makes a Change of Front and Comes Out Flat-footed for the House Measure.

Senate Commerce Committee Falls in Line—Both Houses Will Pass it and the President Will Do the Rest.

Strenuously Men Give a Hearing on the Hanna-Payne Subsidy Bill—Italy Demands Punishment of Lynchers.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 13.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] For many years Senator Morgan has believed the only way to build the Nicaragua Canal was through the Maritime Canal Company. He held that view all through last winter's fight, and as he is chairman of the Senate Commerce Committee, his views caused complications. Today Senator Morgan changed front and is now out flat-footed for the Hepburn Nicaragua Canal Bill, which was yesterday ordered reported to the House. Mr. Morgan also announced that he would have a meeting of the Senate Committee on Monday morning, and if nothing happens to prevent action, the committee will on that day order the Hepburn bill reported to the Senate in the almost identical form it already has been ordered reported to the House. This will place matters in a particularly happy shape. Both houses of Congress will then be ready to proceed at once with debate upon the same bill, and there need be no long delay over conferences between the two branches. All this makes it look strongly as if the Nicaragua bill would be passed by both houses and signed by the President within six weeks.

SHIPPING SUBSIDY BILL. POTENT ARGUMENTS FAVORING [A. P. DAY REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 13.—The Senate Committee on Commerce today resumed its hearing on the Hanna-Payne Shipping Subsidy Bill. Thomas Clyde of the Clyde steamship line, was then called. He took up the cost of the construction of their line, and the maintenance and operation, showing that the figures under the American flag were much higher than under any other flag. The cost of production for materials and maintenance would, in his opinion, gradually decrease as the demand for them increased, so that if by the enactment into law of the pending bill the demand for vessels should increase as it naturally would, the cost of construction would be naturally decreased in brief course of time.

Mr. Clyde said that what it was desired to do by the bill was to further the building of low-speed vessels—vessels that would, at low cost, extend our export trade. Mr. Clyde said that his company on the day the bill became a law, would sign a contract for the construction of two vessels to cost in the aggregate about \$1,000,000.

President Munson, of the Munson steamship line, had said that his company would place at least 100,000 tons of shipping that was now under foreign flags, under the American flag. He had no doubt many others would do the same thing.

F. B. Thurber, representing the United States Export Association, said the universal belief among owners and shippers was that this country must have a merchant marine to export its products. The bill, he said, was the potent factor in the interests of the great masses of the laboring people of the United States.

Theodore Search of Philadelphia, president of the American Manufacturers' Association, maintained that the enactment of the pending bill would be of immense benefit to the manufacturers of the country, would largely increase American export trade, and would build up a great shipbuilding industry, thus giving employment to tens of thousands of persons.

The United States, he said, had taken its place definitely as a great manufacturing and exporting nation of the world, and it was desirable that our exports should be carried in American vessels.

Chairman Frye announced that the hearing would be continued until Tuesday, in order that some figures might be prepared relating to the general subject under consideration.

In the Northwest, he said, considerable opposition to the pending measure had been developed. The president of the Great Northern Railway, who one year ago was favorable to this bill, is now in favor of it.

This was likewise true of several important newspapers in the Northwest, and of the Farmers' Alliance in the West. He had asked former Senator Edmunds to prepare a concise statement in regard to the operation of bounties, and he probably would have it ready for submission to the committee on Tuesday next.

MUST STAMP POLICIES. REVENUE COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

[A. P. DAY REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 13.—The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has sent out a circular to collectors and revenue agents calling attention to reports that a number of the insurance companies have not been stamping the documents evidencing the insurance.

It is said that these instruments are taxable under schedule A, in the amount of 1/4 of 1 per cent for each dollar of premium on the policy, and the same rate for each guaranteed title. The collector and agents are directed to investigate cases of omission and report to the commissioner.

LYNCHING OF ITALIANS. EMBARRASSING DEMAND MADE.

[A. P. DAY REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 13.—The Italian government has assigned to the government of the United States in the polite and courteous way known to diplomacy, a wish that the persons guilty of lynching the five Italians at Talahua, Ia., last spring, should be punished. Heretofore, in cases of lynching of Italians the matter has been compromised by the payment of an indemnity, but this does not meet the present demands of the Italian government. As under the existing law the trial and prosecution of such cases is left entirely to the State authorities, the national government is well-nigh helpless to meet the request of the Italian government.

The investigation made by the State of Louisiana was so unsatisfactory that the national government undertook an

## COMBINATION

It is now the predominant feature in business transactions, and its growth and increasing popularity is evidence of its excellence. Over seven thousand of these combinations are now in use in the United States. They are used by the general public. They are used by the general public. They are used by the general public.

Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey.

It is pure, it is strong, it is healthy, it is delicious. It is the only pure malt whiskey in the world. It is the only pure malt whiskey in the world.

The following is an extract from a letter by Dr. Willard H. Wells, a distinguished physician of Westfield, N. Y. (Dr. Wells is also a Consulting Chemist of National reputation), to a lady in Westfield, Mass.

"The Duffy Malt Whiskey is a medicine—sold stamped as such. It is not a vile compound of trash, poison, and slop. I use it in laboratory work, because by it I get the true physiological effect of a pure spirit. When anxious to prescribe I write the name in full, instead of writing 'spirit' or 'whisky' (it would that every physician did the same)."

"Governments stamp marks the genuine. Drug stores usually sell it. If yours does not, a bottle will be sent you, prepaid, for \$1.00, six for \$5.00. Interesting literature on request. Address: DUFFY MALT WHISKY CO., Rochester, N. Y."

Investigation by its own agents to learn the facts attending the lynching. The result of this inquiry is now on file. But the United States government cannot make the report the basis of any legal proceedings against the lynchers.

As an outcome of this embarrassing position the President will probably make fresh representations to Congress, urging the speedy passage of the bill intended to remove from State courts jurisdiction in cases where persons claiming treaty protection are the victims of mob violence.

The bill is now in the hands of the President. It is now in the hands of the President. It is now in the hands of the President.

THE FIRST OF THE REASON. [A. P. NIGHT REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 13.—The first dinner of the season in honor of the President and Mrs. McKinley was given tonight by the Secretary of State and Mrs. Hay.

The company included the Secretary of the Treasury and Mrs. Gage, the Secretary of War and Mrs. Root, the Postmaster-General and Mrs. Smith, the Secretary of the Interior and Mrs. Hitchcock, the Secretary of Agriculture, the admiral of the navy and Mrs. Dewey, the Assistant Secretary of State and Mrs. Hill, Senator Stanford, Mr. L. P. Morton, Miss Paulding, Miss Grace McKinley, Miss Duncan and Clarence King.

Pensions for Californians. WASHINGTON, Jan. 13.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Pensions were granted to Californians today as follows: Increase, John Claffey, Veterans' Home, Napa, \$8 to \$10; original, Jacob Pearson, Los Angeles, \$8; Clark L. Lamoreux, Los Angeles, \$5; Horace Jewett, West Saticoy, \$6; Michael O'Keefe, Placerville, \$4.

[VENEZUELA.] REBELS' CAUSE NOT ENTIRELY LOST AS YET.

HERNANDEZ'S FORCES ARE STILL ON THE WARPATH.

Official Reports Stating That the Revolution is at an End Said to Be False—Government Troops Reported to Have Met With Numerous Defeats. No Financial Crisis at Caracas.

[A. P. DAY REPORT.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 13.—A dispatch to the Herald from Port of Spain says: "It is announced here upon apparently good authority that notwithstanding the official statement of the Venezuelan government that the revolution in that country was at an end, the insurrection is still active."

"It was reported two days after the government had announced the insurrection was over, that General Hernandez had inflicted a severe defeat upon the government troops at El Napa. The same authority says the rebels took many prisoners, capturing 250 Mauser rifles, sixty-eight cases of cartridges, many flags, seven cannon and three Maxim guns, while the government loss in killed was heavy."

"Reports from the east coast of Venezuela say that the revolutionists under Gen. Antonio Neel and José Díaz have successfully attacked the government forces, which retired. Seven of the government troops were killed and ten wounded. Among those killed were Domingo Neel, brother of the revolutionary leader. It is also reported that the government troops have been surrounded at Guayana by the revolutionists under Gen. Du Charme."

NO FINANCIAL CRISIS. [A. P. EARLY A. M. REPORT.]

CARACAS (Venezuela), Jan. 13.—The difference between the Bank of Venezuela and the government has been arranged. The report of a financial crisis is false. The government has abolished the regulation that foreign vessels in Venezuelan ports must deposit the amount of the port dues in advance. They may deposit the papers with the consular officers of their respective countries.

YALE ALUMNI BANQUET. IGNORED BY NEWSPAPERS BECAUSE OF INDIGNITIES.

[A. P. NIGHT REPORT.]

ST. LOUIS (Mo.), Jan. 13.—Arthur Twining Hadley, president of the university, was the honored guest of the Yale Alumni Association of St. Louis at a banquet tonight at the Noonday Club.

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## Dainty Stamped Linens.

Cut Prices for the coming week.

Pillow Shams stamped and already hemmed, 25 inches square.

Sale price 25c pair

12 dollars stamped on Irish linen; vine and floral patterns.

Sale price 15c dozen

Large stamped linen doilies in violet, strawberry, pepper, orchid, butterfly, and other dainty patterns.

Sale price 5c each

Stamped splashes on heavy, coarse linen; 7 inches on three sides; 100 different designs; size 12x18 inches.

Sale price 10c each

## Midwinter Sale of Dress Fabrics.

The identical patterns on sale at the "Up-to-Date" will be found at the high-priced stores, marked at fancy figures. No pains have been spared in gathering here the newest, the most desirable, and the most stylish dress goods. During our Midwinter Sale our entire stock will be sold in the same proportion as the items below. The economical woman will buy at once.

Fancy Checked Suitings

Fancy checked and plaid double fold dress goods, the checks in light and medium colors or shades in dark color effects; worth 15c to close out this week, special tomorrow morning

10c

Cheviot Serges

15 pieces of strictly all wool cheviot serges, 45 inches wide, in black, navy blue, brown, Napoleon blue and new blue; a heavy, elegant quality that you have often seen around the city. The largest lot in black goods we have offered in six months; would be cheap at 50c a yard; special tomorrow morning at

50c

Fancy Plaid Suitings

50 pieces of fancy plaid suitings in the real Scotch clan effects; just the thing for skirts, waists and children's dresses; dark and bright shades in every possible combination of color; double fold; at

15c

Black Goods

15 pieces of elegant quality black satin serges, double fold and fine width; both small and large patterns; rich, handsome, deep blacks; the largest lot in black goods we have offered in six months; would be cheap at 35c a yard; special tomorrow morning at

35c

Venetian Cloths

One lot of plain all wool Venetian cloths; good width; fine weights for spring suits; fancy waists, etc.; colors are Russian blue, dark tan, casor, oxblood red, handsome shade of brown and dark gray; these would be a bargain at 50c; special tomorrow morning at

50c

New Scotch Mixtures

Fancy Scotch mixtures; 15 pieces; 8 styles and colorings including inevitable checks, fancy mixtures in light and medium shades of tan and gray; these would be cheap at 25c; special tomorrow morning at

25c

## A Sale of Iron Beds At Less Than Cost of Iron.

But for 6 days only---You wonder how we do it? Ask our buyer.

Every iron bed in the house is reduced this week. Right when everyone else is advancing prices. Two very strong statements occasion requires it.

There's not a particle of suspicion that can be cast upon the quality, the workmanship or finish of these beds. You know we have but the best. What's better still, most of what you'll see is fresh from the makers—the designs and making are original and attractive. If only to look, to verify what we've said. You'll not be urged to buy—it'll be all you can do to keep from buying.

Prices are Plainly Marked

You'll need no help to buy, you can wonder about at your leisure and when you've found what you like, beckon a salesman—of course a gentleman is waiting to help you in your selection, if you prefer—

We would like to have you come—take the liberty of the store—if you've the time and disposition.

You can count 107 distinct styles of Iron Beds.

What ever is your taste or the size of your purse, you're sure to find it matched here—now, more strongly and more emphatically than ever before

Every one is reduced 1-4 to 1-2.







Woodham, the furniture man, wants to buy second-hand furniture; the best

**Every Garment Guaranteed.**

UNDERWEAR.

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## Liners

2

111	112	113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120	121	122	123	124	125	126	127	128	129	130	131	132	133	134	135	136	137	138	139	140	141	142	143	144	145	146	147	148	149	150	151	152	153	154	155	156	157	158	159	160	161	162	163	164	165	166	167	168	169	170	171	172	173	174	175	176	177	178	179	180	181	182	183	184	185	186	187	188	189	190	191	192	193	194	195	196	197	198	199	200	201	202	203	204	205	206	207	208	209	210	211	212	213	214	215	216	217	218	219	220	221	222	223	224	225	226	227	228	229	230	231	232	233	234	235	236	237	238	239	240	241	242	243	244	245	246	247	248	249	250	251	252	253	254	255	256	257	258	259	260	261	262	263	264	265	266	267	268	269	270	271	272	273	274	275	276	277	278	279	280	281	282	283	284	285	286	287	288	289	290	291	292	293	294	295	296	297	298	299	300	301	302	303	304	305	306	307	308	309	310	311	312	313	314	315	316	317	318	319	320	321	322	323	324	325	326	327	328	329	330	331	332	333	334	335	336	337	338	339	340	341	342	343	344	345	346	347	348	349	350	351	352	353	354	355	356	357	358	359	360	361	362	363	364	365	366	367	368	369	370	371	372	373	374	375	376	377	378	379	380	381	382	383	384	385	386	387	388	389	390	391	392	393	394	395	396	397	398	399	400	401	402	403	404	405	406	407	408	409	410	411	412	413	414	415	416	417	418	419	420	421	422	423	424	425	426	427	428	429	430	431	432	433	434	435	436	437	438	439	440	441	442	443	444	445	446	447	448	449	450	451	452	453	454	455	456	457	458	459	460	461	462	463	464	465	466	467	468	469	470	471	472	473	474	475	476	477	478	479	480	481	482	483	484	485	486	487	488	489	490	491	492	493	494	495	496	497	498	499	500	501	502	503	504	505	506	507	508	509	510	511	512	513	514	515	516	517	518	519	520	521	522	523	524	525	526	527	528	529	530	531	532	533	534	535	536	537	538	539	540	541	542	543	544	545	546	547	548	549	550	551	552	553	554	555	556	557	558	559	560	561	562	563	564
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10 miles from Downey; 39 acres  
soft-shell walnuts; \$150 per  
acre  
The land 1 mile east of Downey;  
alfalfa, 3 acres in 17-year-old  
walnuts, 5 acres to barley, 1 acre  
room house, large barn, 1-inch  
shares of water stock; the best  
valley; \$250 per acre.  
10 miles from Downey; 39 in al-  
mond trees, 20 10-year-old walnut  
winter pearmain apples, 3-room  
crtb and stable; \$200 per acre.

	Feet
1 mile from Downey; 2 1/2 acres	1
aged, 1000 bushes; 2 acres	1
Wash-; 11 acres to apples; 15 acres	1
peaches; year, apricots; 10 acres	1
grapes; 4-room house, good barn;	1
	2
1 mile from Downey; 10 acres to	2
acres to young fruit, about 10	2
fruit; 6-room house and pantry,	2
and stable; 4 fine milch cows,	2
heifers, 2 horses, harness and	2
ons of hay, 4 hogs, 50 chickens,	6
1 cultivator; \$2000.	6
1 mile from Downey; 4-room	42
	42

ings all new; 1 plow, 1 cultivat-	
ing machine, 1 hay rake, 1 wagon,	12
alfa, balance of the land all	12
eding to alfalfa: \$6000.	price
the best all-round farming	for
earth, and this is the best dairy-	acre
California.	\$30.00
milk cows, call hogs, cut rakes,	11
alfa and barley hay, husk corn,	
pounds pumpkins and 100 pounds	14
feed chickens, gather the eggs,	
feel happy and want to move	FOR
and get you a ranch while land	is

inches of water goes free of  
very ranch I sell, and only costs  
each time you irrigate. A miner's  
r is equal to 13 gallons per min-  
ute of this section live easier, work  
more clear money than any  
State. Some of them cut their  
time last year. We cut 7 to  
they affairs is king. We cut 7 to  
r, 1 to 3 tons per acre each cut-  
r from \$6 to \$12 a ton local in  
thin a radius of 5 miles we have  
patates, all owned by the farmers.

make money raising in this va-  
sant the business is done easily  
in raising alfalfa, barley, cows,  
and chickens than anything in  
the alfalfa farmers always have  
still we raise everything you can  
do valley  
B. M. HLTNE, Downey, Cal.

WOOD & CHURCH - A BAR-  
ROCK VALLEY, 14 ACRES  
NAVELS, SOME LEMONS  
AFRICANS: GOOD 2-STORY  
HOUSE, BARN, GOOD PRI-

FAIR AND FINE COMF-  
FORT HORSES, 3 WAGONS  
COOLE, OWNER, WILL SELL  
WHOLE AT \$2000. THIS WILL  
ANY ONE WHO KNOWS A  
H.

=====

ONTARIO, 20 ACRES IN 7-  
NARVEL, VALENCIA, MEDIT-  
WEET ORANGES, FINELY  
NEAR TO TOWN; SOIL A1;  
PER ACRE, BUT OWNER

HAVE AN ELEGANT OR-  
CHARD ACRES CLOSE TO PASA-  
DENA AVENUE, A BEAUTIFUL OLD  
FARM HOUSE AND BARN. THE  
BEST; OWNER HAS JUST RE-  
LEASED FOR THE CROP; IT IS  
\$8500; THIS ONLY A FEW  
MILES AND SEE US FOR BAN-  
ADENA PROPERTY.

ONE OF THE FINEST  
THE WEST SIDE. ON THE  
SIGN IS ON THE PLACE. WE  
AGENTS DON'T MAKE ANY  
THIS IS CREAM, AND IS OF  
A SACRIFICE.  
NEW BUILDING SITE ON THE  
AR ORANGE GROVE AVE.  
HER INSTRUCTIONS US TO MARK  
\$ 3000. THIS IS \$900 UNDER  
OMES OUR SPECIALTY.  
WOOD & CHURCH.

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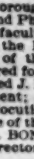
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[New York Journal:]  
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Manager. You bet we  
come of the people paid for  
An Expensive Lesson  
[New York Journal:]  
"He said he'd be the  
ouldn't afford it."  
At the Breakfast  
[New York Journal:]  
"The factious bores  
of a book of poems I mean  
induced." "And what  
that?"  
"The Lays of Anansi"  
filled the boarder.

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"I weep," he cried, "for  
The rich man sets his  
to words are strong  
To tell you how I feel  
they planned to give  
The poor on Christmas  
And asked him to subside  
Shut up and loped  
[Chicago Post]

A Fatal Power  
[Detroit Free Press]  
"What's up?"  
"We have bought a  
which brings the baby to  
Perils of Good News  
[Chicago News:] "A people  
"Why not?"  
"Living with them will  
disposition on earth."  
"JOHNIE WEAVER"  
Johnnie gave his pe a  
Which his Christmas  
While it was addressed  
Johnnie left the note  
-Ballroom-

A Broad Disposition  
[Philadelphia North  
"What's the difference  
between the two?"  
"That is best explained  
which of the two is a  
which to dinner with

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Plays and Players Music and Musicians.

AT THE THEATERS.

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With Dates of Events.

MANSION HOUSE FUND BENEFIT—

UNDER AUSPICES OF

Sons of St. George, Thistle Club and Canadian Society,

Grand Entertainment

In Simpson Auditorium, Tuesday Evening, Jan. 16, 1900, 8 p.m.

Causes of the War in South Africa...

IN FOUR PARTS, Part III—10 Pages.

PRICE 5 CENTS

MUSIC.

THE musical event of the season will be the Nevada concert at Simpson Auditorium on the evenings of Wednesday, January 17, and Thursday, the 18th.

Though Nevada has for a dozen years been a stranger to America, her pre-eminence in the operatic firmament during the notable Italian opera seasons under Col. Mapleson a decade or more ago, would still make the appearance of such an artist as she a matter of keenest anticipation to all music lovers.

Probably Nevada is, certainly has been, without a peer in the exquisite delicacy and tenderness of her singing. In voice quality and flexibility, as well as other artistic and musical nature and ambition have placed her high among the greatest of our generation of cantatrices.

That the enterprise of the local management in securing Nevada and her concert company will be rewarded by practical appreciation on the part of Los Angeles is evident from the list of ticket purchasers that early besieges the box office.

The third concert of the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra will be given at the Los Angeles Theatre Friday afternoon, January 19. An unusually diversified programme has been under extra rehearsal for the concert by Director Hamilton. The symphony will be Haydn's eleventh (the "Military") in G minor. Two other orchestral numbers, the Leonore overture, No. 1 (Beethoven), and Gounod's popular march from "Queen of Sheba," will be new offerings to the symphony orchestra patrons. Miss J. Russell Brown, pianist, as soloist, will play the Schumann's "Concerto in E-flat Major."

The demand for seats is already sufficiently extensive to assure the largest audience of the season thus far. The box office will be open at 10 o'clock Monday.

The array of talent, as regards quality as well as quantity, which Mrs. Bishop has secured for the Newbury Home benefit, to be given under her direction at the Los Angeles Theatre tomorrow evening, is a sufficient guarantee of unqualified success. All the boxes and lodges have been taken and over three hundred seats have already been sold on the lower floor. A large number of Los Angeles prominent and popular vocalists, as well as capable talent in other lines, have actively identified themselves in the affair. The soloists will be Miss Genevieve Johnstone-Bishop, soprano; Mrs. Florence Scarborough, contralto; Mrs. Helen Scummers, Kerry, contralto; and Harry Williams, baritone. Others assisting include Mrs. C. Modini-Wood and white. Miss Miss Harry Barnhart, W. Wallace and Dr. Ludwig Senler. Miss Mary O'Donoghue, pianist. Orchestra must will be furnished by the Woman's Orchestra, under the direction of Harry Hamilton. Specialties will be given by Charles Howard Pendleton, Herbert L. Cornish, Miss Florence Shanahan, Hazel Bennett, the Blackstone (colored) Quartette—John Hackman, Tom Mathews, Edwin Johnson and George Watson, and fifteen members. The following programme in part:

Orchestral ballet from "Halla" (De-

liber) aria, "Face Mio Dio" (Verdi's solo, "My Native Land" (Matti); double sextette; bass solo (selected); very fast and the female bears young four time a year.

The habitation is connected by subterranean galleries with the barns and other grain depositories. The amstel is provided with two pockets which it carries on either side of its jaws. When it visits the granaries it fills these pockets with grain and carries it to its habitation.

Today's Bicycle Races.

Two special events are scheduled, in addition to the regular amateur and professional races, at the saucer track today. One is a ten-mile match race between H. B. Freeman of Pomona, Or., and Fritz Lacy of Los Angeles.

The race between the three motor cycles will present a new feature to the game to the public. With no rider following pace, there will be no limit set on the speed of the machines.

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**HAY'S HAIR BRINGS BACK BEAUTY**

Never Fails to Restore Youth to color and beauty in gray hair. Formerly the only hair restorer. Always Gives Perfect Satisfaction. No matter how old or how long the hair has been gray, it will bring back the natural color and beauty of the hair. No matter how old or how long the hair has been gray, it will bring back the natural color and beauty of the hair.

**DEAFNESS**

Are Looking For the Best Instrument, Inspect the

**HARDMAN PIANOS**

Further Search will be unnecessary. They are Perfect.

**LOS ANGELES PIANO**

313 S. Broadway.

the beach. Some of the most beautiful scenery in the world is to be seen at the beach. The beach is a beautiful place to spend the day. The beach is a beautiful place to spend the day. The beach is a beautiful place to spend the day.

**J. GUGGENHEIM**

**THAD L. JOHNSON**

**CHARLES D. OVERMAN**

the guest of Henry Fuller's family at Bryn Mawr. Mrs. Sarah Baker and Miss Rudolph of Woodbury, N. J., are at the Casa Loma for the winter.

**San Diego.** Mrs. Eckham, Mrs. Ackerman and Miss Kinsler, Ada Smith, Ludlum, Gilbert and Hildreth of the San Diego Golf Club entertained a number of players at the Coronado Beach Golf Club Wednesday afternoon.

**CHILDREN'S** birthday party was given early in the week at the Alhambra. The party was given in honor of the seventh birthday of Laura Kline of St. Louis, who is here with her father for the winter.

**On Tuesday** evening there was a surprise party given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Pierce. The party was given in honor of the twenty years that make this anniversary.

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WE RESTORE SIGHT! GLASSES RENDER DEFECTIVE VISION CHRONIC.

Write for our ILLUSTRATED TREATISE, mailed free.

**THE IDEAL COMPANY, 229 Broadway, New York.**

**COPELAND'S, THIRD AND BROADWAY.**

**Women's Ready-to-wear Garments Radically Reduced.**

**A Great Sale, with Extraordinary Attractions.**

Monday morning begins another great week of selling, if the lowest prices ever quoted on new and up-to-date, ready-to-wear garments for women possess any attractions.

**COPELAND'S, THIRD AND BROADWAY.**

**Exclusive Cloak, Suit and Fur House.**

**Special**—In no other house will you find spring garments shown. We are first, now and always. Tomorrow we again place on sale an advance shipment of the new spring tailor-made gowns, made as only men tailors know how to make them.

**KIRTS** are both single and double-breasted, beautifully stitched and finished—all at our well-known popular prices.

**JACKETS** are single and double-breasted, beautifully stitched and finished—all at our well-known popular prices.

On Monday we place on sale forty new box-plaited Dress Skirts at \$5.00—made of strictly all-wool cheviot cloth.

Choice of any wool waist in the house, Monday, at \$1.00—all colors—sizes 34 to 44.

**ABOUT THE BOERS.**

**THE OBSERVATIONS OF A METHODIST MINISTER.**

(Montreal Witness.) A clergyman connected with the Methodist Church at Barbenton in the Transvaal, who was forced to flee to Durban on the outbreak of the war, in a letter to the Christian Advocate, published at Belfast, Ireland, writes as follows: "One of the most deplorable aspects of life in this country is its utter carelessness in many instances about God and religion, and disregard of the Sabbath and sacred things. I have, more than one occasion, publicly denounced in the name of God and morality, Sabbath desecration, but the officials, in many instances, make a habit of going hunting and shooting on the Sabbath. With regard to the officials of the church, I may say that the officialism is the most corrupt and degraded that has been known in modern times. They have done nothing to realize their dream of a Dutch United South Africa. The perfection of their artillery, and the amount of ammunition, and the perfection of their arms will go to prove that they have been arming to the hilt for years, notwithstanding the untenable and preposterous attitude of the British Weekly, in relation to the peaceful attitude of the Boers. They have proved their incompetency to govern the country; they have treated the English as white natives, and in the interests of justice and humanity, this vilest of modern depositions must be forever overthrown, and the flag of freedom and liberty float over the country. This is, contrary to Hallouchere; but as he himself is a Hollander, it is only natural from his standpoint that he should favor the contemptible policy of the Hollander clique at Pretoria, which is the center of the vilest and most degraded officialism of modern times. But retribution follows nations, as well as individuals, and so these men will now suffer from their own evil doing and maladministration."

**Mansion House Fund.**

British Vice-Consul Mortimer acknowledges receipt of \$20, contributions to the Mansion House fund for the widows and orphans of British soldiers killed in South Africa. Previously acknowledged, \$55.25, making a total of \$75.25.

**Friday's Orange Shipments.**

There were sent out Friday eighty-two carloads of oranges, making a total of 2616 carloads for the season, November 1 to the 12th inst.

**Becoming a Mother**

Is an ordeal which all women approach with indescribable fear, for nothing can compare with the horrors of child-birth. The thought of the suffering and danger in store for her, the expectant mother of all pleasant anticipation of the coming event, and each over her a shadow of gloom that cannot be shaken off. Thousands of women have found that the use of MORTON'S PAIN EXPELLER during pregnancy is a relief to all women at the time of their most critical ordeal. Not only does MORTON'S PAIN EXPELLER carry women safely through the perils of child-birth, but it also greatly improves the system for the coming event, prevents morning sickness, and other discomforts of this period. Sold by all druggists at 25c per bottle. Send for free booklet to THE BAZAAR, 1000 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

**The SYOSSET Collar**

**Announcement**

We offer the following lines of Winter Goods at a discount of

**25 Per Cent.**

From our Regular Prices:

**Suits, Flannelette Wrappers, Wool Waists, Dressing Sacques, Fur Capes**

**Wool Dress Skirts, Boas, Collarettes, Etc., Etc.**

Our stock is one of the best yet shown, and this opportunity is an unusual one. We invite comparison of values.

**NEW IDEA PATTERNS ARE BEST**

**Goodenow Sheldon Co.**

135 So. Spring St. THROUGH TO 211 W. 25th St.

**Bedroom Furniture.**

While we carry the very best, and what would be considered expensive goods in this line, we also carry the medium priced.

You'll find all our stock plainly priced, and taking quality into consideration you'll find no better values anywhere. Watch our windows.

**Go-carts**

Are quite the thing at present and what could be more sensible. They are so easy for mother to handle, so easy for the child to ride in, with their adjustable backs and soft cushions. Our stock of these goods is large and varied.

**"PRICES MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES."**

**Beautiful New Carpets.**

Our assortment of Carpets includes, among others:

- Velvets
- Savonnerie
- Moquettes
- Wiltons
- Fiber
- Brussels
- Ingrains
- Axmisters

**NILES PEASE FURNITURE CO.**

439-441-443 South Spring Street.

booklet, "American Home Furnishings," Free.

**Vulcanize It**

That is the sensible thing to do with a cut or bursted tire. We repair any size from a 14 inch racer to a 24 inch carriage tire.

**Gallery of Art Pictures and Framing.**

VISITORS WELCOME.

**Broadway Furniture and Upholstering Co.**

Free upholstery, polishing and cabinet work to order. Manufacturers couches, mattresses, etc. Dealers in matting, rug, linoleum, etc.

**421 South Broadway.**







# The Times

WEATHER YESTERDAY.

Freehold, a Manila paper, reports that the government of the Philippines has decided to suppress the press. The Manila paper says that the government has decided to suppress the press because it is a danger to the government. The Manila paper says that the government has decided to suppress the press because it is a danger to the government.

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## OUR MIDWINTER NUMBER.

MORE COMMENTS BY APPRECIATIVE CONTEMPORARIES

Who Declares That It is "A Carnival of Brains and Beauty" and Cannot Fail of Doing California Invaluable Service Wherever It May Be Sent. Valuable Examinations.

"Surprises Any." [Downey Champion:] The Midwinter Number of the Los Angeles Times surpasses any special edition ever issued by that fearless, enterprising journal.

"Mean of Los Angeles."—Hearl Hearl! [Stockton Mail:] The San Diego Union is after the Los Angeles Times with a club studded with nails.

"Most Valuable." [Boyle Heights Press:] The Midwinter Number of the Times issued January 1, is one of the most valuable special editions ever issued by that paper.

"A Carnival of Brains." [Anaconda Standard:] The Midwinter Number of the Los Angeles Times is a carnival of brains and beauty.

FEASIBLE CABLE ROUTE. COMMANDER HODGES REPORTS ON THE NERO'S TRIP.

COL. J. H. WOOD DEAD. FAMOUS AS A SHOWMAN AND THEATRICAL MANAGER.

FOR DYSPEPTICS. There is no reason why any one should suffer from dyspepsia or any stomach trouble.

## Our Owl Department

We have never sold so many night shirts as we ought to. We've never been able to understand why we didn't. When you go away from home and nobody mentions "Los Angeles" you'll always hear somebody say, "Those fellows down there are all bastards, they're with awah—they never sleep. We're always laid it to that. We sell splendid night shirts for 50c, either tennis flannel, twilled or plain muslin; better grades at 75c, and extra good ones at \$1.00 and \$1.50.

## F. B. Silverwood,

221 and 124 South Spring Street.

Calendars 1/2 Price . . PARKER'S 246 S. Broadway, near Public Library.



## Pleasing The Eye.

Everything in this world is made to please the eye. Our dress, our homes, our business blocks; artists and sculptors achieve success through their ability to please the eye—nature abounds with objects created for the purpose of pleasing the eye of man.

## S. G. MARSHUTZ,

245 SOUTH SPRING STREET.

## CLEARANCE PRICES

## PREVAIL

## Heavy Suitings Must be Moved

BLACK SERGES, FANCY CHEVIOTS AND WORSTEDS

Brauer & Krohn, Tailors, 114 1/2 S. MAIN ST.

## Come Just to See.

Beautiful Premiums Given Free.

Great American Importing Tea Co.

138 N. MAIN ST., LOS ANGELES.

ACME OPTICAL AND JEWELRY CO. 348 S. SPRING.

100 for 60 Cents

## CALLING CARDS

Samples Mailed Free

Typographical Union, 226 W. 1st St.

## SWELL SUITS

In abundant variety. Fit, style and quality guaranteed.

New York Skirt Co., 341 South Spring St.

## The Unloading Sale

Is offering Men's Fine Clothing at prices never before attempted.

H. COHN & CO., 10-14 NORTH SPRING ST.

# BOSTON DRY GOODS STORE

239 South Broadway, opposite City Hall, Los Angeles.

Our clearance sale of fine linens begins tomorrow.

## Monday morning,

January 15th. every lady in southern California will appreciate the very unusual reductions which we have seen fit to make on tablecloths, napkins, tray cloths, towels and bedspreads, a perusal of the items offered at this

## great annual

## clearance sale of fine linens

will be found of more than passing interest, better values were never before offered to the Los Angeles public.

the special sale of jackets in our cloak and suit department still continues.

# BOSTON DRY GOODS STORE

239 South Broadway, opposite City Hall, Los Angeles.

## H. JEVNE

### Uncommonly Fine Coffee.

Our 40c Coffee is different from anything sold in the city. Has a delightful aroma and in strength far surpasses the ordinary kind sold at the price we sell ours. Try a pound, and if we don't have your trade on coffee afterward—it's because you and we two don't know what real coffee is. We're inclined to think we'll have your trade—there are so many people who buy our 40c coffee.

Smoke Jevne's Fine Cigars.

208-210 S. Spring St.—Wilcox Building.

## 1900 Glenwood Ranges 1900

We Cordially Invite You to visit us and note the result of the latest efforts of the manufacturers to produce the Handsomest and Best Line of Cast Ranges ever exhibited. Your judgment will be that They Succeeded.

JAS. W. HELLMAN, 157 to 161 N. Spring St.

## N. B. BLACKSTONE CO.

Reliable Goods. Popular Prices

Telephone Main 259. DRY GOODS Spring and Third Sts.

## Woolen Dress Goods

By the constant addition of new goods we have this season managed to keep our Dress Goods stock fresh and the assortments complete in every detail.

Black Are here in most satisfying assortments. Crepons floral designs, in the bluster effect, a hundred or more styles to choose from at \$1.00, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00 yd. Beautiful black crepon suit and skirt patterns in exclusive designs and styles.

Golf In almost every color combination, double faced, for skirts and capes. A very large asplaids sortment of heavier weight for capes, at reduced prices.

Broadcloths Of both German and French manufacture. All the new popular shades and Venetians ings for tailor gowns, ranging in price from \$1.50 to \$3.00 a yard.

A splendid line of French Superbas in the light tints for afternoon costumes. These high novelties come in single suit patterns only and are exclusive.

We have a number of high-class novelty suit patterns that sold from \$15 to \$30 each. These have been marked \$10.00 a suit.

## Shaving Outfits

Carving: Sets, Manicure Goods, Fine Embroidery Scissors, Shears, Corkscrews, Table Knives, Forks and Spoon, Pocket Knives and Cutlery Specialties.

Ducks and poultry can only be thoroughly enjoyed when carved with our new game shears. Call and see them.

RAZOR AND SHEAR GRINDING.

LOS ANGELES CUTLERY CO., Next L. A. Theater.

STEINEN-KIRCHNER CO., 130 N. Main Street.

## Scientific Shells and Curios.

Hand-painted Orange Wood, Yucca Palm plain or decorated; Abalone and other Shell Novelties in Jewelry, Spoons, Card Receivers and Ash Trays. We polish and decorate shells to order. Best quality at lowest prices.

Winkler's Curios, 346 South Broadway.

## ALHOUSE FRUIT CO.

### Your Favorite Apples.

We're doing the apple business of the town because we carry the largest variety of fine apples. We invariably have "just the kind you like best." All fine flavored, juicy, crisp apples of the choicest varieties. Every one as sound as a dollar and as good as an apple can be. We have an especially fine lot of Northern Bellflowers.

Goods Shipped Everywhere. 213-215 W. Second St. Tel. M. 303.

## LOS ANGELES FURNITURE CO.

"Time is the stuff life is made of."

We have the finest time-saving filing cabinets you ever saw. The drop-away front is simple in construction and quick as a flash in action. Two motions pull out and drop down and the paper you want is there.

Many of our finest desks are fitted with this device.

We have everything to save time for a busy office.

225, 227 and 229 South Broadway, OPPOSITE CITY HALL.

## CUT PRICES

Nickel frames for 25c. Gold filled frames \$1. Solid gold frames \$1.50 to \$5.

Crystal lenses, a pair, \$1. Gold filled frames that I guarantee 10 years, \$2.

## SAVE YOUR EYES.

Whatever we do, we do thoroughly. Whatever advice we give you about your eyes, you can rely upon as being the best means of saving your eyesight. We have spared no expense to make these the best equipped optical parlors in Los Angeles. The services of Dr. Delany are yours free of charge—and for glasses, the prices are less than elsewhere; and the security of proper glasses, sure—Every pair is positively guaranteed.

J. P. Delany, 309 S. Spring St.

The Expert Optician—Graduate of N. Y. Ophthalmic College.

## Rose Bushes

Now is the Time to Plant 'Em.

We are the largest growers on the Coast, and guarantee to have the best stock in the U. S. in variety, quality and quantity. All guaranteed trees to have the best roots and to be big size of year to plant. We have all new sorts of Yellow, Orange and Red. We have all new sorts of Yellow, Orange and Red. We have all new sorts of Yellow, Orange and Red.

## CALENDARS at One-Half Price.

WHEDON & SPRENG CO. ART STATIONERS, 226 S. Spring St.

## MUSIC

Everything new in music. The celebrated "Rag" pianos and guitars are the best of the kind, workmanship and tone.

Geo. T. Exton Music Co., 327 S. Spring St.

## TRUSSES Elastic Hosiery made to fit

W. W. Sweeney, 223 W. Fourth Street, (Corner from Spring St.)











**\$2 Lamps for 1.49**  
**\$3.49 Lamps for 2.49**



(III.)

**The B'dway—the busy store.**

**Big Pan  
Oil Co.,**  
519-521 Laughton  
Los Angeles

Watch us now. 65 special bargain tables are about the store, heaped with matchless offers.

\$3.49 Lamps for 2.89.  
 \$4 Lamps for 3.19.

Broadway • Corner Fourth, Los Angeles •

thing as this for at least six months to  
 come, maybe not then.

Broadway, corner Fourth, Los Angeles.

come, maybe not then.



*The Ebell*

\$3.50 Shoes  
for women  
are the best  
in the world.

DELINEATORS FOR FEBRUARY.

**Black crepon**  
Selling at this price begins Monday morning. The price yesterday was \$1.00 a yard. There are 40 pieces of handsome black crepons, the mohair and wool kind, which does not muss or wrinkle easily. Large and small blistered patterns, with lots of puffiness. While they last at 59c.

## Undermuslins.

You who thought of buying us out were mistaken. There is plenty of muslin underwear for another week of just such selling as was experienced last week. Our preparations were ample, the assortment complete, and the prices lower than any other time. To be sure, some numbers of gowns have been closed out, but others take their places; styles which were not shown last week. So in other lines. The great White Fair has been replenished and shoppers this week will behold as elaborate and complete a display as at first. Take for instance the gowns at 59c. Most of them are regular \$1.00 qualities. Drawers, skirts and chemises at low prices, are as plentiful as formerly. Elegant trousseaux are here at prices ranging up to \$30 and down to \$4.98. The whole collection of muslin underwear impresses one with its daintiness, amplexness and cheapness. For want of space we can quote but a few of the attractive prices.



### Gowns at 19c.

Curved corners of the muslin, V neck style, trimmed with embroidery. 19c

White lawn apron trimmed with deep open work lace effect. 19c

Embroidered drawers of fine muslin, deep lawn apron, trimmed with lace. 25c

French corset covers of fine muslin, deep lawn apron, trimmed with lace. 25c

Cambric corset covers, French, design, trimmed with lace. 25c

Aprons of fine lawn, 12 inches wide. 25c

Muslin gown with cambric tucked yoke, neck, front and sleeves. 39c

Cambric umbrella drawers with deep lawn apron, trimmed with lace. 39c

Chemise of fine muslin, neck and arm holes neatly. 39c

Drawers of fine muslin, deep ruffle of embroidery and cluster of tucks. 39c

Fine cambric gown, embroidery and tucked yoke, trimmed with lace. 48c

A handsome variety of patterns in pillow shams, square. A size suitable for stand covers, also sizes 18x16 inches suitable for bureau sets. Handmade cut out embroidery and worth 40c. 19c each. On sale at.

Ten quarter size extra heavy quality white blankets, etc. heavily fleec'd on both sides. Used for bed sheets, ironing boards, table pads, etc. \$1.00 values. 59c

Ten quarter size of California blankets, white wool with pretty colored borders and silk bound, the regular \$5.00 quality. 39c

Two white enameled towel rings fastened to a bracket, which in turn is fastened to the wall. Our 25c styles. 15c

White muslin covered floss cushions, 18 in. square well filled and our regular 39c. 25c

White goat skin rugs with heavy, long white hair, 30x60 inches in size. The regular \$2.50 line. Only about two dozen of them left. To be closed out at. 1.49

Half pairs of lace curtains, about 100 in the lot. 3 1/2 yards long and 54 inches wide. Very choice designs. Worth in the regular way from \$1.00 to \$1.50. To be closed out. 49c

Embroidered drawers of fine muslin, deep lawn apron, trimmed with lace. 25c

French corset covers of fine muslin, deep lawn apron, trimmed with lace. 25c

Cambric corset covers, French, design, trimmed with lace. 25c

Aprons of fine lawn, 12 inches wide. 25c

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# The White Fair

## Hosiery Reductions.

Prices have been cut to the very quick. Reductions rule along the entire line. For instance, there is an immense assortment of 35c, 40c and 50c hosiery for women, including black cotton and wool, lace stripes, fancy ribs, ribbed tops with white feet, half white feet, boot style, colored tops, fancy stripes 25c

Women's fine black cotton hose, fast dye, double soles, heels and toes; regular quality at. 10c

Women's Sea Island cotton hose, fast black; regular \$2 for 50c grade; cut to. 12c

Women's ribbed or plain top, fast black cotton hose; the usual 30c grade at 2 for 50c; each. 17c

The famous Black Agate hosiery, real Egyptian cotton yarn; Our 25c quality cut to. 20c

Women's black combed Egyptian yarn hosiery with plain or ribbed tops. White or half white feet, or solid black. 35c

Fancy lace stripes and lace ankles, colored tops with black. 50c

Embroidered tops for style and comfort. 75c

Women's pure silk hosiery in black, cream, pink, blue and Nile. Our \$1.00 quality cut to. \$1.00

Boys' and girls' fine ribbed or heavy corded ribbed hosiery, fast black, double heels and toes. 10c

Children's fine French ribbed hosiery, fast black, double knees and feet. 12c

Embroidered tops for style and comfort. 17c

Misses' fine French ribbed real mao hosiery and boys' heavy double hose, the 50c grade at. 25c

## January Linen Sale.

The lowering of prices without cheapening of quality, is the object of every linen buyer. The buyer who goes to the market with \$12,000 cash to spend, can lower prices more than the buyer with a thousand or so. Compare our output of linens with any other store in California and you will see the reason for our lower prices. Compare the following few prices with any you have seen quoted at other stores. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating." Make comparisons and be satisfied.

1 case of bleached table damask 60 inches wide. Heavy. 19c

White table damask, 34 inches wide. Heavy. 33c

Bleached table linen, 30 inches wide. Irish make, very choice patterns at. 39c

60 dozens, all-linen huck towels, 16x40 inches, hemstitched. 5c

Bleached damask napkins, 12x12 in.; high-grade linen, new patterns with green borders. \$1.19

German damask napkins, heavy quality, dew bleached; 30 inches square. \$1.65

Heavy all-linen table damask, cream with turkey border. 25c

All-linen huck towels, 16x40 inches in size, white and colored borders, with hemmed ends. 10c

Bleached damask lunch cloth of pure linen, 24x36 inches long. Irish make. \$1.98

Embroidered tops for style and comfort. 75c

Misses' fine French ribbed real mao hosiery and boys' heavy double hose, the 50c grade at. 25c

Children's fine French ribbed hosiery, fast black, double knees and feet. 12c

Embroidered tops for style and comfort. 17c

Women's pure silk hosiery in black, cream, pink, blue and Nile. Our \$1.00 quality cut to. \$1.00

Boys' and girls' fine ribbed or heavy corded ribbed hosiery, fast black, double heels and toes. 10c

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Children's fine French ribbed hosiery, fast black, double knees and feet. 12c

Embroidered tops for style and comfort. 75c

Handsome stand covers, with figured centers, 1 yard square, fringed all round. 18c

Embroidered tops for style and comfort. 75c

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Embroidered tops for style and comfort. 75c

Misses' fine French ribbed real mao hosiery and boys' heavy double hose, the 50c grade at. 25c

Larger huck towels, 24x40 inches in size. Fancy colored borders and hemmed ends. 18c

Embroidered tops for style and comfort. 75c

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Embroidered tops for style and comfort.



SATURDAY NIGHT.

Writing 1000 papers in note and octavo sizes, ruled or plain; pound packages combining 100 sheets of paper to be sold at 10c; 100 for \$1.00.

parel reduce

Imagine you can secure a style for less than our price. Our reason lies in our business. We have no excuse for our immense store and buying power. We are so much more than a store. There is a hundred of your duplicates.

Tailored suits. Men's business and evening suits, and winter jacket styles. \$10.00 to \$15.00. Suits and trousers made to order. \$10.00 to \$15.00. Suits and trousers made to order. \$10.00 to \$15.00.

Prices have been cut in our store. We are now selling our goods at a price that will buy. Prices are now reduced.

Women's ribbed underwear. \$1.00 to \$1.50. Women's ribbed underwear. \$1.00 to \$1.50. Women's ribbed underwear. \$1.00 to \$1.50.

Dress skirts. \$1.00 to \$1.50. Dress skirts. \$1.00 to \$1.50. Dress skirts. \$1.00 to \$1.50.

Children's shoes. \$1.00 to \$1.50. Children's shoes. \$1.00 to \$1.50. Children's shoes. \$1.00 to \$1.50.

Boys' shoes. \$1.00 to \$1.50. Boys' shoes. \$1.00 to \$1.50. Boys' shoes. \$1.00 to \$1.50.

School shoes. \$1.00 to \$1.50. School shoes. \$1.00 to \$1.50. School shoes. \$1.00 to \$1.50.

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## EVERY STREET CAR

Leads to our door—the great Drug Corner—

the big store with the little prices—where you make money by saving it

Chest protectors. \$1.00 to \$1.50. Chest protectors. \$1.00 to \$1.50. Chest protectors. \$1.00 to \$1.50.

COMP. SYR HYPOPHOSPHITES. \$1.00 to \$1.50. COMP. SYR HYPOPHOSPHITES. \$1.00 to \$1.50. COMP. SYR HYPOPHOSPHITES. \$1.00 to \$1.50.

BROWN'S EMULSION. \$1.00 to \$1.50. BROWN'S EMULSION. \$1.00 to \$1.50. BROWN'S EMULSION. \$1.00 to \$1.50.

SPECIAL SALE. \$1.00 to \$1.50. SPECIAL SALE. \$1.00 to \$1.50. SPECIAL SALE. \$1.00 to \$1.50.

FOLLER'S COUGH BALM. \$1.00 to \$1.50. FOLLER'S COUGH BALM. \$1.00 to \$1.50. FOLLER'S COUGH BALM. \$1.00 to \$1.50.

THOMAS DRUG CO., CUT-RATE DRUGGISTS

Corner Spring and Temple Streets.

Buffalo Woolen Co.,

Under New Management.

With a new staff of expert cutters and skilled mechanics.

A large addition made to the mammoth stock of foreign and domestic woolsens. Give us a trial. Perfect fitting clothes positively guaranteed.

BUFFALO WOOLEN CO.,

248 South Broadway.

THE POPULAR TAILORS.

We have 500 yards of Ladies' Cloths which we wish to close out by the yard at less than cost. We specially invite the ladies to call and inspect this line of goods.

Start Right!

The New Year with a truss that fits. It's astonishing what risk people take with trusses that are a constant menace to life. Simply because you can endure your truss. It doesn't follow that it fits you properly. The chances are nine in ten you never experienced a correct fit. When some "expert" (drug clerk) tells you he can fit you properly with a ready-made truss don't judge him harshly. He means well, but makes this assertion through ignorance of what constitutes a fit. Some people go without trusses because they have heard they are hard to wear.

I MAKE TRUSSES

That are easy to wear, light, neat, clean, and practically indestructible, from my ALUMINUM ALLOY

—no rust possible—the result of years of research and experiment to find a suitable and reliable material for trusses. From the metal I make a truss to suit each individual case. There's no other way to get such results as I get. Bear in mind, I am the only maker of trusses in the city. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

W. W. SWEENEY,

213 W. Fourth St.

If you want the best

Smoke

SAMPLE CASE

CLEAR HAVANA CIGARS

A fine product, made from the finest selections of Havana tobacco from the famous Vuelta Abajo district. Cuba, and the superior workmanship equals, if not exceeds, the finest imported cigars.

Call for the SAMPLE CASE if you want the best.

M. W. Stewart Co., Distributors,

132 S. Los Angeles St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Consumption Cured

Dr. W. Harrison Ballard

415 1/2 S. Spring St.

READ FOR COPYRIGHTED, TRADE-MARK ON CONSUMPTION.

## [THE PUBLIC SERVICE.]

## ROWING IMPATIENT.

## SUBURBS EAGER FOR BETTER FIRE PROTECTION.

New Houses Ready for Occupancy.

Council Waiting for Financial Statement—Falsely Licensed—School-bond Litigation.

Two Tramps Caught in Riverside County Answer the Description of Forger—Cruel Stepfather Arraigned for Battery.

Crandall Acquitted—Bachelors' Brotherhood Incorporated—Marsh Convicted of Forgery—Cruel Stepfather Arraigned for Battery.

Residents of the suburbs are beginning to feel impatient at the delay in affording them better fire protection.

Eight of the new houses that were completed over a month ago still remain unoccupied, although everything is in readiness both the men and the horses.

The Council wishes to examine the state of the city's finances before ordering the reorganization of the department, and this reason is given for not putting the new companies in service.

From present indications the Police Commission will revoke a number of restaurant liquor licenses that have been held as an excuse for flagrant violation of the Sunday-closing law.

Mayor Eaton expressed himself yesterday as in favor of drawing the line against those places that lack the facilities to serve bona-fide meals.

The complaint and the answer in the mandamus proceedings that will shortly be brought in the Supreme Court of the State to determine the legality of the school bonds have been prepared and the City will probably authorize the proceedings at the session tomorrow.

Two tramps have been arrested in Riverside that answer to the description given by Rover Brown, an Oakland boy, who was convicted of forgery in Judge Smith's court yesterday.

The Bachelors' Brotherhood incorporated yesterday with a capital stock of \$2000.

Charles Weinhardt was complained against yesterday because of a peculiar trade with a Chinaman.

J. W. Halbert, the cruel stepfather who beat his wife, was arraigned yesterday, and his trial was set for Wednesday morning.

A. Marsh was convicted of forgery in Judge Smith's court yesterday.

[AT THE CITY HALL.]

WANT NO FURTHER DELAY.

NEW FIRE-ENGINE COMPANIES ANXIOUSLY AWAITED.

The Eight Remaining Houses are All Equipped and Ready for Use as Soon as the Council Gives the Needed Permission—Falsely Licensed—School-bond Litigation.

There is a growing feeling of impatience and dissatisfaction among the residents of the outlying districts of the city at the delay in placing the new fire-engine companies in service.

The new companies were inspected and accepted by the city. Since that time the fire department has been at work getting them ready for occupancy.

The new companies were organized last week, and the new fire department is now ready to take up the work of the old companies.

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The third-class, the house will be supplied with a combination chemical hose wagon and a city service truck. The company will number a captain and ten men. Engine company No. 5 will occupy the house. However, street north of Washington street. A lieutenant and six men will be in charge. The engine-house at Fourth and Towne streets will be occupied by engine company No. 6, consisting of a lieutenant and eight men. As the house is situated at a first-class engine will be installed.

In referring to the necessity for immediately installing the new fire engine companies, Fire Chief Moore said yesterday:

"We hope the Council will find means to make the long-expected change in the fire department at once. I take pride in the department, and naturally wish to see it placed on a metropolitan basis as soon as possible, but aside from that I regard the need for the new engine companies as very great."

An extensive residence section containing many fine houses has grown up in the past year or two in Westlake Park. At the present time, the nearest engine companies are located at Sixth and Main streets, and at Temple street and Edgeware road. It is impossible to provide adequate fire service for engine-houses so far removed from the section. Southward, the city now extends almost to Santa Monica.

The recent annexation of the University city district has enlarged the territory which the department has to cover to a considerable extent. Fire protection for the residents of this section now has to be furnished by the fire companies at a distance of several miles.

The improvement bonds were voted; the houses have been built and the department is ready and anxious to occupy them as soon as permission is obtained from the Council.

Of the \$150,000 bonds voted at an election held on May 28, 1898, the books of the City Auditor show that \$20,047.40 is still remaining. The greater part of this fund will probably be required to pay for the new engine companies that are designed to build on Aliso street.

The advertisement calling for bids is now being printed and the proposals will be opened on the 22d inst. It is expected that at least \$12,000 will be required to build the structures. In addition to the house proper, it is designed to equip a repair yard for the fire department, and to provide some additional money.

Under the plan of reorganization now being considered by the City Council, the present force would be somewhat increased. Instead of sixty men, the force would be increased to seventy men, including the Chief and Assistant Chief, and twenty-six callmen as called for by the present plan. The new force would have 117 men permanently employed.

This estimate includes the men that will be required in the eight engine companies. About fifteen horses will be needed at once and as the department will require long and expensive horses every year, it may be necessary to purchase as many as twenty horses during the next six months.

The prevailing price for horses this would necessitate an expenditure of at least \$10,000.

The reorganization of the department has been deferred on one pretext and another for so long time that the City Council has urged the Council not to take any action in the matter until the first of January.

This report will show the exact state of the department at the end of the year, and the Council will be expected to act on the report at the end of the year.

The fact that the grand jury returned a verdict of guilty in the case of the fire department, which required the assistance of the Auditor, the work has been delayed. It is probable that the fire department will be reorganized within a week and the Council will have a basis upon which to act.

Citizens of the University and Westlake districts are beginning to interpose their objections to the plan of reorganization, claiming that the delay has caused a loss of business in the district.

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The fire department has







1867 JACOBY BROS

JACOBY BROS

1900



WE WILL OCCUPY OUR NEW  
STORE BUILDING, 331, 333 AND 335  
SOUTH BROADWAY, ABOUT  
MARCH 1<sup>ST</sup>, 1900

And "coming events cast their shadows before." The new store will be new--spick and span--throughout the entire 5 floors. Every bit of merchandise has been bought especially for the grand opening event. We're slaughtering prices here to close out the stock.

## Men's Clothing Prices

That tell their own story.

### \$6.50 Men's Suits.

Cheviot and cassimere sack suits; checks and plaids in new shades of brown and gray; Removal Sale.....

\$3.96

### \$17.50 Men's Suits.

An elegant and varied assortment of new patterns, tailored in the best possible manner, frocks and sacks that cannot be duplicated at the former price, \$17.50; Removal Sale.....

\$12.33

### \$15.00 Men's Suits.

Sacks and frocks, clay worsted frocks and tweed, cheviot, cassimere worsted and serge, single and double-breasted

\$10.21

### \$2.50 Men's Pants.

Cassimeres and cheviots, stripes and mixtures; Removal Sale.....

\$1.85

### \$10.00 Men's Suits.

Single and double-breasted sack suits, cheviots, cassimeres and worsteds, the equals of any \$10 suits anywhere; Removal Sale.....

\$6.37

### \$20.00 Men's Suits.

No tailor will produce better finished garments; all the new and popular weaves in the very latest patterns and solid colors, sacks and frocks; Removal Sale.....

\$15.41

### \$15.00 Men's Overcoats.

Whip cords, beavers, covert cloths and worsteds, style, fit and finish of tailor garments; Removal Sale.....

\$10.21

### \$3.50 Men's Pants.

Worsteds, cheviots and cassimeres, perfect fitting; Removal Sale.....

\$2.86

### \$12.50 Men's Suits.

Serge, worsted, cassimeres, cheviots and black clay worsteds, three-button cutaways, and single and double-breasted

\$8.43

### \$12.50 Overcoats.

Beavers, covert cloths and clay worsteds, black, blue and new shades of tan and brown; Removal Sale.....

\$8.43

### \$20.00 Men's Overcoats.

Imported cloths, whip cords, covert cloth, beavers and clay worsteds; twenty dollars will not buy a better garment.....

\$15.41

### \$4.50 Men's Pants.

Most stores would sell these for \$5. A large assortment of swell patterns; Removal sale.....

\$3.35

### \$1.50 Ladies' Shoes.

Lace and button, black kid, flexible soles, coin toes, patent leather tips; Removal Sale.....

89c

### \$2.50 Ladies' Shoes.

Black imperial kid shoes, button only, coin and square toes, patent leather tips, heel and spring heel, sizes 2 1/2 to 3; Removal Sale.....

\$1.26

### \$2.50 Ladies' Shoes.

Vici kid, tourist heel foxed, flexible sewed soles, lace and button, coin and bulldog toes, all sizes; Removal Sale.....

\$1.43

### \$3.00 Ladies' Shoes.

Vici kid, lace and button, with Goodyear welt soles, all sizes, coin and bulldog toes, with new style tips; Removal Sale.....

\$1.77

### \$3.50 Ladies' Shoes.

Lace and button, Goodyear welt extension and genuine hand-turned sole, bulldog and coin toes with kid and patent leather tips.....

\$2.18

### \$1.25 Misses' Shoes.

Black kid, button and lace shoes, with spring heels, coin and bulldog toes, patent leather tips; sizes 1 1/2 to 3; Removal Sale.....

87c

### \$2.00 Misses' Shoes.

Fine vici kid, with patent leather tips, coin toes, button and lace, spring heels, flexible sewed soles; Removal Sale.....

\$1.34

### \$3.50 Men's Shoes.

Kangaroo kid uppers, sewed soles medium broad toes, all sizes when the sale starts this morning. Removal Sale.....

\$1.89

### \$3.50 Men's Shoes.

Russian calf in tan, kid, with kid or silk vesting top, lace only, coin and bulldog toes, all sizes; Removal Sale.....

\$2.18

### \$4.00 Men's Shoes.

Many were \$5, single or double hand welt soles, coin and bulldog toes, black and tan, lace and congress; Removal Sale.....

\$2.98

### \$1.75 Boys' Shoes.

Sizes 2 1/2 to 3 1/2, with nickel eye-lets and hooks, heavy half double sole, canvas calf uppers; Removal Sale.....

\$1.27

### \$3.00 Men's Shoes.

Odds and ends, \$8.00 lines in lace and congress, tan, black and patent leather; small sizes only; Removal Sale.....

79c

### \$5.00 Men's Shoes.

Odds and ends of different lines, in tan and black, none were less than \$5.00; small sizes or narrow widths; Removal Sale.....

\$1.39

### \$3.50 Men's Shoes.

Removal Sale.....

\$1.89

### \$3.50 Men's Shoes.

Removal Sale.....

\$1.89

### \$3.50 Men's Shoes.

Removal Sale.....

\$1.89

## Boys' Clothing.

### \$5 Youths' Suits.

Coat, vest and long pants for young men from 12 to 19 years; were \$5.00; for the Removal Sale.....

\$3.87

### \$7.50 Youths' Suits.

Mixed cheviots, good serviceable material; single and double breasted sack suits; ages 12 to 19 years; Removal Sale.....

\$5.75

### \$10.00 Youths' Suits.

Place them side by side with any \$10.00 suit in town and you'll find these better in style, fit, finish and quality. Black, blue and mixtures; ages 12 to 19.....

\$7.95

### \$3.50 Boys' Suits.

Knee pants suits for boys, mixed cheviots with double seat and double knee.....

\$2.26

### \$5.00 Boys' Suits.

Light and dark patterns, mixed cheviots, made with double seat and double knee. Two-piece suits; ages 7 to 16; Removal Sale.....

\$3.41

### \$4.00 Child's Suit.

Solid colors and mixtures, trimmed with silk braid; one glance and you'll recognize the real worth; Removal Sale.....

\$2.67

### \$5.00 Child's Suit.

Our regular \$5 suits for little fellows from 3 to 8 years, large or small collars, innumerable patterns and styles; Removal Sale.....

\$3.72

### \$6.00 Boys' Suits.

Worsteds, cassimeres and cheviots, double seat and double knee, garments you never again will see at the price; ages 7 to 16.....

\$4.43

## Boys' Furnishings.

### 35c Boys' Waists.

And blouses, cheviot, chambray and percale, light and dark colors, all sizes; Removal Sale.....

19c

### 50c Boys' Waists.

Unlaundered "Mother's Friend" waists. You know they are 50c waists; Removal Sale.....

30

### \$1.50 Boys' Waists.

Blue, black and gray French flannel waists and blouses; Removal Sale.....

75c

### \$1.00 Star Waists.

Every mother knows the "Star" waist, sold always and everywhere at \$1.00; Removal Sale.....

55c

### 65c Boys' Shirts.

Fancy colored stiff bosom and golf shirts, with separate cuffs to match; Removal Sale.....

33c

### \$1.00 Boys' Shirts.

Laundered stiff bosom, fancy colored shirts, separate cuffs to match, were \$1.00; Removal Sale.....

45c

### 25c Boys' Underwear.

Shirts and drawers, broken lines of merino and cotton flannel underwear; Removal Sale.....

13c

### 35c Boys' Underwear.

Derby ribbed shirts and drawers, full finished, all sizes; Removal Sale.....

21c

### 75c Boys' Underwear.

Fleece lined hygiene natural gray underwear, extra quality at 75c; Removal Sale.....

43c

### 75c Boys' Gloves.

Brown and tan kid gloves, fleece lined and fur trim'd; Removal Sale.....

40c

### 20c Boys' Hose.

Extra heavy derby ribbed, lace finished stainless black hose, high spliced heels, double toe and knee; Removal Sale.....

11c

### 50c Boys' Hose.

All wool black hose, heavy ribbed, seamless, with double knee and toe, high spliced heel; Removal Sale.....

29c

### \$2.00 Boys' Sweaters.

Heavy weight all wool sweaters, latest styles of collars, maroon, red, blue and black; Removal Sale.....

\$1.20

### Boys' Hats.

35c Boys' Caps. Blue, black and mixed golf caps that sold at 85c; Removal Sale.....

19c

### 75c Boys' Caps.

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# Los Angeles Sunday Times

JANUARY 14, 1900.

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## Los Angeles Sunday Times

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

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## HOW IS A MAN BEST EDUCATED?

DR. CHARLES F. THWING, president of Western Reserve University, has contributed to the Independent a series of propositions relating to the much-discussed subject of so-called colleges of commerce. Dr. Thwing appears to be somewhat wavering in his judgment in regard to these schools, and does not express himself as clearly as could be desired, but he says some things that are deserving of notice, and the discussion itself suggests some thoughts in a field broader than the mere question of the value of "colleges of commerce." The propositions laid down are these:

- (1.) About one-third of the graduates of our most conspicuous colleges are engaged in business.
- (2.) The entrance of so large a proportion of the graduates into business is advantageous to the ordinary professions. The professions are overcrowded.
- (3.) No business man can be too well trained.
- (4.) No business can have too well-trained workers in its service.
- (5.) The best training for a business man is the ability to think.
- (6.) The knowledge of the conditions of the business in which each one is engaged is important. These conditions, of course, vary in different sorts of business; and therefore the knowledge of the conditions must be varied.
- (7.) It is usually impossible to determine in advance what business a man in college will enter.
- (8.) It is therefore usually wise not to emphasize strongly the element of mere knowledge in preparing for a business training.
- (9.) If one have a well-trained mind, he is prepared to learn any business with ease, so that he can conduct it with whatever success it is in him to make.
- (10.) The plan for the establishment of colleges of commerce is in peril of substituting knowledge for power, information for ability to think.
- (11.) One can receive training from pursuing studies which in their relation to conveying knowledge may also be valuable.
- (12.) In pursuing studies which seem to relate especially to commerce, such as sociology, political economy and modern languages, regard should be paid to the order in which these subjects are taken up. Studies should not be taken for their professional purposes earlier than the last year, or at most the last two years, of the college course.
- (13.) Care should be exercised that colleges of commerce should be coordinated with the ordinary undergraduate college. Being professional schools, they should be coordinated with schools of law, medicine and theology.
- (14.) A training in a school of law for at least one, and better still for the whole three years, represents an admirable training for many men who propose to enter business.

It may be stated as a proposition that cannot be successfully refuted, that the proper object of education, in every case, is to make the individual most serviceable, not only to himself, but to his fellow-man. Now, all men are not "created equal." When Thomas Jefferson said they were, he doubtless meant that all men were created with equal rights. Some men are born with talents vastly superior to the average natural intellect, while others are as notably inferior to it. Some are by nature all-around intellectual giants; others excel in particular directions, but are defective in other directions, while still others are but mental dwarfs in every direction. The adult intellect is not merely the sum total of mental training; it is the natural mind, plus the training. Who would say, for example, that the mind of the Grand Old Man, Gladstone, was but the result of the training of an ordinary intellect? A thousand years of the best possible training would not make a Gladstone out of some intellects.

Most men belong to the second class mentioned—those born with a fair degree of general talent, so to speak, but with special talent in one, or perhaps, two or three directions. This being much the largest class, it is the one on which must be based the general discussion concerning the best education. Now, it goes without saying that training in the direction of the natural bent of the mind will carry the mental development farther than the same amount of training in another direction. In other words, the individual can attain a greater degree of efficiency within a specified time, if that time be devoted to

effort in the line of adaptability of his talent, than otherwise. It does not follow, however, that the training of the special talent should be pursued to the exclusion of all other training. This has too often been done, and the result has been "men of one idea;" men who have become hobbyists and have had their eyes and their admiration so centered upon their hobbies that they have been blind to truths which are as plain as day to others. General training which gives to all truth a proper perspective is always needed to give greatest efficiency to special effort. It follows, therefore, that that man can attain the greatest efficiency—and is consequently best educated—who develops his special talent to the greatest possible degree consistent with the general training necessary to the maintenance of his intellectual equipoise.

Other considerations, however, enter into the practical problem of education. One of them is the conditions which surround the individual. The necessity of bread-earning, the place of residence or other conditions, may curtail his opportunity. But more general than any other difficulty is that of determining sufficiently early the line in which one's effort can best be directed. Dr. Thwing asserts that it is generally impossible to determine in advance what business a man in college will pursue. It is undoubtedly true that it cannot be known positively and definitely what the student will do after leaving college. On the other hand, it is quite possible to know with considerable certainty, even before he enters college, whether he would be more successful as a lawyer or as a farmer, as a preacher or as a merchant. And if this problem of future usefulness were as carefully considered as it should be early in life, both by the young man and by his parents or others qualified to judge of him, the future could be much more definitely determined than now. Too often, as Dr. Thwing remarks, is knowledge valued as knowledge, rather than for what knowledge can do—as an accomplishment to be exploited for the purpose of showing the possessor's superiority over his less-educated fellow-men, rather than for the good he can do with what he has learned. The result is that the mind is crowded with facts of no practical use. As about one-third of the graduates of the leading colleges are, as Dr. Thwing says, engaged in business, it follows that a very liberal consideration should be given in the curricula to training adapted to business purposes. The doctor's remark that "the best training for a business man is the ability to think," is true, but it is indefinite in its application. The best training for a business man is the ability to think according to business methods, and proper regard for the one-third who are to follow business pursuits would take this fact into consideration. Doubtless, Dr. Thwing is right in insisting that colleges of commerce be coordinated with professional schools and not with ordinary colleges; but the value of colleges of commerce, like that of any other school, must depend on their character. Properly conducted, they ought to afford training supplementary to regular college work such as would materially aid in the development of business talent.

## HOAR AND PETTIGREW.

TWO men in the United States Senate, Hoar of Massachusetts and Pettigrew of South Dakota, appear to be actuated by petty and malevolent motives in their attitude toward the Philippine question. Mr. Hoar is obviously in his dotage, and is perhaps entitled to more charity than can rightfully be accorded to Pettigrew, the pusillanimous, the cantankerous, the diabolical. But both these Senators are obviously actuated by a desire to stir up strife and to delay the legitimate work of the Senate, rather than by a desire to serve to the best of their ability the interests of their respective States and those of the country at large.

The charges that both Hoar and Pettigrew have made against the President and the administration, from time to time, are simply outrageous, and most of them are so obviously false and malicious that they fall to the ground of their own weight. In the open Senate, on Wednesday last, for example, Pettigrew declared that the President had suppressed vital parts of Gen. Otis's report; that news of the Sulu treaty had been mangled and suppressed for the purpose of influencing the Ohio election; that Gen. Otis had mutilated the President's proclamation before issuing it in the Philippines; that Gen. Otis had "defrauded the Filipinos and the administration, and had humbugged the American people." He further characterized the insurgent "government" as a "sister republic," and declared that "an administration that would suppress the truth from the public would not hesitate to conceal the facts from the Senate." To cap the climax, Pettigrew said that in his opinion, the policy of the administration was "instigated by England." He furthermore declared that if he were a Filipino—and he comes mighty near to being one—he would fight until he was gray "against this policy of criminal aggression."

These stump speeches of Pettigrew and Hoar, in the Senate of the United States, may afford those gentlemen some satisfaction; but every word and sentence which they utter in the wanton spirit of encouragement to the enemies of the American flag cost American and Filipino lives on the battlefields of Luzon. Nothing is more certain than that the war will go on until our enemies have been overthrown, and the chatter of Grandmas Hoar and Petty Pettigrew is little short of criminal under the circumstances.

After the war is over, questions of policy may properly be discussed in both houses of Congress, in almost any spirit the debaters may choose to assume. But at the present juncture, no truly patriotic Senator or Representative will utter words that will encourage the armed enemies of the flag to continue a struggle which is utterly and irretrievably hopeless.

## SOME VERSE AND VERSE.

## Queer Inconsistency.

The queerest thing 'bout upper berth  
Is this, of all that's e'er been said:  
When riding on a boat or train,  
You must get up to go to bed.

## Keen Truth.

So mighty mean some people are  
About their words and dealings,  
They'll never speak the truth when  
It hurts somebody's feelings.

## A Basic Reason.

It's trite but true that there is reason  
At the top for many more;  
The reason for which, can we not see,  
Is the modern rush for

## Peculiar Generation.

"It seems to me that I smell gas,"  
Said prattling Tom to a witty lass.

She quick replied—her tones were subtly  
"Perhaps you do; for haven't you been talking

## Ancient His Finger Nails.

"My finger nails grow just like weeds,"  
And I don't see 'the reason."  
Said tiresome Tom one night to May,  
When talk had dragged a season.

"Perhaps they grow like weeds," she said,  
Her tones a trifle scornful—  
"Because, you know, weeds are the thing  
If nails must take on mourning."

## My Lady Love.

I held her hand—silk-soft—and felt  
The quickening thrills of love and life,  
And there was peace, and rest—for me—  
Is dross that Love's hot fires must melt.  
I looked into her eyes and saw  
The vision of a splendid soul;  
No mighty waves of ocean roll  
In those great depths where Love is hid.  
I loved her wealth of autumn hair  
As brown as sward leaf tumbling down,  
The brow, the cheek, the full, round lip,  
The figure—type of strength and grace—  
I love them all—and in no other  
Are they so grand as in—  
My mother.

## CURRENT EDITORIAL THOUGHT.

[New York Tribune:] Edward Atkinson has written in reply to Gen. Lawton's dying message, suggests that he is sensitive about seeing ghosts.

[Indianapolis News:] In answer to a British message the Boers replied "Rats!" It is hard to see the Boers are considered an unprogressive nation.

[Washington Star:] Representative Robinson is subjected to any humiliating suggestions that never have amounted to anything if it had been his wife.

[Chicago Journal:] If Missouri owns the river, she ought to be compelled either to Lake Michigan water from the drainage canal or else build a fence in mid-stream, so it could be other side.

[Portland Oregonian:] It is settled that a man will not tender its services as mediator between belligerents in South Africa, unless both parties have a desire or willingness that it should do so. It shall do well to mind our own business.

[Memphis Commercial Appeal:] Mr. Kobbins, the Chicago Times-Herald, is a man of the twentieth century, while his afternoon Post, is still issued in the nineteenth century. He gets up in the morning a twentieth-century man, but goes to bed in the evening a century-old man.

[Boston Herald:] One of the fine points in Godkin, in his reminiscences, is his remark that he got into a way of taking material prosperity for government, a delusion of which the bourgeoisie, and which, to most men, is the worst possible. There is no such fosterer of indifference as a good bank account.

[New York Sun:] The rapidity with which the family of Gen. Lawton grows and the growth with which the contributions to it come from the Union indicate how firmly that gallant soldier held in the honor and affection of the American people, and how generally and how highly they give him the recognition of their admiration.

[Omaha Bee:] The door in China is to remain the request of the United States, or at least a string is to be allowed to hang out where it can be reached. The United States today is in a position without contest from the powers of the world, a thing which in justice it is entitled to. By being able in its demands, as in this case, it can maintain this position. The present administration will be the credit for bringing about this happy condition of affairs.

[Baltimore American:] The University of Chicago phonetic spelling. Its publications intended for general use will doubtless be translated into current English. If the movement spreads, official censors will position a great strain on their patriotism. In the war correspondence will be lessened when spell names of places and people just as they may cause some slight confusion in geography, no great movement can succeed without some such



# Willful, Winsome and Winning. By Robt. J. Burdette.

## The New Girl Wins.

AN OLD Woman one day found a New Girl, who was not quite Rude, but only Rudimentary, sitting in the crotch of her own Favorite and Exclusive apple tree enjoying the delicious flavor of fruit that she was making her own by Manifest Destiny, Benevolent Assimilation and the Right of Conquest, which inheres through conquest rather than hereditary ownership and occupation. "Rash Maid," exclaimed the Old Woman, "do you not know what happened to your Grandmother for eating Fruit without permission?" "Psyche knot," replied the New Girl, who, since she had been annexed to a Boys' League, was fond of argument. Thereupon the Old Woman, in a soft and persuasive accents, the pleasantness of which was somewhat dislocated by the erratic instability of an Over Set, kindly requested the Young Scapegrace to come down, and receive the worst old-fashioned trouncing she ever did, the two-step under. But the New Girl, who was one of the Tulu tribe, and could whistle tunes like a Boy, replied that it was yet two hours until train time, that it was not far and she could walk, and besides, she was not going that way. "Then," replied the Old Woman, for it was she, "if soft words have no effect upon you, I see that must resort to violence." So saying, in a wheezy and pleasant manner she whistled asthmatically for a Large and Precocious Dog which she said was kept unchained behind the barn, and was cannibalistically fond of New Girls, especially when served with raw fruit. At this dire threat, however, the New Girl, who was well acquainted with the premises, having played golf all over that farm, and who knew there was not a living animal on the place except a Faithless Cat, much older than the Old Woman, laughed in derisive accents and started in on Another Apple. "Oho!" said the Old Woman, "so you will not come down for threats? Then, your bumps be on your own head." Thus speaking, she ceased, and gathered her apron full of stones and proceeded to bombard Lady Smith. The first stone went and broke a stained-glass window in All Saints' Church over the way, knocking the head of St. Paul and leaving the women free to make all the noise in church they wanted to. The second missile described a reversed curve and killed the Cat, which was purring in the sunshine on the doorstep, and dreaming that there was no one else in the universe except himself and the Old Woman. The Old Woman braced herself for the supreme effort of her life, aimed herself for a low throw from third to first, took deliberate and cold-blooded aim at the Laughing Girl, and the hurtling stone caught the Rector, who was running out of the church door to see what was the matter, and landing lightly under the ear, Grassed Him. At this the Old Woman, who was a maulin circumflex, and the New Girl, overcome with convulsive laughter, fell backward and dropped heavily to the ground with a force that would have broken her back, had she not leaped so quickly to her feet to see if anybody was looking. Having assured herself that nobody saw her, she burst into tears and wept all the way down, where she went into hysterical laughter as she remembered how the Old Woman hit everything she did not love at. Then she bathed her eyes, looked at herself in the glass, put on a gray veil with black dots, and went back after the rest of the apples.

## The Pals and the Persimmons.

I have an idea—well, it isn't all mine; it is an idea I share with several billions of people, I fancy—that the New Girl is going to get the apples. That is, she is going to get the apples she wants. What she sets her heart on a woman does gets late or soon. What she doesn't want, she gets away from her, even in the shrewdest disguise. I don't believe that the women of America ever want the ballot, for instance. I don't believe they want it now. I don't believe one woman in a hundred wants it. And the best reason I have for thinking this is that lovely woman doesn't possess it. That's all. There was a time, not half a century gone by, when women considered a different race of beings from men. When women couldn't sharpen a pencil, tie a parcel, or sing bass, so fast as she wanted to do these things she learned to. She crowded the young men out of the telegraph office and the dry goods stores. She sings bass in her own quartette. Because somebody laughed at her because she had both eyes and turned away her head every time she had a gun, she learned to shoot, so that now every man in the party—and possibly some game—is afraid of her. I think she might learn to throw stones if she cared to accomplish the accomplishment. It would require the readjustment of the collar bone, physiologists tell us—and possibly some other bones, which she is accused of wearing—because she could make a very accurate catapult of herself. It is on record, that a woman in England hit Mr. Gladstone in the eye with a piece of gingerbread, only a year or two before his death. Maybe that was what killed him. From my own observation, I am convinced that if a woman did hit the thing she fired a stone at, it would kill the target in a minute. But it is more than likely that the woman who hit the Grand Old Man was one of his closest friends and that she threw the card of gingerbread at some distant enemy in the crowd.

## Lost and Lost.

A few years ago, she made up her mind that she wanted a room. There are more women than men in the world, and she is entitled to more space than custom and law have allotted to her. "I haven't got but one-third the bed," a tired wife complained one night, when she was in a room in which to roll and toss. "That's all the law allows ya," triumphantly grumbled her sleepy husband, and look another hitch on the bed clothes, and fell asleep, sleeping within his own rights and limits, leaving the New Girl to enjoy the narrowness of her dower privileges. But she made up her mind to have more room, she thought, and she got it. There was a time within the memory of men yet old, when if you said "club" or read "club,"

everybody knew it was an exclusive club of men. To speak of a woman belonging to a club was as though one should think of a woman riding in the circus, or going to war, or smoking a pipe. But when she grew tired—as it was inevitable that she should after some six or seven thousand years of it—of living her life between a cooking stove and a mending basket, she organized a club of her own, and now, here and there in America, I suppose there are upward of a million women who are members of clubs. And the country has not only survived it, but is actually in a condition of happiness and widespread prosperity and growing boundaries, lengthening cords and strengthening stakes, unprecedented in all its history. As the old Doctor's motto runs, "Post hoc, propter hoc?" Anyhow, if the movement toward broader, higher, better, stronger intellectual and social life among women hasn't been altogether responsible for the increased prosperity and power of the country, nobody can say that the movement has retarded national growth. And her share in all this has not been gained by one club here and by another club there. In all great social and intellectual movements, same as in football and war—it's "team work" that does it. You may kill all the officers down to the sergeants, and a well-drilled, well-disciplined regiment will go ahead, and capture the battery. Nine times in ten it's a private soldier who first scrambles over the parapet in the assault. "It says the colonel in the dispatches." Well; that's another thing. Maybe that's because the colonel sends the dispatch. And maybe it's because the private is fighting for the joy and honor of the game, and not for the trophy. Heaps of "mobes" in war and politics. The most tiresome ass that ever went to Congress can make a good speech if he has sense enough to employ the right kind of secretary.

## Lost, Strayed, or Stolen.

Some things lovely woman has lost by her freedom. She gets jostled and pushed about in the crowd by elbowing men, who merely stare at her if she asks the mob to move. And she remembers then how her grandfather, baring his head—not abruptly doffing his hat to show her the lining of it—but baring his head with courtesy that was touched with reverence, bowed to his shoe lace as he made way for her. Now, she hangs on the strap in the crowded street car, while occasionally a man does her the honor to glance at her over the top of his paper to see if he thinks it be worth his while to give her his seat, finally deciding, after deliberating for so long as a tenth of a second, that she has no business in a car at that time of day, and that he is as tired as she is anyhow. With weary patience she stands in line at the ticket office. If she presume upon her old privilege and steps in ahead of a waiting man, without ceremony or courtesy, she is promptly and justly ordered back to her proper place. And that is all right. She can't eat her cake, and keep it. But, then, a cake isn't made to keep. It's made to eat. If it was to keep, it would be made of leather, for "nothing lasts like leather." Sometimes it is, anyhow. But I digress. "Woman's sphere," whatever that ever was, has disappeared with the new life, and happily so. She can scarcely claim a place in the world's work that is exclusively her own. She has no monopoly in millinery and dressmaking. The animal who used to make Rome howl every time he missed a button from his shirt is no longer dependent upon her for one item of his garment. Patent buttons have made him independent. Oh, once in a while a man comes to town whose wife makes his pantaloons and cuts his hair, but he is usually sent to jail, I believe, and warned not to do it again. And here and there you will see a man, usually a very young man, whose wife buys his neckties, and who has then into a missionary barrel, and then tell her they were stolen by the best-dressed man in town, after she—the hard-hearted and base one—had refused to sell them to him at six fifty per. (They cost her three for fifty.) She is no longer a "poetess;" nor yet an "authoress." She has ceased to be a "spinster," and if she decides not to marry, she becomes a "bachelor maid," which, I suppose, is much the same thing as "maiden man," only different. She has been admitted to the bar, but there are no "female courts" in which a "lawyeress" may practice. The last "doctress" died near the close of last—"low bridge!"—this century. A few "female seminaries" still linger in the land, but Bryn Mawr is "a college for the higher education of women," and that is the new type. There is no sex in the degree the student takes, and when she has earned the precious initials she is not "doctress" but doctor. Horrible to contemplate, but it's all in the evolution—in a few years she may yet come to be called "Doc." Maybe, in the happy freedom of her own club she is so addressed even now.

## What She Has Lost.

But, after all, what has she lost, really lost, by the change? There is always something lost, something to be given up, in reaching unto a freer, broader life. But it's the loss that she suffers when she gives up childhood for the strength and ripeness of womanhood. Do you want to be a child all your life? "When I became a man, I put away childish things." You enter the realm of mature life, and nobody will lift you over the muddy places. Nobody will carry you up the steep places. Nobody will put aside important work to play with you. Nobody will do things for you that you are supposed to be able to do for yourself. Nobody will take responsibility off your shoulders and decide things for you. Nobody will show you how to do things, because everybody else is just as busy as yourself. Nobody will take time to show you the way. They will say, "Oh, look in the directory!" as they hurry on out of reach of your voice. Nobody will stop to pick you up when you fall down. They will laugh at you. Nobody will kiss the bruised hand "to make it well." They will look at something that is going on down the street, and say, "Oh, put on a piece of court plaster." No one will show you how to "do your sums," or how to hold

your pen, or how to write "vertically," like everybody else in the world, without a bit of personality or character in the writing. Nobody will tell you how to spell the long, hard words, or tell you what they mean, or how to pronounce them. Nobody, when you are tired and lonesome, will stop to take you up, and tell you fairy stories—well, yes, they will; only now you've got to keep your ears open for the "fairy stories;" they'll put you to sleep, all right, but the awakening will be something like falling off a trolley car on a curve. Oh, you lose a great deal when you step out of the pleasant land of childhood. When you learn to walk, and think, and work, and love, and suffer. But what of that? Do you want to be a child all your life? Would you like that? Once in a while you will see a child who has lived in this growing, changing world for twenty-five, thirty, forty years, and has never grown to womanhood. The body is the body of the full-grown woman, and the mind is the mind of the child of 5 years. Would you like to be a child all your life? Your wheel, and your golf clubs, and your salary at the counter or desk which some man wants, has put you on a level, not merely with men, but with humanity. You don't want to go back to the lower place for the sake of a little coddling? You'll get that still—all that is good for you.

## Grown-up Children.

You see, while children are the sweetest of God's creatures, childish people are about the most worthless. It stings you to have people say you are "childish." The stronger and braver and more womanly you are, the greater responsibilities you are going to have thrust upon you, and that is right. When all the women in California are federated for common work in a common cause, if this great State doesn't grow fifty years in the next twenty-five, the women are going to be held responsible for it. And I hope they will be kind to that noble first-born of creation, Man. Poor Mr. Man. Do you know, I think it is your childishness, so to speak, that is one of his burdens, though I don't know how he would take it if you should suddenly shoot upward to his own fullness of standard. He has such a sublime contempt for the "littleness" of women's ways. I knew a man once, a good man, who nearly died on the train one day, because he, sitting a couple of seats back, heard his wife tell the conductor that all five of the children crowded into the turned seats with her, were under age. She offered to pay half fare for one of them, but the rest were free. She protested when the conductor insisted on at least two half fares for the party. She said she had never heard of such a thing before, and her husband would speak to the president about it. And from the tone in which she said it, everybody thought she meant the President of the United States. Except one woman, her neighbor, who thought she meant the president of their club. Oh, but her husband was mad! He told her, as soon as he got a chance, that he wanted to jump off the car. He was hot with mortification. Trying to swindle the railroad company out of two half fares! He said it was no better than stealing. Two days after that, man came home in such glee that he couldn't keep quiet nor sit still. They were going to Europe this summer, the whole family. Did she remember that Manitoba Ice Trust stock, for towing icebergs down to Havana and sawing them up in blocks for sale in Cuba? that he bought at 25 cents last year, and that he had been hanging onto by the eyelids ever since? Well, he had just unloaded the whole business at a hundred and ten on an orphan asylum down in Texas. You see, what a long, weary climb you have before you, ere you can attain unto the lofty table lands of the masculine ways of stealing. I once saw a conductor nearly on the point of slapping a poor, scared-to-death old woman who tried to pass an expired excursion ticket on him. She knew it was no good when she offered it; anybody could see that. She was as badly scared as a woman always is when she is contemplating some little two-by-three crime like that. What a lecture the conductor read her. Just behind her was sitting a man who had helped to wreck that road, and who had stolen more money in one deal than that old woman could have carried in a sack. Him the conductor lifted his cap to; bowed to him; called him "Sir," and never asked to see his pass. The old thief. One of these kind of men who groan when they pay a bill; fish eyes and a straight slit for a mouth; never carry but one cigar.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

## SAID KIPLING WAS A HORRID LITTLE BOY.

[Milwaukee Wisconsin:] Here is a story from an American girl in London, about Kipling:

"I met an army officer's sister, who had lived in India, and they were speaking of the Anglo-Indian writer.

"I was brought up with him," said the army woman.

"You know him, then, as a child?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, Ruddy was the most horrid little beast of a boy imaginable."

"And you played with him?" I asked, thinking in my little American way that would be something to be proud of.

"Played with him? Never. None of us played with him. He was sulky, sensitive, brutal—oh, a little wretch, I assure you. But don't repeat it."

"And so I haven't."

## SHE PREFERS BOOTBLACKING TO CONCERT WORK.

[Milwaukee Sentinel:] Just as soon as she can make the necessary arrangements and get a sufficient quantity of work pledged in advance, Miss Marie Petticrew, who is small, but energetic, and hails from Chicago, is going to set up a bootblackening stand at Emerson's shoe store in this city.

She follows the bootblackening business simply because she has found it paid well, a good deal better than the profession of concert organizer which she followed previously, and in the course of which she once came to Milwaukee, giving a concert at Ethical Hall.



## THIS LAND OF OURS.

SOME THINGS THAT MUST BE SEEN TO  
BE APPRECIATED.

By a Special Contributor.

**S**OUTHERN CALIFORNIA is credited with being the home of the orange, the lemon, and the liar. The newspapers are in a measure responsible for this. What self-respecting easterner would swallow a statement like the following, unsupported by evidence?

"After a six-months' sojourn in the land of sunshine and sea breezes, we proclaim our unbounded and not-to-be-shaken admiration for an order of things that supplies our gardens with flowers and our tables with fresh fruits and vegetables at all seasons. The floral treasures of California must be seen to be believed in. Calla lilies unfold their waxen blossoms by hundreds in the herbaceous beds, and tea roses and geraniums higher than one's head are no novelty."

But with the evidence at hand—piled up, so to speak—one has no resource but to say, "I came, I saw, and I was

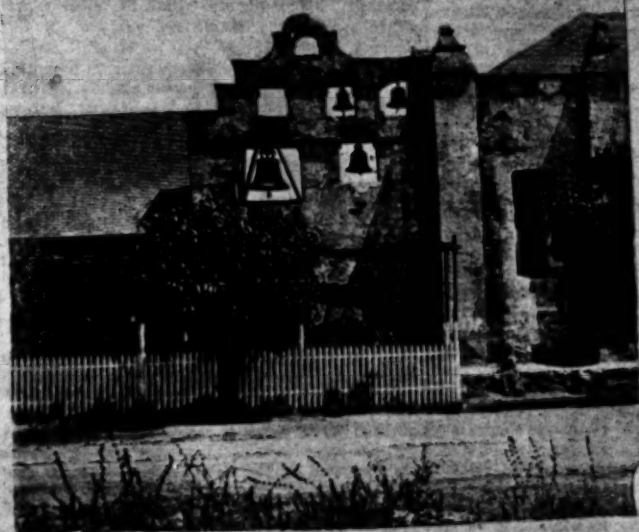
conquered." To waken with the melody of bird voices ringing in the ear, to look forth upon a land clothed as with the verdure of summer, to pluck the red rose that nods a friendly "good morning" at the window pane, causes one to forget that this is January, and that beyond the mountain walls the mantle of winter lies heavy upon the land. Open the window and let in the blessed sunlight that is heaven's own remedy for all the ills to which flesh is heir. Fear not that a wintry blast will chill the warm current in your veins. There is no hint of frost in the breezes that blow over the Sunset Sea.

In and about Los Angeles the pleasant drives are a never-failing source of enjoyment; winding through orange groves or down broad avenues shaded by waving pepper trees, that, in delicate beauty of foliage, resemble ferns, with the mountains blue and misty in the distance—it is a scene for an artist, a poem in nature. Now and then you will come upon a bit of old California—a time-stained adobe, set in a thicket of tropical growths, long unpruned. With a Spanish señorita to complete the picture, almost one would be persuaded that a sunny corner of fair Castile had been dropped down in the midst of our prosaic Yankee land. Ah, here she comes! True, she lacks the traditional mantilla, and is rather stout for an ideal señorita. The super-critical might note that she waddles as she advances,

and—What is that? Sight-seers not allowed, is it? Oh, beg pardon, señorita!

If you would see the gentle Chinese as they are nowhere outside of China, seek the narrow Nigger alley, a stone's throw from the Plaza, and find yourself to all intents and purposes in the East. The narrow streets are lined with shops and stalls, gay with bright paper lanterns and with slips of red paper, inscribed with Chinese characters. There are Chinese to the right of you, Chinese in front of you, and all are appareled oriental-wise. A merchant, clad in silken blouse and tattered trousers, is talking to a coolie, whose coarse attire and huge hat are in striking contrast with the former's apparel. A spectacled priest, a strutting high-collared beauty shuffling awkwardly along in his gear—these are some of the types that you will loitering in the streets and alleys of Chinatown.

The Chinese are always to be regarded as a curious people. Let one be pointed in their direction, and they will march forthwith to see a "two-bit" bricoleur, child of the Far East, to face the "big" larks in the black box. But where is the objectionable block in instant readiness for opportunity. On the opposite side of the street, house, or place of worship. The inner sanctum



The Bell Tower, San Gabriel Mission



"Mariposa," Mariposa Grove.



Little Ah Him  
from a  
Copyrighted  
Photo by  
G.G. Johnson  
A  
Beach  
Scene



In Old Santa Barbara.



...a billowy hang with lanterns, and further decorated with ...filled with sacred lilies and tiny trees that ...been clipped in odd shapes. A photograph of the ...of the building is easily obtained, and if you are ...in your generation you will be content with that. It ...is needed that an enthusiastic photographer who essayed ...a snapshot at the puffy-faced gods, perched on their carved ...was ignominiously cast forth by the indignant ...Chinese. But, patience! Either comes a Chinese cherub, ...of the cigarmaker, who makes "heap fine cigar" from ...the leaf of the cabbage. Click! You have the cherub safe ...the black box.

The habitations of the Chinese are mere burrows, dark ...and stuffy. Now Mr. and Mrs. John and four or five ...Johns can stow themselves away in such close quar- ...is not apparent to the uninitiated. John sets great ...by his saffron-hued babies, and if he has the where- ...they are tricked out in quaint jewelry, while their ...shower, wedded blouses and wide trousers—reproductions ...of their parents' attire—are of bright colors and resplendent ...with embroidery. A visit to a high-class restaurant, gorge- ...in gilt and lacquer-work and crowded with oddly- ...furniture, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and to ...the excursion to the Flowery Kingdom in a proper ...manor, an hour at the theater, in the evening, and you ...will have had an experience long to be remembered.

A short distance from the City of the Angels is the ...San Gabriel. It might be in Arcadia for aught ...there is in its surroundings to suggest the restless strife ...and turmoil of everyday existence. Situated amidst smiling ...countryside and fruitful orchards, with the gray-walled ...adobe Madre standing near, as if guarding the peace of ...this lovely spot, to see it is to tempt one to forswear the ...civilization of the world and turn monk, or poet. The in- ...terior of the mission is in no wise different from that of ...other chapels, having been modernized. Narrow barred ...windows pierce the walls, high up, and the entrance is ...marked by a ponderous door, thickly studded with iron ...bolts. For two years and more the bells, swinging high ...in the massive tower, have summoned the humble devotees ...from far and near; and though the dust lies thick upon ...them and red rust has incrustated them, their tone is as ...sweetly clear as when first they sounded the Angelus. Ev- ...ery hour in the day prayers are said at the altar, and in ...the quaint old confessional the plea of the penitent is still ...heard. At the rear of the church lies the Campo Santa ...("Holy Area") where leaning crosses mark the graves of ...those who have put off the robes of Order Gray for the ...white robes of immortality.

There comes a day, even in this favored clime, when one ...sinks the shady side of the street; when cooling drinks ...and palm-leaf fans are in demand, and when the invigorat- ...ing salt breeze that blows up from the sea creates a ...perennial in the breast of the tourist for a life on the ocean ...waves. At the seaside resorts for which California is fa- ...mous, it would seem that all the world and his wife were ...making merry. Every train brings its quota of visitors for ...the day-shop girls, who breathe the salt tonic of the ...ocean waves but seldom; the bustling mother, over whose ...bosom brood "a destiny that shapes our ends" surely ...looms, else they would find a watery grave ere the day ...is done; pale students and dashing sports; pretty maid- ...ens and sedate matrons. It is not often that one can boast ...of an ocean bath in January; but though the sting of the ...flying spray brings tears to the eyes and a red tinge, most ...stimulating, to the nose, in you go, romping and shouting ...like a schoolboy turned loose. The shining white sand is ...soft beneath the feet, the sunshine, streaming in dashing ...glades over sea and land, almost summerlike in its ...warmth; but presently you will have had enough of the ...sun and buffeting, and will be glad to change your ...bathing togs for more presentable habiliments.

A day's journey from the southern metropolis lies ...Santa Barbara. In all California there is no ...more so reminiscent of "the days that were" as this ...coast-sea. The journey thence is likewise full of in- ...teresting passages, en route, the home of "Ramona," the ...famous Helen Hunt Jackson's world-famous story. "The ...adobe, low, with a wide veranda on the three ...sides, the inner court, and a still broader one across the ...front, which looks to the south. These verandas, es- ...pecially those on the inner court, were supplementary rooms ...to the house. The greater part of the family life went on ...there. Babies slept, were washed, sat in the dirt, and ...played on the verandas. The women said their prayers, ...washed their naps, and wove their lace there. The herdsmen ...and shepherds smoked there, lounged there, trained their ...horses there; there the young made love and the old dozed." ...Today the place remains unchanged, though, alas, the ...romance is not! You saw the Ramona of ...the way stations along the overland route—a ...man, uninteresting personage, with a shock of black hair, ...carefully kept, and a stolid expression. She it ...was who said you the coarsely-woven basket, the bit of ...clay and the grotesque image of clay, which you will ...call "back East" as a souvenir of the wild and woolly ...west.

But to return to Santa Barbara—the sleepy little pueblo, ...Spanish, half American, lay dozing on the sunny slope ...between the mountains and the sea almost a century ere ...the scream of the locomotive's whistle echoed through her ...vine-covered. Some of the old Spanish families live on in ...the homes of their ancestors, picturesque adobe dwellings, ...around which the breath of romance still lingers. The mus- ...trated accounts of the soft, vowelly Spanish tongue fall pleas- ...antly on the ear as the sight-seer prowls through the shaded ...streets, or wends his way to the historic old mission that ...crowns the heights above the town.

San's first impression of Santa Barbara is rose-hued, and ...in one's second, third, and succeeding impressions. ...There are roses here and roses there—and still more roses. ...They breathe the balcony, nod from lattice and casement, ...and spread a flowery mantle over the ruined adobe. The ...garden of its rose gardens, and of that other garden wherein ...the woman has set foot, and which a well-known writer has ...so memorably described in "Our Italy," extends far be- ...yond these mountain-circled vales. A short distance from ...the mission garden, the founders of the monastery ...planted a grape vine, which, like the mustard seed, "grew ...and grew" until now it is a good-sized vineyard of itself. ...The Vitis Grande has been known to yield five tons of ...grapes a year. Under the green canopy of its branches, ...which were supported by a stout trellis so that the vine

rested upon it as upon a roof, light-footed dancers were ...went to while away the hours, keeping time to the tinkle ...of the mandolin or guitar. I am told that the vine has died ...within a year; so if you do not find it, pray do not set ...this down as a base fabrication. Remember, all things are ...possible in California. It is a land of surprises, and if you ...are troubled with heart failure and would avoid sudden ...shock, you must proceed with caution. You may have dis- ...covered that the birds get up in the night to sing; that ...the rivers run bottom-side up; that a mountain range forty ...miles distant is, to all appearance, just around the corner. ...And in Santa Barbara they "farm" pampas plumes and ...potatoes with equal facility. "See Santa Barbara and ...die!" says an enthusiast from the frost-bitten East. To ...which I would add: "But not before you have seen the ...big trees and Yosemite."

Yosemite Valley is pronounced by travelers who have ...been in every country of the world to be the grandest ...panorama in nature. Here on the flank of the Sierra is a ...beautiful natural park, eight miles long and varying from ...a half mile to a mile in width, diversified with meadows, ...groves and flowery glades. It is walled 'round by granite ...cliffs, from three to six thousand feet in height, and from ...these heights plunge a thousand waterfalls, waking the ...echoes with their thunderous music. It is a region of ...contrasts; its vastness is overpowering, its spaces baffle ...the eye and stun the senses, yet—

"Among the piled rocks  
Are tender flowers that lend a blooming grace  
To the stern grandeur of thy rugged face."

J. TORREY CONNOR.

## HEROIC GENERALS.

SOME AMERICAN OFFICERS WHO HAVE  
BLED ON BATTLEFIELDS.

BY MAJ. J. A. WATROUB,  
Chief Paymaster, Department of the Columbia.

"WHY, I supposed the generals and other officers ...always remained at a safe distance, in the back- ...ground, and pushed the private soldiers into the ...places of danger."

This remark was made upon the receipt of the news ...that Maj.-Gen. Henry W. Lawton had been killed while in ...advance of his troops at San Mateo, and by one of that ...shallow, envious or ignorant class which ever finds pleasure ...in sneering at and ridiculing officers, and all others, in ...every walk of life, who are above them, and have distanced ...them in life's successes.

Now, let us see how the generals and other officers do ...not avoid danger in battle, confining the survey to the ...later American wars.

Fifty-seven officers, of various ranks, including Maj.- ...Gen. H. W. Lawton, Colo. Wyckoff, Egbert and Smith, ...Maj. Howard and Logan, Capt. Eldredge, Warwick, ...McGrath, and Lieuts. Smith, Boutelle, Ledyard and Tay- ...lor, have been killed in battle since the first of June, 1862, ...not to mention the wounding of more than a hundred.

Thousands of officers, from second lieutenants to lieuten- ...ant-generals, on both sides, were killed or wounded in ...the civil war.

### The Death of Gen. N. P. Lyon.

At the battle of Wilson Creek, Mo., in 1861, the Union ...army lost a general who gave promise of great useful- ...ness—Nathaniel P. Lyon—who fell while heroically rally- ...ing and leading his troops in the hottest part of the line. ...Lyon was a captain of regulars in charge of a few soldiers ...at St. Louis, in April, 1861. His duties included the guard- ...ing of the arsenal. At Camp Jackson there had assembled ...a body of Missouri militia. Gov. Calib Jackson wanted his ...militia, in the interest of the Confederacy, to seize the ...arsenal. Capt. Lyon lost no time in making the best pos- ...sible disposition of his troops, and telegraphed the Sec- ...retary of War, asking for instructions and immediate rein- ...forcements. The lines were down between Harrisburg and ...Washington, hence his dispatch did not reach its destina- ...tion. Fortunately, a representative of the Adjutant-Gen- ...eral's office, Capt. Fitzjohn Porter, was at Harrisburg. ...Porter was shown Lyon's telegram. Realizing the gravity ...of the situation, Porter assumed to speak for the Secretary ...of War, and directed Lyon to hold the arsenal at all haz- ...ards. Knowing that he could not do so with the small ...force, he called in a large number of Union men, and ...armed them. Seeing the many men ready for a fight, the ...Camp Jackson militia abandoned their plan to capture ...the arsenal.

At the battle of Shiloh, when there was imminent dan- ...ger of disaster to his army, Gen. Albert Sidney Johnson, ...chief-in-command of the Confederate forces, rode to the ...front to lead one of his divisions in a charge, and was ...mortally wounded.

Gen. Reynolds, Barlow, Sickles and Others.

Maj.-Gen. John F. Reynolds, a Lawton of the army in ...those days, was killed at Gettysburg, on the skirmish line, ...while gathering information as to the position and strength ...of the Confederates—information which, without doubt, ...made possible the Union victory at Gettysburg. Reynolds ...was commanding the right wing of the Army of the Poto- ...mac at that time.

On the same day, Maj.-Gen. Frank Barlow, commanding ...a division in the Eleventh Corps, was frightfully wounded, ...and left on the field for dead. But for the care given him ...by the Confederate general, John B. Gordon of Georgia, ...later Governor and Senator, Gen. Barlow would doubtless ...have died. On July 2, in the same great battle, Maj.-Gen. ...Daniel E. Sickles, a corps commander, while on the firing ...line, was wounded, losing a leg. On Round Top, that day, ...Gen. Weed, Col. O'Rourke and Lieut. Hazlett were killed ...when the fighting was hand to hand.

In Pickett's never-to-be-forgotten charge, on the third ...day of the contest, nearly all of his brigade and regimental ...commanders were killed or wounded, not to mention half ...of the other officers. It was the gallant Gen. Armistead, ...of the old army, who broke through the Union line and fell ...mortally wounded. In that charge two Union army corps ...commanders, Maj.-Gen. W. S. Hancock and Abner Double-

day, were wounded, Hancock seriously. Gen. John Gibbon, ...a division commander, was also badly wounded. ...Senator E. D. Baker of Oregon, one of the most bril- ...liant men of the Pacific Coast, while fighting as a colonel ...at Ball's Bluff, Va., was killed. Gen. Zollicoffer, the Nash- ...ville editor, a gallant Confederate, was killed in one of ...Gen. Thomas's battles, early in 1862.

Stevens, Gordon, Reno, Mansfield and McPherson.

Gen. Isaac I. Stevens and Phil Kearney, both division ...commanders, were intrusted with the task of protecting ...the left flank of the Army of the Potomac, after the ...second Bull Run disaster. So zealous were they at Chan- ...tilly, that they lost their lives, Stevens on the firing line, ...and Kearney in advance of the skirmishers, in search of ...all-important information. Both had served in the Mexi- ...can war.

Lieut.-Gen. John B. Gordon, Confederate, was wounded ...six or seven times while in command of a regiment, ...brigade, division, or corps.

Maj.-Gen. Reno was killed at the battle of South Moun- ...tain, while right up with his troops, and at about the ...same time that Lieut.-Col. Rutherford B. Hayes, late ...President, was wounded.

The venerable, white-haired, Maj.-Gen. Mansfield, while ...placing his command in line of battle at Antietam, was ...killed. Col. Samuel Mansfield, chief of engineers, Depart- ...ment of California, is his son. In the same battle, Maj.- ...Gen. Joe Hooker, "Fighting Joe" Hooker, was badly ...wounded. Gen. Richardson, a division commander, was ...mortally wounded at Antietam. Hundreds of commissioned ...officers, ranking from lieutenant to major-general, were ...killed or wounded on that, the "bloodiest day" of the en- ...tire war, as Gen. Longstreet calls it.

Maj.-Gen. McPherson, commander of the Army of the ...Tennessee, was killed in front of Atlanta, while looking ...for the best possible point at which to form his troops ...for the impending battle.

### An Incident at Bald Hill.

In the battle of Bald Hill, near Atlanta, Maj.-Gen. ...Walker, while leading his Confederate division, was killed. ...It was in this fight that Lieut.-Col. Thomas Reynolds, of ...a Wisconsin regiment, was shot. The surgeons were ready ...to amputate the brave old Irishman's leg. Said Col. Tem, ..."Doctor, yes mustn't cut that off." "Why not, colonel?" ..."Because it is an imported leg." The "imported" leg was ...saved. The colonel of the same regiment, Cassius Fair- ...child, brother of the late Governor and ex-Minister to ...Spain, Gen. Lucius Fairchild, was so badly wounded that ...he never recovered.

Gen. W. H. Lytle of Ohio, author of "I'm Dying, Egypt, ...Dying," while trying to rally his brigade at Chickamauga, ...was slain.

Maj.-Gen. James A. Garfield's Bravery.

Maj.-Gen. James A. Garfield, later President, dashed ...through a Confederate line to reach Gen. Thomas with the ...information that the safety of the army depended upon his ...holding his position, and dear old "Pap" Thomas held it, ...thus winning the title, "The Rock of Chickamauga."

At Laurel Hill, near Spottsylvania, Va., soon after ...Grant began the campaign in the Wilderness, which ended ...at Appomattox, Maj.-Gen. John Sedgwick was killed ...while examining the ground in front of the Sixth Corps, ...of which he was the commander.

The second day in the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, Gen. ...James Wadsworth, the famous Genesee (N. Y.) farmer, ...after his line had broken, gathered a few officers and men ...about him and charged right into the victorious Confed- ...erate line, and was shot from his horse. As in the case of ...Gen. Kearney at Chantilly, the Confederates conveyed the ...body of Gen. Wadsworth to the Union line, under flag ...of truce, with a message expressing sorrow that so brave ...a man should have fallen. In that same day's fight Lieut.- ...Gen. James Longstreet, the present United States Railroad ...Commissioner, Gen. Lee's "Bad Old Man," was so seriously ...wounded that he retired for six months. A colonel on his ...staff was killed at about the same time.

### When Stonewall Jackson Fell.

The Confederate army suffered its greatest loss in offi- ...cers when Stonewall Jackson was mortally wounded at ...Chancellorsville. That wonderfully-successful commander ...of men and fighter of battles, had, a few hours before, ...struck the Union army a blow which compelled it to get ...back across the Rappahannock River, and after dark went ...out in search of a good position from which to attack ...Hooker's army the next morning. He went between the ...two armies, and was shot at by both sides, receiving the ...fatal wound from his own men. I well remember that ...both armies mourned when Stonewall Jackson died. There ...was but one Stonewall Jackson, as there was but one ...Washington, one Wellington, one Napoleon, one Grant, one ...Robert E. Lee, one Sheridan, one Jeb Stuart, one Uncle ...Billy Sherman. At the battle of Franklin, Tenn., thirteen ...Confederate generals were killed or wounded.

### The Death of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart.

The South received another great shock in May, 1864, ...when Sheridan and Lieut.-Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, the Con- ...federacy's greatest cavalry leader, clashed, near Richmond. ...At a desperate point in the battle, Gen. Stuart headed a ...charge at Sheridan's force, and was killed. Sheridan said, ..."God knows I wanted to whip Jeb Stuart, but I didn't ...want to kill him." He fell as the Confederate general ...Bee did, at first Bull Run, making a desperate effort for ...his cause.

The wounding of Lieut.-Gen. Joe Johnston, in the Mc- ...Clellan campaign before Richmond, resulted in placing ...Gen. Robert E. Lee in command of the Army of Northern ...Virginia, which he held until April 9, 1865.

Though I have mentioned only a few of the officers ...killed or wounded in the civil, Spanish and Philippine ...wars, I have named a sufficient number to make any ...genuine American blush whenever he hears an ignorant ..."smart," or envious person speak as the one did whose ...sentiment is quoted.

According to the London Standard the betrothal of Queen ...Wilhelmina to Prince William of Wied is definitely set- ...tled.



## AN IDLER'S NOTEBOOK.

## EARLY MASS AND THE FLOWER MARKET IN THE CITY OF MEXICO.

By a Special Contributor.

**L**IFE, we are told, is full of grievous hardships. I chanced upon one of them myself down in Mexico.

Getting up before day and dressing "by yellow candlelight" reads sweetly—Stevenson's child may have enjoyed it. The reality in a cellarlike hotel, before the mazo and the chocolate-maker are up, is not delightful. It constitutes the hardship referred to. So, while the Chaparrone snores rhythmically (confident that when she does choose to unclothe her eyes, the mazo with her chocolate will be at the door; while night hangs upon my eyes and I am in the very middle of an interesting dream,) I dress and stealthily hurry forth, through the echoing corridor of the hotel, into the raw, gray day. I'm going to early mass in the old cathedral—afterward to the flower market.

To be sure, I could go at another and more convenient hour, but then I would not see the dulce girls, nor the street-sweeper, the pickpocket, the cut-throat, nor any of the friends. I shan't know them all, I fear, but they

him? A picturesque young woman in black rises and glides out, drawing closely her reboso; she is as sweetly fragile as a Bougreaux virgin. I tiptoe past a pottery merchant, whose wares are forgotten on the pavement at his side, past a sleepy boy with a tray of magenta tunas and past a sorrowful-faced old woman, with two baskets of yellow pumpkin blossoms. (She will sell them for "greens.") I pick my way through kneeling groups of stern-faced men, wrapped to the chin in their sarapes, their unreadable eyes on the priests. They might be images in tinted bisque, so motionless are they against that cold background. I don't like to look at them; they don't pray—they just look straight ahead, in such an intense, incomprehensible way. For a moment I rest at the end of an ancient wooden settee, by the side of a blind old beggar. His poor body is misshapen with age and with rheumatism; his unbeautiful face illumined with love and faith, as he listens to the service. In all that throng, he alone looks happy and hopeful. Then, through rows of worshippers telling their beads, but with their eyes following me curiously, I pass by the principal side-altar, where a young priest is reading the service from an old book delightfully rubricated, and into the cathedral proper.

At the entrance, I stand humbly, very humbly, and look down the nave—up into the dome; gloomy and magnificent, vast, sublime! The echo of a footfall seems a profanation. And there is the famed high-altar and the marvelous choir rail, with its superb candelabra, not yet melted down by

pleasant-faced little sacristan for the plaster seen the dreadful paintings and hurry forth from the dim old cathedral, echoing now with the many newly-arrived worshippers. They look a full lot—doubtless they have all breakfasted. That Murillo? I can't find the old master—some of his talented pupils—and then it is so very little alcoves. I search in vain—up and down the great aisles. Why don't they have it placarded if I could only again locate the man with all the tillas!

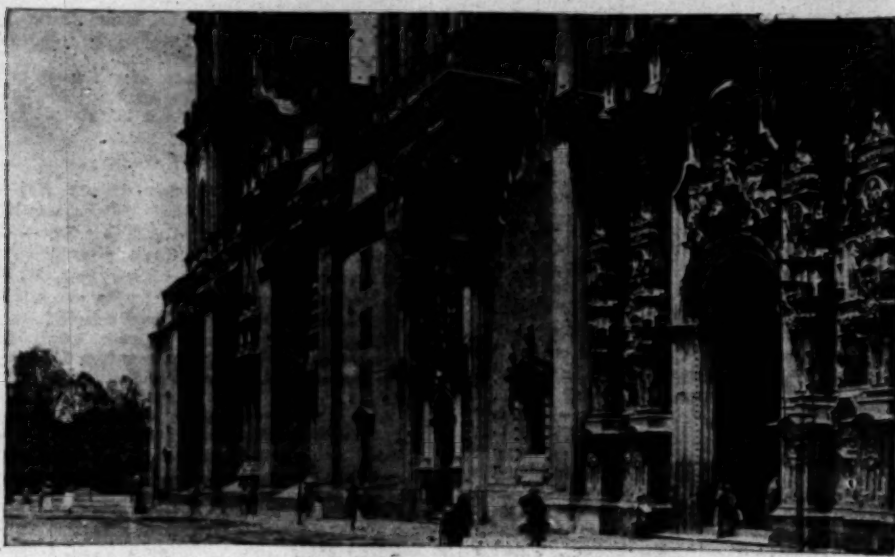
Now for the flower market, in the very shadow of the cathedral on the west, and fringed about by vendors and strawberry women. The flower boys are effectively spreading their really gigantic wreaths and pansies and arranging in clusters great masses of yellow and red—and such quantities of white, too, enough for the bridal of all the earth. The appreciation of color is shown by these women who would expect it, in a remnant of a race so staid and downtrodden? Many of the flowers are in the stiff, conventional French fashion, very good, on a Dresden plate or a wall hanging—these people probably learned in Carletta's course, they have their own pretty little trinkets made, as you wait, into full-blown roses; the gardenia, likewise the water lily, a charming red; I suspect they throw perfume on the vendors.

Only a wooden image could resist all these entreaties, these sweet blandishments of two of the Mexican flower-seller. A French millionaire, stricken dumb with envy. An animate statue of white cottons (not too white) begs you so mellifluously, to buy a gardenia, set about with myosotis and fringed with violets. You glance at the little fellow, so he becomes your persistent; you must buy them or run away. "What value, cents, young lady." But you turn to the old woman, the cherry-colored lilies and, with a comical little dramatic flower boy immediately thrusts the gardenia into your hand for 3 cents. Your heart is beating wildly, but you assume indifference and armful of forget-me-nots for 18 cents. If you openly over those flawless American Beauties, orbitant price of 8 cents each will be yours to things in Mexico were only strictly one price, heaven it would be for an enthusiast; as it is, to deceive, dissemble, dissimulate—you return States with that New England conscience of your unrecognizable condition—if you bring it back.

What a sweet bewilderment to sight and smell the flower market! And was there ever a more perfume than the composite of violets, gardenias, strawberries? You are certainly intoxicated, and in the most reckless gringo fashion. All the time have discovered you now and they rush at you with dazzling nosegays under your nose and into your deafening you with their entreaties to buy. Your admiration (the apparent waning of which the market price) upon a cluster of superb orchids, lady, 50 cents! You lift your eyebrows in amazement. "Beautiful aroma, 25 cents, young lady, 50 cents!" You shrug your shoulders. "Eighteen cents, little lady." But their picturesqueness, their tones, their honorific diminutives—and these do not annihilate the fact that some loose change saved for today's pottery and dulces. Now consider seriously the purchase of one of those wreaths of daisies, with a cluster of gardenias, roses nodding at the top—only \$1.75, Mex. That is quite too grand to present to an individual in the walks of life—Teddy Roosevelt lives at a remote distance and I have no friend in the American territory. I simply can't afford to waste the price of water bottles and pulque jugs on my room, so therefore I sigh, turning away mine eyes slowly, remembering Lot's wife.

Then dragging myself from those gorgeous horrors, haunting in the dark blue shadow of the compelling myself past even the soft-voiced women, I betake myself with my floral burden to the pale, early sunshine and back to the hotel. That was the morning I ate even the thick of a different sponge cake, which in Mexico comes morning chocolate, under the beguiling name "ingles."

OLIVE F.



ENTRANCE TO SAGRARIO CHAPEL.

are sure to be there at early mass; I shall see the submerged two-thirds at their devotions.

It will be so very, very different from that ceremony of yesterday in the San Domingo Cathedral (what if that aristocratic old fane could be induced to tell what it knows about the Inquisition for the Repression of Heresy?) Mrs. Dias was there—all the Spanish-Mexican nabobs were there, in silk attire and ablaze with gems. It was beautiful. The walls of the cathedral were hung with ruby silk-velvet, from the rich gilding of the frieze to the wainscot line; candles twinkled on a score of altars and blazed in circles overhead; the rich vestments of the priests were heavy with gold embroidery; the images were crowned and hedged about with regular hothouse flowers; and the music was an inspiration to high thinking for a week. But perfect ceremonies like that are for the edification of the rich and mighty—the hungry poor can hardly appreciate such beautiful theatrics—they are content to slip into the church and hurriedly say their little prayer alone.

Such a gray and dreary morning, the chill and the damp penetrate like stilettoes—no one in sight, not even a lottery-ticket vender. Yes, there goes a laborer, in dirty white cottons and barefooted; his sarape is so badly worn and he looks frozen—but he doesn't shiver. He wears his entire wardrobe and it would not make him warm to shiver or to grumble. I can, at this hour, philosophize, but my teeth will chatter traitorously. He hurries along, with a haughty air and a handful of cold tortillas. He's going to mass, too.

We enter in at the splendidly-carved old doors of the Sagrario, the big chapel once used only for marriages, christenings and funerals, and from which the crucifix and holy water were carried to the dying in a gilded chariot. At its approach, even a viceroy had to kneel—perhaps in the mud. Of course, you do not see the Procession of the Holy Water, in these days and this grand old church is now the property of the Mexican government.

The style of the Sagrario may be architecturally vicious—it is a trifle heavy with ornament—but Time has done so much in his own inimitable way; Time has subdued the gold of the marvelously wrought carvings within, which when new must have blinded the eye of him who looked.

I am not too soon. Already, in the faint light of the early morning, the bare floor of the great, lofty chapel is dark with kneeling worshippers. My laborer, carefully placing his tortillas and his hat on the cold floor, kneels afar off. Near him is a black-robed woman telling her beads in a fashion most devout; with her face shadowed that way by her reboso, her head is a very good likeness of the Stabat Mater. Ah, there are some friends of mine—dulce girls every one.

These figures, prostrate before that quaint old side-altar, seem to have a common grief; the man wears mourning. There, with her head bowed to the cold pavement, is a lottery-woman, her tickets making a big bulge in her old blue reboso. She prays for good luck, probably. Leaning against that big stone pillar, stands a bare-footed Indian; his white cotton blouse is horrid with blood-stains, but he is no murderer—only a butcher. He fidgets with his shabby hat; he has a woe at who will comfort

the Mexican government. Despoiled again and again, yet still how splendid with paintings and carvings and rare marbles, is this old, old cathedral; how beautiful with the gleam of silver and gold and fine brass and polished alabaster. But such magnificence I can appreciate only in an infantile way, at such an early hour. I will find the Murillo and come again in the afternoon. What, I wonder, is the disquieting sin of that poor man kneeling so abjectly at the Altar of Pardon? What a restless eye and what a bad mouth!

Our Blessed Lady of Guadalupe appears to be the best-beloved. The candles on her altar seem always to be lighted and the railing hung with fresh flowers. Over at her shrine in Guadalupe, where she first appeared to the Indian, the walls are covered with most curious little paintings—representing all sorts of catastrophes which were, however, happily averted through her influence from the individuals who gratefully hung up those votive memorials. The beggars who ask alms in her name may well be a sanguine lot.

With as resigned as possible a countenance, I thank the



IN THE FLOWER MARKET.



# FOR FIGHTING FIRE. INTERESTING DEVICES THAT HAVE RECENTLY BEEN INVENTED.

By a Special Contributor.

BEYOND a doubt the firemen who "ran with the machine" in bygone years were as persistent fighters of the flames and as intrepid in the face of danger as the firemen of today. Yet not one in ten of them have old fellows would be competent to fight in any thoroughly up-to-date fire department of the present times. For fire fighting has been reduced to something approaching an exact science, and the new wrinkles that have been adopted in the past few years would puzzle any one not specially trained to the fireman's trade. The days when any one who could hold a pole, swing an ax, or tilt a ladder against a house would do for "the department," have permanently passed away.

Of course, the net result of the introduction of scientific means for fighting fire tends toward the greater salvage of property. But the primary object of nearly all the new devices is either to make the fireman's hazardous occupation less dangerous to himself or to increase his efficiency as a saver. And, as shown by municipal statistics, the diminution of fatalities at fires, both among firemen and inmates of burning buildings, has been very marked in recent years.

The very newest fire-fighting wrinkle is the "light" engine. The first engine of this type will soon be put into service by the fire department of the city of New York, designed by the recently-appointed chief, Edward Croker. Once in use, it will undoubtedly be copied by every large city in the country, and it has already been ordered by the New York department to add several others as soon as possible.

## Water, But Illumination.

The new engine will not be used directly to help put out fires. Nor will it be used at all in the day time. But at night time it will be invaluable to the firemen. It will have a high-pressure boiler and a high-speed engine, like all other fire engines, but in place of a pump and hose it will have a big electric dynamo and a powerful searchlight. This searchlight will be different from all others. Instead of throwing a great beam a long distance, it will radiate illumination over a wide area.

The ordinary searchlight has a lens made of perpendicular glass. This concentrates the full strength of the light in a solid beam that carries anywhere from 500 to five miles. In the light designed by Chief Croker the glass here are placed horizontally in the lens frame. This spreads the light, as shot is spread out of a choke-gun. It doesn't carry nearly so far, but covers much more area on the target.

The introduction of the "light" engine will mean the abolition of one of the greatest sources of dangers for the fireman. Nothing is so productive of accidents at night as the darkness. In the daytime and in light conditions men are seldom caught in a trap, even when a "backfire" has eaten away the props of floor or roof. But at night the fireman's practiced eye can generally pick up preliminary indications of danger when the support which he is standing on, or the particular place that he is working, has been undermined. But at night he can see nothing of these indications, and must blindly take his chances, trusting to luck and agility for his escape when the danger manifests itself by the trembling that always precedes the caving-in of a roof or floor. Even if he notices the caving in time, or if a burst of flame, shooting out from the burning, reveals it to him, he frequently finds himself unable to escape, because, in the darkness and smoke, he does not know which way to turn for safety. Often the floor or roof has sunk under his feet, and he is left hanging in the air, or he is crushed by the falling mass. The "light" engine will save himself if he could only see. In most "caves" there is a way out, or a shelter. At night the fireman, groping helplessly in the darkness, must rely entirely on his sense of touch to find his way out.

## Will Help.

With the "light" engine on the ground, conditions will be changed. Then the fireman's work will be almost as illuminated at night as in the daytime, and the number of fatalities will be very materially lowered. Then the flickering little night lanterns, peeping through the holes like tiny, yellow fireflies, will be things of the past. There will be greater efficiency as well as greater safety and a noteworthy increase of salvage. The "fireman" will know just where to find the most valuable goods, and how to cover them up to the best advantage. Like the ordinary "steamer," the "light" engine will have a weight boiler. It will develop 80-horse power, all of which will be employed in driving the dynamo. The cost will be about \$9,000. It will be hauled by two horses, and will be stationed in the heart of the big wholesale district, where fires are most dangerous and costly. It will usually come at night. The total weight of the engine will be somewhat over three tons; it will carry three men, an engineer, a fireman and a driver. In addition to the benefits it will bring, the "light" engine's first cost and the maintenance cost of about \$4,000 a year, are insignificant, though the small towns will probably not be able to use it on this account. It would be impossible to save this cost by adding a searchlight to an ordinary steamer, for the reason that the light, to be of any real service, would consume all the power that the best engine could furnish.

## The Life-saving Cage.

Although the life-saving cage recently adopted by the New York fire department has not yet been put to a practical test, the firemen expect great things from it. It looks like a toboggan. It is about six feet long and two feet wide, with wire sides and a curved bottom, made of heavy metal. It is made to run along a strong cable, elevated by means of a windlass and working on a revolving platform fastened at the front end of the hook

and ladder truck that carries it. It is attached to a stout wire cable, which passes over a pulley at the top of the ladder, and is under the control of a fireman whose station is on the truck. After the ladder has been raised, it is swung around against the front of the building, and then the "cage" is ready for business.

The operation of the cage is very simple. The truck is brought close to the curb in front of the building in which the fire has cut off the inmates, the ladder is elevated and swung into place, and half a dozen agile firemen shin up like monkeys, even before it has found the wall. Arrived at the top, they make their way through the windows into the rooms where the fire-bound people await their coming. All who can climb are sent down the ladder in the ordinary way. When any one, unable to climb, through physical disability, nervousness or fear, is found, the cage is sent up with a rush, the ladder serving as a runway. As soon as the cage reaches the window where it is to be used, the unconscious or unwilling person for whose rescue it has come, is bundled into it in an upright position. Straps furnished with strong snaps are fastened about the head and shoulders, and the cage is sent down with its human freight. The passenger could neither fall out nor jump out, even if he wanted to. It is estimated that one person can be rescued every minute from a height of four stories with the aid of this contrivance.

## To Prevent Smothering.

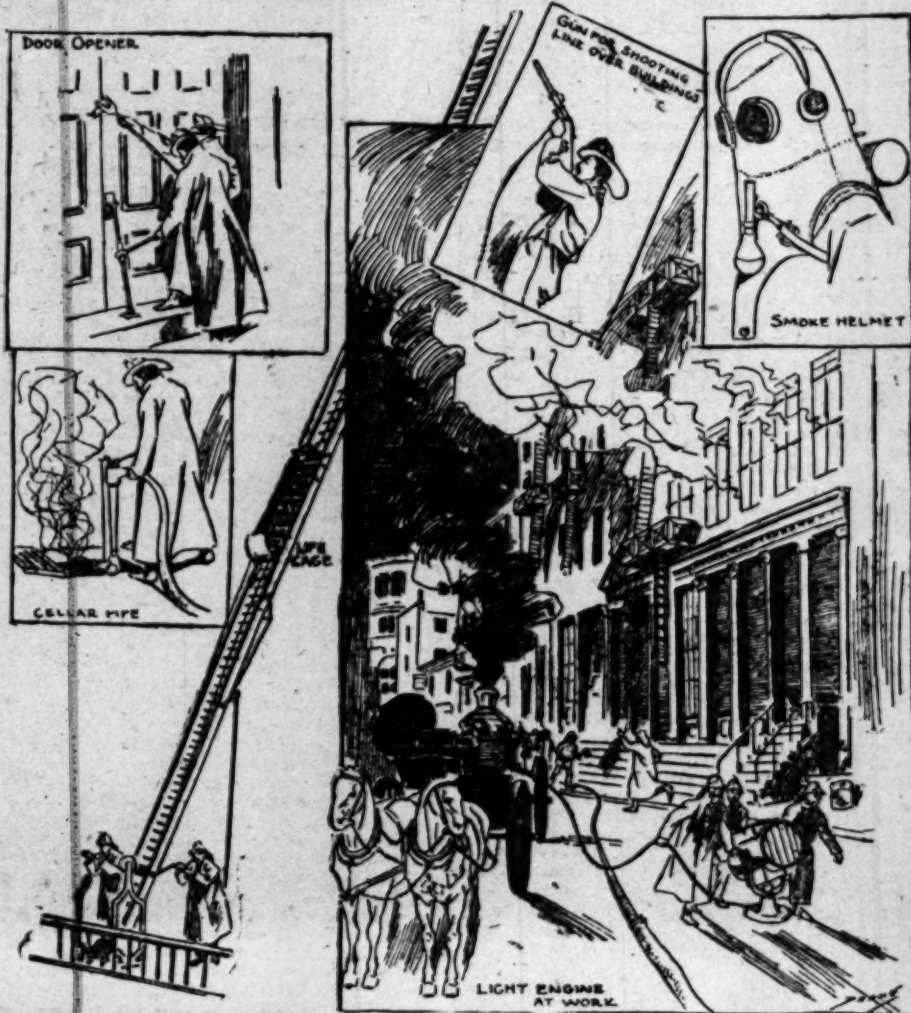
The smoke helmet, though not so novel, is an exceedingly useful contrivance. It is an awkward-looking affair, about two feet high and somewhat over three feet in circumference. It is carried in a polished hardwood case and is

guaranteed to open almost anything except the door of an iron safe, and it might even make things interesting for a safe door.

The door opener is about three feet high and works on the principle of the jack. Its main part is a stout steel bar, one end of which rests on the ground, and the other against the door that is to be forced. A lever that slides on this bar "jacks" the door with such force and rapidity that the firemen are inside the building almost as soon as the wheels of the truck that has brought them have come to a standstill. To help the "jack man" along, there are generally two other men, one of whom manipulates a claw-hooked crowbar and the other an ax. The crowbar is used to wrench off the padlock that is usually found on store doors, and the chap with the ax is on hand to give the door a vigorous tap so that it will spring open the moment the jack has forced the bolts.

If by some chance a door should be found that could resist the "jack screw," the battering ram is rushed to the rescue. It is a huge iron post, about six feet long, with two handles on either side. When a couple of husky firemen swing this against the door or wall, something has to give way, and give way suddenly.

For cellar fighting, a set of novel "pipes" has been designed. They are long, curved, iron tubes, with nozzle ends. The hose is attached to the open end, and the nozzle is then poked down into the cellar, enabling the firemen to flood it and to point the hose in any direction without exposing themselves to suffocation from the smoke that almost always pours up in dense black columns from cellar fires. There are also sub-cellar pipes, by means of which a



NOVELTIES IN FIREMEN'S APPARATUS.

guarded and tended as carefully as a watch, for the firemen are very much attached to it.

Though only a short time in use, the helmet has already stood them in good stead. It is made of leather. It covers the head completely, and its base rests on the shoulders, where it is held firmly in position by means of straps that run under the armpits. The writer put the helmet on the other day to see what it seemed like inside, and was very glad to get it off again. It may be considered a luxury by firemen, but to persons who are accustomed to taking their air straight, existence in that helmet is not pleasant. It is intended to be worn in places so filled with smoke that an unprotected man could not exist therein at all.

In front of the eyes are little round windows about twice the size of a silver dollar. These windows are made of stout isinglass, protected on the outside by wire. Air is supplied from a light nickel reservoir carried at the back of the helmet and constantly kept charged with compressed air, an ordinary bicycle pump being used in the charging. At the regulation pressure of eighty pounds, the helmet will carry enough air to supply a man for several hours.

Protected by it, a fireman can carry hose into places where formerly he could not possibly venture; he can explore with safety the most dangerous cellar; he can go anywhere without risk so far as smoke or noxious gases are concerned, meanwhile keeping constantly in touch with his comrades outside by means of a whistle attached to the front of the helmet and worked by an ordinary rubber air bulb, such as is used on throat sprays.

## Burglar Tools for Firemen.

Another "tool" is in some respects as interesting as the fire helmet. This is a "door opener," a burglarious device that would land any one not belonging to the department in jail if it were found in his possession by the police. It

stream of water may be thrown and controlled twenty-five feet underground by the firemen working above. One of the cellar pipes has a revolving nozzle that works like the familiar lawn sprinkler, throwing a complete circle of water in every direction. This is used when the firemen are not certain as to the exact location of the flames below.

One of the most interesting of all the new fire-fighting wrinkles is a life-line gun somewhat similar to those in use on the Coast in case of shipwreck. Its possible value when persons are imprisoned by the flames is obvious.

PAUL LATZKE.

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## INTEMPERANCE INCREASING IN EUROPE.

[Life:] Last year the population of the British Isles drank a gallon of whisky per head, besides a vast amount of liquors in other forms. Our cousins drink entirely too much, and their wise men are telling them so. Moreover, they are not getting better, but worse. The London Lancet says, that with twenty years the deaths of men from chronic alcoholism has increased 82 per cent., and of women 145 per cent. Diseases due to alcohol have also increased very seriously, especially among women. This is much the same story that is told of France, Belgium and other continental countries. What ails the Old World that its thirst is so uncontrollable? Tales of this sort tend to make us patient even with the Prohibitionists. Great Britain derives an enormous revenue from rum and doubtless every true British patriot drinks many times a day to the extension of the empire, but it looks as if there might come a day when the extension of the empire will seem of less vital importance than the restriction of rum. Pulling at one's boot straps is not the way to rise in the world, and the distension of British subject with alcoholic beverages will not avail in the long run for the spread of British power.



## X-RAY DEVELOPMENTS.

BY MRS. CHARLES STEWART DAGGETT.  
Author of "Mariposilla," "The Broad Aisle," etc.

## XI—THE ROSE LADY.

IN EVERY cove of rank, unsightly weeds, a brave wild flower tries to grow. In every congested, crime-stained neighborhood of the great city some dear child bestows "sweetness and light" upon the bitterness and gloom of poverty.

On a New Year's eve that shadowed the approaching Sabbath, and gave the clergy additional opportunities for exhorting men to fresh resolves, a newsboy headed with rash haste for the wretched quarter he called home. Jag alley was well known to the police, and Tim and his small sister were the two blossoms which purified its foul air. The boy had left his little charge earlier in the day with sharp misgivings. As evening approached he consigned his newspaper trade to his partner, Bill, on the plea of domestic duty.

"I must go home to Dot," he confided, soberly. "Tab's gettin' ready for a bat, and something tells me that she'll hurt the child."

He hurried away as he spoke. He did not enlighten his partner entirely, for unexpected luck had brightened his prospects. At once he had thought of his little sister, and the half-forgotten signs of old Tabby's approaching celebration then came to mind.

"I know she'd jax when she picked them last rags," he deduced, sagely.

The woman in question claimed to be the aunt of the two children, but, although the boy had never openly repudiated the relationship, he often doubted the old hag's story. There were times when crafty Tabby grew solid with the youngsters. Between her sprees she helped with the room rent, and mended as best she could their ragged clothing. When liquor marked her for a fiend, she abused tiny Dot and drove her into the outer cold; and here Tim found her, just as he had feared. A low, miserable baby wall first caught his anxious ear, then he saw the wandering midget, and hastened forward in fresh alarm. The dirty, little face was smeared with fresh tears, and the mop of deep golden, curling, tangled hair stood out in a telltale halo. It was plain that Tabby's old claws had been enjoying marked freedom. Tim's face whitened with rage, and from force of habit he asked the needless question.

"Is the old woman on a bat?" he cried.

The little one sprang into his arms, and the joy of the meeting postponed the answer. As the brother wiped her wet cheeks and drew his old jacket protectively about her, she forgot her recent drubbing, and explained dramatically, "Tabby's dot a bat." She nodded her head with pitiful intelligence. "I dis tomed out, tans I couldn't let she pull my hair no more." She stamped her little foot with infant rage. Tim groaned with the realization of his hard responsibility.

"It's a bloom'n' shame! And I don't believe the old hag's our aunt at all. I'm not going to let you live with her another day. We've just got to move out of this rank hole and find the road to the country. Bill was there once, and says it's lovely. He's all but sure I can make our board and clothes by doin' chores about a place he calls a farm. The very first day he landed he struck a man with horses and cows and piles of wood to split. He gave Bill lots to eat, and a bed to sleep in, trigged out with sheets and blankets, and yet the fool wouldn't stand by his luck. He just pined to get back to the city and us newsboys," Tim finished scornfully.

"Take Dot to the tuntry," the little one entreated.

Her brother laughed. "You don't know nothin' 'bout the country," he answered, teasingly. "But maybe I will take you there some day. If I do I'll find a kind lady to 'dopt you."

Dot looked vaguely pleased, and the boy explained, "Dortin' is when a swell woman takes a poor, little young-un like you and dresses her up fit to kill, and let's on like she's her own kid."

"Me dis be Timmy kid," the child answered, stubbornly. The brother pressed the small creature closer. "You bet your life you will," he agreed, with fresh spirit and sudden determination. "I ain't never going to give you up, no way. No 'sylum ain't never goin' to copper on to you as long as I live. Some day we'll get out of this. When I find a berth like Bill's you'll have plenty to eat, and milk to drink, and flowers and lambs to play with. I most forgot to tell you," he went on, excitedly; "I most forgot to tell you 'bout my dandy luck." As he spoke he took a tiny parcel from his breast pocket. When he had removed fold after fold of newspaper he displayed a pure-white rose bud. "Did you ever see anything like that?" he asked. "Just smell it!" He held the bud close to Dot's eager little nose. "The country's full of 'em; Bill says so. Perhaps when we get there we can grow flowers to sell to the swells."

Dot clapped her little, red, dirty hands and Tim continued: "I got the posie from the beautiful young lady you ever saw. She was a perfect stunner, and not the least bit stuck up. Me and Bill had just started out with our papers, and I was standing for a minute in front of the big store, where all the fine folks go after posies, when out she come with her arms chock-full of roses. I want to take these flowers down to the hospital," says she to the feller what drove her. The hospital is a place where they cut off people's legs and arms," the boy explained. Dot did not fully understand, but Timmy was telling a story, and that was delightful. She snuggled closer, and the boy went on: "The pretty lady didn't look a bit nasty, and spoke so kind to the big feller when he tucked her up in the sleigh that I couldn't help sight'n on her till she'd got clean out of the way. I was wish'n all the time that you was her little sister, and me the chap to drive you both 'round. I was so busy with my mash that I just kept on starin' like a fool, and then all of a sudden I looked down on the ground, and there was a silver purse lying right at my very feet. It most took my breath away to see such a find, and at first I wanted to keep it. I thought how the money inside it would take us straight to

the country, but I never stole nothin' yet, and don't never intend to. When I got on to myself, I run lickety split down the street after the sleigh. But I couldn't make that feller hear, no way. He wouldn't look 'round, so I had to cut on to the hospital, and there I was a-standin' in front of the sleigh when the young lady come out. She'd give away all of her roses but just one. When she seed me loadin' near with my papers, her eyes got like stars, and she helt the posie straight out. 'Don't you want a New Year's rose, little boy?' she asked, so sweet and kind that I almost forgot my business. Then I said, 'Thank ye, ma'am,' and told how I'd found the purse just after she'd driv away from the flower store. 'You're a good boy,' she says, in the sweetest voice. Her mouth smiled at me in a way I wasn't used to, and before I could get through looking at the pretty red lips and white teeth she'd handed me out a sure-enough gold piece. She dropped it into my hand, and wished me a happy new year, just as if I'd been the biggest swell in the city. I'll tell you, Dot, she was grand. I never seed such a lady before, and the money she give me was five dollars!" Tim displayed the shining coin to the astonished little one. "It will keep us a whole month! Tabby ain't know I've got it, and to-morrow I'm going to give you a party."

"Me go like a party," the child cried, gleefully. "Bill did make he party on he teps one day."

"Bah!" exclaimed Tim. "That wasn't no party. Bill didn't have nothin' but one old apple and ten peanuts. We're goin' to have candy and cake and animal crackers, a regular bang-up feast, and don't you forget it."

"Me won't," the little one agreed, promptly. The brother drew her forward to an old flight of steps, and then tucked her up protectively in the flap of his jacket as they sat down. The wind was less chilly in the sheltered corner, and the newsboy proceeded with his fairy tale.

"Bill's party wasn't no good at all, but we'll ask him to ours, cause he's goin' to show us to a warm place to eat in."

"Is we doin' to hell?" Dot asked, innocently.

"Who told you about hell?" Tim demanded.

"Bill telled me, tans it's so dood and warm."

"I'll have to lick him for that," the brother threatened, piously. "You've no business to be sayin' bad words, but, of course, you're nothin' but a baby. We ain't goin' to the bad place just yet, and you must remember what I say, and never talk about hell again. Where we're goin' to have our party is quite a different place. It's in a big stone church, what you've never seen. Bill's been on to the gag all winter, and gets warm there every Sunday. I went in once, but I was awful scared. First I thought we was goin' to sit with the swells, but Bill gayed me green and fetched me up to the gallery at the back of the show. We looked down and saw the big bugs havin' their meetin' all by their selves. 'Such as them wouldn't have such as us inside their grand stalls,' says Bill. 'I'm not carin', says I, for I was gettin' warm and comfortable and listenin' to a big hand organ with all my ears. I know you'll like the place; and now we'll go to the bakery and get supper, and then we'll buy the grub for the party."

Dot hardly comprehended the programme; but it was a happy night, and the waifs of Jag Alley had never before known a New Year's eve of similar import. For once their stomachs were full, and the baker kindly invited them to spend the evening in the warmed shop. Tim's rash extravagance had won his interest, and it was quite late when the little ones crept noiselessly into the cold cellar-room of the crowded tenement. Old Tabby was in a drunken stupor, and the brother and sister dropped thankfully upon a straw mattress. For that night they were safe. Tabby never grew dangerously gay on the first heavy installment of liquor. Her death-like sleep would now continue for hours, and, before she had roused, Tim and Dot would be gone out for the wonderful day. The prospect was joyful. Still more thrilling would be the glad awakening, and it is not surprising that both children were fully alert with the first gleams of morning. When the sun blessed the neglected court with a few stray beams they had gone forth gayly in search of a New Year's breakfast. Later they promenaded, with full stomachs, among the prosperous throng of church-goers.

At 11 o'clock they were joined by Bill, and boldly piloted to the small gallery at the rear of the church. It was quite empty. In fact, it was never used except upon rare occasions, when the overflow from the auditorium compelled an usher to mount the narrow staircase. Dot and the boys took the front seat, and gazed below with curious satisfaction. The scene was fairyland to the little girl from Jag alley. She had never been in a beautiful, warm place before. The flowers about the pulpit, the rich tones of the organ and the fine dresses of the ladies all charmed her.

"O, Timmy!" she cried, "who 'lives in dis pitty pace?"

"Don't know," said Tim, "without it's Gord. I heard the preacher say it was Gord's house, so I suppose he must stay 'round most of the time. Did you ever happen to see Him, Bill?" the boy innocently questioned.

The senior partner of the firm sniggered. "Of course," he affirmed, unblushingly.

"Dot 'ikes Dod," said the little girl. "Dod is dood to wea."

"You hain't never seen Him," the brother rebuked sharply. "I'll bet he's that big feller down there struttin' up and down, showin' people into seats. Of course, he's the boss," he added, with a convincing nod in the direction of a pompous deacon, who was doing noticeable duty.

"Maybe he's just close kin," Bill suggested, with an evil wink.

Tim did not divine the sarcasm of the remark, and just then an old gentleman and a young woman moved down the middle aisle. When they entered a central pew the young girl turned, and the boy beheld again the author of his New Year's luck.

"Oh! oh!" he exclaimed. "It's her very self. See! see! Dot, it's the rose lady!"

The child stretched forward and gazed earnestly in the direction pointed out by the young knight's eager finger. "Whew!" said Bill, and a low whistle emphasized his admiration. "She's one of the biggest bugs in the city, and her dad's the boss of a railroad that runs most round the world," he announced, knowingly. "I've sold him papers many a time."

Tim was now speechless with renewed worship. The

girl below was the only beautiful woman he ever observed with a selfish interest. The rose lady now remain queen of his heart. The boy's heart softened into sad sweetness as he began to plan a tender future for his neglected little sister. He not take Dot to the beautiful young girl? he not implore her to adopt the pretty child? It was charming. A half-formed hope began to form when the choir checked the dream with a strain. Dot clapped her hands and laughed so gladly she forced to pull her backward in alarm.

"Be still," he commanded. "If you want to ever they sing, we'll get put out. We're goin' to the party as soon as the preacher shuts his mouth long prayin'. When all the folks put down their hands it'll be time, so just mind and behave."

The obedient little one subsided, and soon Rev. Arthur Tilt. It was the young clergyman's Year's opportunity in his large city charge. He prepared for the occasion with the greatest care. The turned periods of his sermon had been studied out and compressed within an anxious brain, to please the fashionable audience had delved in commonplace sinners. Before him he saw the turned countenances of admiring and critical people. The sea of expectant faces stimulated as with an unspiritual excitement deepened his impression. Much depended upon this particular sermon, secretly calculated to captivate his New Year's and through the plaudits of the public win the coveted. The effort had been ambitiously made, the introduction to the brilliant discourse was on his lips. Strange superstition governed all movements, and every effect was toned to the pitch. Tim's sweet rose lady was the prime of a clergyman strove. He did not dream of the rival in the upper gallery. The ragged motte worship did not alarm the confident man at the pulpit. The worldly ambition of the New Year's feared not defeat.

Meantime Dot had grown tired of the sermon below. The fashions had ceased to flutter down, and the dense mass of motionless heads waited for the opening sentence of the pollard. The little girl could restrain her impatience no longer. "When is we doin' to have we party?" she asked, and again.

At last she saw the audience bend forward in a tidal mass, and was told that the happy moment had arrived.

"It's time now," Tim whispered.

A second invitation was unnecessary. Dot behind the gallery railing with the boys, while her brother spread the feast. Candy, popcorn, a whole edible menagerie made a luscious treat sparkling eyes of the happy child. In lieu of a turkey Tim had proudly selected an imposing gingerbread. A pig, a cow, and a whale also heavier courses of the sumptuous menu. If he had owned a social reporter she would doubtless scribed the banquet in detail. The entire roasted peanuts on the half shell would have been eagle eye, while the dessert, a toothsome spoonful of popcorn, and five great sour balls would have been inspiration for a spirited paragraph. The effect of the entertainment could then have been posterity as peppermint mottoes in the shape of One of these Bill triumphantly deciphered, while explained that the tender sentiment had been composed for the convenience of shy lovers.

"You see, when a feller don't know exactly what to his gal, he gives her a motto with 'kiss me one side. While she's puzzling it out he sails in and lects toll."

The senior partner of the Jag Alley newspaper entirely on to the ways of the Bowery world. Dot both regarded him with manifest respect. He made a direct statement they seldom questioned. Occasionally the elder boy took a mean advantage, but his general treatment was friendly. The past year the three waifs had chummed in disagreement. The New Year's party in the lery of the church was an affable affair. His chivalrous nature by restraining his own and helping Dot to the queen's share of all. When the Rev. Arthur Tilt had completed his sermon he seated himself with calm satisfaction in the pit chair, the banquet came to an abrupt close. Of the offertory anthem had admonished the boys up the remaining crumbs and take in the main part of the entire service.

"You've got to call a halt now," Tim whispered. "Get a move on your jaws and swallow that corn." As he spoke he wiped his sister's sticky old rag of a handkerchief. Then the waiter came to the floor to lean in tableau vivant against the rail. The New Year's collection for the poor was over of the day. From above, the strays had covetously upon silver plates piled high with food and shining gold.

"Don't you wish we could swipe some?" said Tim.

"I never stole nothin' yet," Tim answered.

"More fool you," the elder boy declared. "I took much, but them there plunks is ris for the heard the preacher say so. If we hain't no servin' of our share, then kick me."

"Let's ask Gord's relation to give us a wheel," teased, as the portly deacon passed beneath with the brimming plate of money.

"What are you givin' us?" Bill sniggered. His unsophisticated partner in the ribs with a "You're a green one," he jeered. "That feller no use for us. Like as not he'd hand us over to lie for eatin' in his church. Our clothes fit to be expectin' prize money. Such as him he dressin' up naked niggers—hathen, I've heard 'em call 'em. They run in gangs and ain't got no all. When they get stuck for a meal they first stray man that comes in sight."

Here Bill's missionary address suddenly turned congregation had been dismissed, and was out of the church. The children reluctantly followed on the sidewalk Tim gained a distant view of



The Rev. Arthur Tilt pressed close to her side. When he drove away with her in the back seat of the sleigh his devotion was manifest. His tender arrangement of the rich fur robes told plainly of his inner tumult. He seemed for a word of encouragement, while his questioning tone begged weakly for adulation. Had the eloquent sermon done its work, and won the coveted prize? Perhaps the false ring of his worldly, cold-blooded ambition had sounded forth? He could not tell. The pure, true profile by his side gave no sign of deep emotion, and at last he doubted his intellectual conquest. This girl baffled him. Through all his ardent wooing she plead her unfitness for the serious work. A clergyman's wife should feel the call of integrity. When she half forgot her personal anxieties, an intangible mistrust of the brilliant man who sued so confidently, always held back her final answer. As the sleigh rushed past the arches of the street, poor Tim sighed with hopeless sentiment. The oft-recurring thought that Dot might yet find a friend in the sweet rose lady came again. He drew the little one forward half roughly, and for a moment indulged in foolish visions. The boy was a dreamer. All through his wretched life he had seen angels and fairies and stretches of imaginary landscape. He had easily pictured the green, peaceful country from Bill's brief descriptions, and in the night time, on his pile of straw, he inhaled the odor of flowers and forgot that he slept in Jax Alley.

Today the crisp cutting air soon recalled his wandering mind, and normal anxieties pressed again. The gay day was virtually over. He might trot about the streets with his sister for a couple of hours, and then both would be compelled to return to the miserable place they called their home. Perhaps Tabby would drive them into the outer cold; if she failed to abuse them they were fortunate. The old, pinched, care-worn expression overspread the boy's face. When Dot began to cry from fatigue, he caught her in his arms. Bill then suggested a visit to a chow-soup kitchen, and the thought of warm food restored the little one's courage. All three trudged along in quiet expectation, and later filled their stomachs at the barracks of the Salvation Army. By 4 o'clock the day had promptly dimmed, and Tim decided to take Dot back to Jax Alley. It appeared wiser to incur the risk of Tabby's spite at an early hour. If the old woman were already ugly, the police would assist her to the patrol wagon, and thus a night of peace and safety could be gained. Tim made no secret of his logical plans. When he reached home he enjoined Bill to wait in the outer passage-way with Dot. If Tabby slept the child might go to bed at once; if a signal came down the hall, Bill was to notify the Irish policeman who acted as the old woman's speedy escort upon certain wild occasions. Plans that are well thought out are seldom needed. The unexpected governs the destiny of both the fortunate and the unlucky. When a thing drops it gives no warning. To Tim's utter surprise, Tabby evinced no sound or sign of benighted intention.

"Good night, Bill; she's sleepin' like a lamb," the boy declared, thankfully.

To draw his sister into the room and quietly shut the door. It was now quite dark, but he did not dare to light a candle. In a short time the electric light at the corner would come on, and then it would seem less dreary. He turned Dot over to her bed, and covered her up as best he could with double plies of an old quilt. She was soon fast asleep, and he had only his own sad thoughts to keep him company. He must have dozed an hour or so, for the time passed quickly. He came to sudden consciousness with a shiver, frightened sense of an unseen presence. The electric light was now brightening the window, and the room was like partially-eclipsed day. A dark shadow seemed to be passing between the boy's eyes and the bundle of goods in the distant corner. An awful terror seized him. His lungs grew stiff in his throat. He must have heard the horrid thump, and yet he could remember nothing.

When morning church bells sounded forth, and with unconscious energy Tim sprang up. Tabby's limp, distorted form drew him like a magnet. He walked to where she slept and bent over the motionless one. She did not awaken at the noise of his heavy tread, and a heart flutter moved the rags of her filthy frock. Her hag's bosom did not heave; nothing stirred. Tim laid out his hand and touched the high, cold forehead. He shrieked. His little sister sat up in bed, and told him the name. He went to her side at once, fastened his head beneath her chin, and led her from the room.

"Where is we doin'?" she whimpered.

"Back to the warm church," the boy answered.

The tired little one began to cry, and her brother carried her in his faithful arms.

"Hush!" he implored. "I feel so queer. Something's happened to Tabby. I guess she's dead. I'll tell the police tomorrow, but we can't stay in that room tonight. We'll hide up in the church gallery until after meetin', and we'll sneak down and go to sleep on the soft, red cushions."

Now the Rev. Arthur Tilt and the rose lady found them the next day. The young woman had come to the church in quest of an ermine muff. Her father, the railroad king, waited outside in the sleigh, with the excuse of rheumatism.

"Mr. Tilt will have to pilot you about," he explained, as the young couple left him. He sank back among the robes, and mentally congratulated himself upon the fortunate fact of a private car, already equipped for a luxurious trip to Southern California. The old man loved the winsome girl. He pined to see it again, and now impatiently awaited the intervening hours, while he longed like a boy to rush forward on the journey.

Meanwhile the clergyman had found the sexton. The doors of the church were soon open, and Tim's rose lady entered the dim vestibule. The Rev. Arthur Tilt walked to her side, with manifest devotion, while the discerning women dropped respectfully into the background.

"I shall lose everything I possess if I continue my present reckless course," the young girl declared, gaily. "Saturday I dropped my purse with a month's allowance, just away out, and quite unbroken, inside. A good little money returned it. If I recover my muff in time to put away with camphor balls for the rest of the winter, I

shall believe that my good fairy is teaching me to be careful in a most kind way."

"Kindness merits kindness," the clergyman whispered. "I wish the good fairy might soften a very hard heart, and persuade a certain young woman to regard cruelty as a heinous sin," he added, half sulkily. Then his voice intensified with real anxiety. "Why do you keep me upon the ragged edge?" he implored. "If you leave for California without answering me I shall be undone. If you tell me now that I may come to you there at Easter, I shall be capable of wonderful work in the mean time. I need you!" he cried, with the demand of a selfish child. His deep, compelling voice seemed to gain a sincere chord, and the girl wavered before its strong appeal.

"I will answer you honestly before I leave," said she.

Tilt bowed his head and bit his lips nervously. There was no spiritual glow upon his clerical countenance, and for an instant unhallowed passion coarsened his mouth and chin. The girl by his side felt again the sharp distrust which never entirely left her. Her pure eyes met the man's with an unspoken question, and the wavering answer that came back deepened afresh the intangible suspicion that always stayed her kinder impulses. She had never yet felt an exalted thrill from her lover's soul. She could not trust him. The invisible triumph of love had not yet unlocked her waiting heart. She wanted to please her father, and owned drolly that six seasons in society undoubtedly called for a wedding; but something checked her decision, and her lips could not utter a falsehood. The spontaneous joy she longed to possess chilled before her honest eyes, and doubts made her miserable. In the dim church a superstitious comfort seemed to meet her, then the piping treble of a child's voice caught her ear.

"Is we ever doin' to dit out of dis pitty pace?" Dot questioned from a forward hidden advantage.

The Rev. Arthur Tilt stepped forth quickly. "What's that?" he said.

The girl placed her hand, restrainingly, upon his arm. "Listen," she pleaded, and together they waited.

"We can't stay here always," Tim explained. "If we had something to eat I wouldn't mind loafing all day. I hope they'll take Tabby away before we go home, and I s'pose I ought to have let on to the police last night. I was just that scared that I didn't have no sense. Now there's no telling when we'll get out of here."

The two listeners moved quietly down the central aisle, and, unsuspectingly, Tim went on.

"It's mighty slick that we saved our licorice root. Even suckin' a heap fillin' when you hain't got no better grub."

"Eas," answered Dot. The smack of her greedy lips reverberating throughout the silent church.

"You just bet these here red cushions make a dandy bed," the boy continued. "I slept bully, and had a 'vame dream, all about the rose lady. I though she'd come along in her big sleigh and asked us to go for a ride. You sat behind, dressed up to kill, and I clumb up with the feller what drives."

Dot clapped her hands. Tim's dreams always awoke her own fancy. "Where did we wide to?" she questioned, eagerly.

"Straight into the country," her brother promptly replied. "It was the beautifullest place I ever see! Bill's old farm wasn't in it with this here high-toned park where she fetched us. The sun was shinin' and the roses was bloomin', and the birds was singin' red hot all the time."

"We must investigate this matter," said the Rev. Arthur Tilt. He strode rapidly forward, and confronted the astonished children.

"What are you doing in this church?" he asked, sternly. Dot was smoothing an ermine muff with her small, soiled hand, and he took it away in ruthless haste. He shook it out with force, and handed it to its owner.

"If the fur isn't filled with microbes you are fortunate," he said, half savagely. "You'd better have it fumigated at once." He returned to the case of the small trespassers, and ordered them imperatively from the church. "Don't you know that boys from the street are arrested for breaking into a closed building?" he asked, severely.

Tim wavered an instant in fright; then he found his voice. The knight of the alley suddenly beheld the rose lady, and all his fear vanished. His dream was coming true.

"Dear, dear lady," he implored, "don't let him hurt us. Indeed, we didn't mean to do no harm. We didn't do no breakin' in. We just stayed on last night after his meetin', 'cause it was so cold outside, and Tabby was dead, and me and Dot hadn't no place to sleep."

"Poor darlings!" the rose lady cried. She was now an indignant Portia. Her cheeks were scarlet, and her clear, gray eyes flashed with fearless spirit. She turned to her late suitor with queenly scorn. "I will answer you now," said she. "A minister of the gospel who can not feel pity for the sorrows of Christ's little ones would still more easily ignore the sorrows of his wife."

The man's face bleached at the rebuke. "You are hard upon me," he faltered. He felt his defeat, but strove to rally the self-possession that until this moment had never left him. "You are hard upon me," he repeated. "I am, perhaps, more human than you suppose. I believe in conforming first to law and order, and afterward attending to the demands of charity in the proper way. Street gamins, as a rule, are not allowed to enter homes and public buildings at will. There are different ways of doing good, and false sentiment is the enemy of rational relief."

He spoke so plausibly, so logically, and so coolly that for an instant his accuser wavered. While she waited the children came from the pew, and Tim arrayed himself valiantly by her side. The preacher was scolding the rose lady, and it was his manifest duty to own the truth.

"She ain't to blame for our comin' in here, no way," he exclaimed. "We'll go right out and never come to your church again. If Tabby hadn't got a bat and then gone dead, we wouldn't have come back."

"Very well," the clergyman quickly interrupted. "I see that you were not up to mischief, after all, and I'll try to help you. The little girl must be put in a children's home, and—"

"No, you don't!" Tim fairly shrieked. "I ain't goin' to send my sister to no 'sylum, and me and her ain't never goin' to part. If I could only get her into the country,

where Bill went, I could chop wood and do things for her livin', and that's what I intend to do," he finished, doggedly.

"You shall go to the country, the most beautiful country in the whole world, my brave, little man," the young woman declared, with strange, unguarded impulse. The vision of her father's great California ranch flashed through her excited mind. The forerunner's motherly, childless wife would rejoice over the homeless children. Then she looked again at Tim. "Ah!" she exclaimed, with dawning intelligence, "you are the very boy who returned my purse. I've worried about you ever since. You shall bring your little sister to my house at once, and tomorrow we'll start for the country."

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried Tim. "Will you take care of Dot always, like I dreamed? She's awful pretty when she's clean, but the licorice root's mused her face all up." He strove to cleanse the small, red mouth with his ragged handkerchief. The rose lady glanced admiringly at Dot.

"We'll soon make the little one a beauty with soap and water," she said.

She led the child down the aisle, and Tim and the Rev. Arthur Tilt followed. At the church door the minister made his final appeal.

"Do you still misunderstand me?" he pressed. His face was dark and anxious.

"I do not know," the girl answered, with springing tears. "Perhaps I have misjudged you. I fear I have been bold to question the words of a minister." She held out her hand.

The man grasped it eagerly. "May I come at Easter?" he whispered, with renewed courage.

She had not meant to mislead him, and a deep flush suffused her cheeks.

"No, no!" she cried, in a voice that left him no hope.

He escorted her forward to her waiting father, and listened dully to the old man's eager inquiries about the children. His self-possession was perfect until the gamins of Jax Alley had been safely stowed within the sleigh; then he bowed a stiff farewell. A trick of fate had turned the scales against him.

His ill fortune was Tim's great hour, and an unlucky flash from his real nature had lost him the true, strong heart of the rose lady.

## WOMEN OF NOTE.

Sister Genesee (Mattingly,) who died recently at Loretta, Ky., was the oldest nun in the United States.

The mother of the Queen of Holland objects to the title of "dowager," and an official statement has been made by the young Queen to the effect that her mother must not be called "Dowager Queen," but "Queen Emma of the Netherlands."

Princess Christian has also taken the deepest interest in the details of the hospital ship Princess of Wales, and has personally contributed fifty cane lounge chairs, with fifty large and thirty-six small cushions, the latter made by herself and members of her family.

Mrs. George L. Stearns, widow of the wealthy Bostonian who furnished John Brown with a large portion of the funds for his campaigning, has a handsome bowie knife which Brown drew from his bootleg and presented to Mr. Stearns just as he was leaving for Harper's Ferry.

The Russian Ambassador early in the season announced that his niece, Miss Marguerite Cassini, was not strong enough to accept more than two invitations a week. Count Cassini added that in no place, not even Paris, was the social cart of the government carried to such an excess as in Washington.

Special public gifts made in the will of the late Mrs. Mary Ann P. Weld of Boston, include \$10,000 each to the American Unitarian Association, the Massachusetts Homeopathic Hospital and Harvard College, and amounts varying from \$5000 to \$50,000 to several charitable and educational institutions in Boston.

Mrs. E. M. Laferriere of Minneapolis, a teacher of the French language, has been selected by the Governor of New Mexico to go to the Paris Exposition and exploit the wonderful turquoise mines of New Mexico. She is a sister of A. Demarets, the "Turquoise King," who was murdered about eight months ago.

By the will of Caroline Brewer Croft, who died in England some time ago, almost \$100,000 goes to Harvard University, to be devoted to the investigation of the disease of cancer. Mrs. Croft was much impressed with the horrors of incurable diseases, and during her life had given much money for the treatment of cancer.

The Holland, German and United Irish societies of New York are preparing a warm welcome and enthusiastic reception to Maud Gonne, who has been styled the "Irish Joan of Arc." The details of the reception are in the hands of young women known to be in sympathy with the Boers. Miss Gonne is expected in this country in a few weeks. She has recently been in Ireland, participating actively in the Dublin riots and making speeches strongly sympathizing with the Boers against England.

The Princess Salm-Salm, having written to Dr. Leyds offering her services as nurse with the Boers, has been advised by him to join the Russian Red Cross. The Princess, who was born May 13, 1855, is the Princess Eléonore de Croÿ, and belongs to one of the oldest and most noble families of Belgium, and her cousin is the Archduchess Frédéric of Austria. The Princess married, on July 12, 1893, Prince Leopold of Salm-Salm, head of the well-known house of that name, and owns large estates in Belgium, Holland and Westphalia.

Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, who was Miss Endicott of Boston, daughter of Judge Endicott, ex-Secretary of War, is extremely popular in English society. Generally speaking, she may be said to have passed her life among politicians. She is pronounced as decidedly attractive in appearance, and has noticeably pretty coloring. Mrs. Chamberlain is one of those American women who, although of strong individuality, have thoroughly identified themselves with England and their husbands' interests. The Chamberlains have a lovely home in the midlands, at Highbury, near Birmingham, where their hospitality is noted.



## "KIPLING'S VILLAGE."

QUAINT ENVIRONMENT OF THE FAMOUS WRITER'S ENGLISH HOME.

By a Special Contributor.

ROTTINGDEAN is one of the quaintest villages in all England. In its time it has been the home of more than one celebrity, despite its remoteness, but today, being the home of the man who wrote "The Recessional," it is distinguished almost solely as "Kipling's village."

Away back, thousands of years ago, nature cut a crease in the long cliff which marks the termination of the South Downs of England. The crease has been broadened by the elements until it is large enough to hold Rottingdean—almost, but not quite, for a few houses have been crowded out and stand on the abrupt slope of the hills. At the mouth of the crease the cliffs have fallen away enough to form a little basin, on the shores of which the waves of the English Channel break ceaselessly. Gently they break in summer, but in winter they dash against the great chalk cliff with such fury that tons of it are yearly washed away. And, at times, the tide forces its way far enough to leave foaming backwater at the foot of the main road.

It must have been a long time ago that Kipling's village was hollowed out, for the little stone church in the place was begun over five hundred years ago. It stands across the way from Kipling's house, and is one of the most interesting spots in a place where nearly every stone has its history and where the lover of the quaint can find something to admire at every turn.

The walls which surround the dwellings are reminders of the troublous times in Sussex, when every man's house was indeed his castle. These walls protected the lives of many of the original inhabitants from the pikes and swords of mailed freebooters. History records more than one conflict in the little hamlet between vassals of opposing lords, and mayhap Kipling will one day give the world a tale based on some of the legendary scraps one still hears in the neighborhood. The stones in the walls were taken from the beach, and are rounded and polished by the action of the waves. Many of them are of flint. They are set in regular rows with a precision that would make a modern bricklayer nervous. The builders knew well the secret of compounding cement, for the walls still hold together as compactly as if cut out of blocks of solid material. Arches were left for heavily-ironed gates, mostly of oak, and fastened by ponderous bolts, or locks with huge keys.

### Kipling's Quaint Old House.

Of such a pattern is the side gate to Kipling's house—the one commonly used. The double entrance in front, it is supposed, was made to allow a troop of horses to enter if necessary, when the owner needed the protection of his friends. But to pass from the romantic past to the commonplace present, it must be admitted that the broken glass which now is strewn along most of the walls is intended as a protection against the modern small boy, instead of the knight or man-at-arms, for the boy well knows the taste of the fruit in the Rottingdean gardens, and only the glass prevents many an attack on their treasures. Flowers as well as fruit are to be found in the Kipling yard and garden, in the season, while one so fortunate as to get beyond the walls will see many a bed or artistic corner, the pride of the gardener.

The Kipling home remains nearly as when built, hundreds of years ago, with its small windows, high roof, now much the worse for wear, and its antique entrance. The bell connecting the front gate with the house is, perhaps, the principal innovation. About the place is the air of carelessness generally attributed to literary people. A great gap shows in the rear part of the wall. It was there a century before the present owner was born. The interior of the house is dark and gloomy, except two or three rooms on the second floor. The huge wall is overhung by a grove of trees, which keeps out much of the daylight from the parlor and dining-room, while the stable at one corner and the cowshed at the other further obstruct the light.

Some of the furniture is antique, as, for instance, a beautifully-carved mahogany table and sideboard. But the author has installed in his English home many articles of American make which seem "painfully modern" to some persons. A stuffed leather easy chair and a long library table littered about with writing material, ashes, pipes, and a big jar of tobacco, show that the jungle-story man is one of us after all. The study is very mannish in appearance. From the window the author may look across the way into St. Margaret's pretty church yard. Just outside the portal is the resting place of William Black. No stone is needed to designate the place. Simple dooryard flowers literally cover it in season, and every villager as well as the city stranger knows its locality. From the other window in the Kipling study, which occupies a corner of the house, the author may see the village "green," an irregular triangle of ground, across which equestrians and pedestrians are so prone to take "short cuts" that there is little green about it save in name. Opposite the Kipling house live the "Hon. Burne-Joneses," as the villagers call them.

### The Gravelly Beach.

It's but five minutes through Kipling's village to the spot where the channel waves rise and fall. They call it the beach, but it is a mere mass of gravel.

The Kipling children long ago deserted the village green for the beach and Noank. Noank is a Rottingdean celebrity. He has lived here all his life—sixty odd years; but his claim to fame is that he is a great friend of Kipling and the Kipling children, particularly "Wee Willy-Winkle." Imagine John Bull as drawn by a modern artist, put an old straw hat on him, and you have Noank. In summer he hires out boats and bathing cars. In the winter he enjoys himself much of the time at the "Black Horse" Tavern over a tankard of "alf and alf," talking politics or

exchanging gossip with Mine Host. Noank has read most of the Kipling stories, but he doesn't think much of the Indian tales, and says so frankly. He likes "Captains Courageous" better, and will talk by the hour with a Yankee visitor about the brave fisherman of the banks. For Noank, when younger, did quite a bit of channel fishing himself.

Go down to the beach almost any pleasant morning in spring or summer, and you will find Kipling sprawled on the gravel talking with his own or a half dozen of the village children playing about, while nearby will be Noank, sitting on the edge of a boat, all ears and eyes.

Strolling on the beach is one of Kipling's main recreations. If the children or any one with him will make a fort he will join in trying to knock it down, but he won't worry over the building of it. Indeed, every one takes a hand at destroying the forts the children rear—Kipling, the children, the ladies of the Burne-Jones family, and sometimes even Mrs. Kipling.

Kipling does not shoot, seldom takes a surf bath, cares nothing for fishing. He occasionally plays lawn tennis, for about one game, but takes no interest in cricket. When not working he simply loafs. He dislikes attention, and positively dreads the notice of strangers. Perhaps this is one reason he selected a home so strongly fortified, and why he generally is conspicuously absent from church. He feels ill at ease except when among his few chosen friends or with children. Children take to him as naturally as if he were the father of the whole village. He dislikes to get up until late in the morning, and his irregular hours sometimes vex his active, sunny, little wife, who is fond of regularity.

### The Kipling Children.

The two Kipling children are thin, nervous little bodies, with restless, piercing black eyes. They do not care much for other children. When their sister was alive, the three "flocked by themselves," so to speak, and managed to get their share of amusement and pleasure, even though somewhat exclusive. In features they resemble their mother more than their father, although the Kipling part of the family is very perceptible, especially in their shyness when strangers are present.

Occasionally you may see Kipling walking along the cliff, looking at the water nearly a hundred feet below, or sitting on the turf at the edge of the precipice. But this



WEE WILLY WINKIE ON THE BEACH.

is only occasionally. He cares little about driving, and will not exert himself to ride a bicycle. The limit of his walk is generally "The Black Horse Tavern."

It and its landlord are much in favor with Kipling. Sometimes of an evening in winter one will find the author and the landlord, and possibly Noank, in the cosy dining-room, before the big glowing fire, each with his glass and pipe. The landlord does the most of the talking, and his guests the most of the listening. The subjects cover a decidedly wide range, but usually end in a discussion of politics. The landlord is an extreme Radical, while Kipling leans to the Conservative side. They will get into an argument of half an hour, the landlord growing white hot, while even Kipling will become much wrought up. Then glasses are drained, the guest departs, and perhaps by the time he reaches his gate has forgotten all that was said or even where he has been.

D. A. WILLEY.

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### WAGNER'S HUMOR.

[Chicago News:] Gustav Kobbe writes of Wagner in the Forum. He says: "When his enefcy was not expended in his art work it found vent in many humorous sallies. I have already related how he stood on his head for Praeger. That was physical humor. But he was also fond of joking. He once quoted his teacher's remark that he would never learn to play the piano. 'But,' he added, 'I play a great deal better than Berlioz.' The waggishness of this remark lies in the fact that Berlioz could not play at all. During a rehearsal of the 'Rienzi' overture in Dresden the trombones were too loud. Instead of rebuking them angrily, he said, with a laugh: 'Gentlemen, we are in Dresden, not marching around the walls of Jericho.' After 'Tannhauser' was brought out a German composer of little note, named Chellard, said that the 'Song of the Evening Star' was wrongly harmonized, and suggested certain harmonies which should be substituted for those employed by Wagner. When Wagner was among friends it was one of his favorite diversions to seat himself at the piano and sing the 'Song to the Evening Star' à la Chellard."

### PRACTICAL TRAINING.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] "Was she a trained nurse?" "I guess she must have been. She hadn't been in the hospital a week before she was engaged to the richest patient."

## MOODY AND SANKEY

FIRST JOINT SERVICE HELD BY GREAT EVANGELISTS.

From the Philadelphia Press.

WHEN Moody was first making a name in this country he was the star at a convention in Indianapolis, and it was there that he formed the partnership with Sankey, so productive of fame for both of them.

Sankey attended one of the meetings at Moody spoke, and he was scarcely seated when he touched him on the elbow, and, turning aside, covered that he was sitting beside the Rev. Moody, whom he happened to know quite well. He asked Sankey to take charge of the singing at the next meeting, explaining that there seemed to be nobody else who could lead.

At the conclusion of a very lengthy prayer, Moody and Sankey stood and told him to start right away. Without waiting for any further invitation, Moody arose and sang with wonderful feeling the words: "There is a fountain filled with blood."

Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,  
Lost all their guilty stains."

The congregation forgot to join in on the hymn. Moody finished the hymn by himself.

Moody was well pleased with the singing of the remainder of the service. When the meeting was over, a close McMillen asked Sankey to step forward and introduce him to Moody. A procession was formed, which slowly made its way to the front of the church where Moody was standing.

As Sankey drew near Moody stepped out and took him by the hand.

"Where are you from?" Moody asked.

"Pennsylvania," replied Sankey.

"Married or single?"

"Married. I have a wife and one child."

"What do you do for a living when you are at home?"

"I am in the government service."

All this time Moody had been holding Sankey's hand, looking down into his face with his keen eyes.

Looking down into his face with his keen eyes, said:

"Well, you'll have to give it up."

Sankey stood amazed and was at a loss to know just what Moody meant by telling him he would give up what was to him a good position and a very comfortable living. He was silent for a few seconds that he could make no sense of it, however, explained what he had meant.

"You'll have to give up your government position, come with me. You are just the man I have been looking for for a long time. I want you to come with me to the singing and I'll do the talking."

Sankey had by this time partly recovered from his surprise, but the thought of giving up a good position and an uncertainty was too much, and he begged Moody to consider the matter. Moody asked Sankey to go with him and pray over the question. Sankey's politeness Sankey consented. Moody prayed for Sankey, and would see his way clear to do as he had said. Sankey argued with himself against the proposition, but finally parted, and Sankey returned to his home, pressed by Moody's prayer, but still undecided.

That was on Sunday. All that day and the next day Moody thought over Moody's words, but the next morning he still inclined to stick to the government position, his salary assured every month. Just at a moment when he was more inclined to be wavering than at any other time, a card was brought to him. He examined it, and it was from Moody, and asking him to meet him at a certain street corner that evening at 6 o'clock.

Without knowing what he was wanted for, Moody accepted upon the back of the card and went to Moody. Together with a few friends he was appointed place at 6 o'clock that evening, and at 6 o'clock Moody came along. Without even stopping to say hello, Moody walked on and into a store, and asked permission to use a store box. The owner was given, and Moody rolled the large box out of the corner, and then calling Sankey aside asked him to go up and sing something.

Sankey complied, and after one or two hymns sung Moody crawled up onto the box and began to preach. The workmen were just on their way from the mills and factories, and in a short time had secured a large crowd. Sankey says of the preaching that evening from that store box as he heard him preach since.

The crowd stood spellbound as the words of Moody's lips with wonderful force and rapidity. He had talked for about fifteen minutes. Moody came from the box and announced that he was going to have a little meeting of his own at the Academy of Music, and invited the crowd to accompany him there. Moody and Sankey marched down the street, and after hymn as they went. The crowd followed them, and the men with their dinner pails on their heads, so completely carried away were they by the sermon from the store box.

Speaking of the march down the street, Sankey says it has been his first experience as a Salvation Army man. But a few minutes were required to pack the Academy of Music to the doors, and Moody saw that the workmen's clothes were first seated before he could get a platform to preach.

His second address was as captivating as the first, delivered on the street corner, and it was at this meeting that the meeting was brought to a close. It was still undecided when Moody again brought the question of their going together. However, he was invited to spend a week with Moody, and a week was over he had sent his commission to the Academy of Music, who was at that time Secretary of the Army, and a soldier who had been imprisoned at the Academy was given Sankey's place in the internal revenue



# WARMAN IN ALASKA.

## THRILLING INCIDENTS IN A STEAMBOAT VOYAGE TO DAWSON CITY.

By a Special Contributor.

A **STOUT** steel cable, made fast to the stump of a tree, holds a big river steamer's nose up stream while she loads.

When she lets go, backs out into the river, turns and heads for the north, we fix ourselves for a 450-mile river ride, in which we are prepared to be interested, because it begins at White Horse Rapids and ends at Dawson. Twenty-five miles below White Horse we enter Lake Labarge, the last of the chain of beautiful little inland seas through which you pass on the way down from Alaska. Labarge, thirty-three miles long, tumbles her surging energy into a deep, swift stream, really the Yukon, but here idyllically called "Thirty Mile River." After that it is all down hill to Dawson.

When we are about half way across Lake Labarge the whole begins to bellow wildly; the stewards tumble out and up the narrow stair. A man grabs a coil of hose near the pilot-house, gives it a roll and it races along the level roof of the boat and lies, a hundred feet away, at the feet of a man who at that moment arrives with a nozzle. In about a minute from the first blast two or three streams of water are spouting from as many nozzles. The passengers who have rushed out, pale and frightened, since a fire in the middle of a lake would be disastrous, look foolish at one another now, for there is no fire; only a fire drill to train the men to use the apparatus should it become necessary.

Every thirty miles we come to a station of the North-west mounted police, and at all these stations we stop and register, take and leave mail. They are dreary little camps for the most part, but here and there, in a picturesque spot, the homes of the faithful, patient soldiers are very pretty. The post at Selwyn you will remember, and Tazewell House you will never forget. The latter stands on

port will catch it. But we clear and go sailing merrily on—roughing it down to Dawson.

### Scenery and Other Matters.

There is a certain sameness about this Yukon scenery, and yet if you are observing you will note that no two sandbars are the same, no two hills alike. The log rafts break differently on the different bars, though the unfortunate rafters, standing amid the ruin, make the same pathetic signals. But we are deaf to their appeals. Perhaps they are left on a little island that is only big and high enough to hold their broken raft, the wide river sweeping by on either side. But they usually have plenty to eat and any amount of good water, so we steam past them, leaving them to take their raft to pieces, log by log, and rebuild it.

All along the Yukon are scattered small tribes of Indians, and here and there, high and dry, are the little cities of the dead. "There," the worldly captain remarks, as one of these silent burials slip by. "There is a whole town of good Indians."

Here in a sheltered nook is a fleet of scows loaded with lumber and cedar shingles. They are waiting in a little harbor, for the river is crooked and very swift here, and a strong wind is blowing up stream. Two men are standing on a scow, made fast to the shore. One hails us—wants us to take his cargo to Dawson. That being the business of a steamboat we go about, head up stream, make fast just below the scow and relieve it of some tons of potatoes, salt, sugar, bacon and other merchandise. All this time one man helps load, the other standing on the bow of the scow, stares at the big steamer with angry eyes that look like blurred windows in a sooty wall. The man who has hailed us comes off with the freight. The other stares at us without moving a muscle.

This one, standing on the deck of the steamer, watches his late companion until we turn a bend in the river. Then letting go a great sigh of relief, he says laconically: "I believe that fellow's crazy."

Every day, sometimes two or three times a day, we meet a boat coming out, and almost every hour we pass some sort of craft floating down the river. It costs nothing to float. A man takes a scow at the head of Lake Bennett, builds a little house for shelter in one corner, puts in a sheet-iron stove, loads his household effects, chickens and

from Dawson to Skaguay were confronted with the following general rates and regulations.

For \$1000 you could go first-class, run along behind the sled by day and eat and sleep with the captain of the sled at night. He did the cooking.

Seven hundred and fifty dollars would secure second-class accommodation—board and a snowdrift to bunk in—but you were expected to help pack, and unpack and mush the dogs.

A third-class ticket cost only \$500. Not much went out to the third-class passenger. He was expected to chop firewood and make himself generally useful. In any other country the freighter's man-servant would do exactly what the third-class passenger did here. He had not only to mush the dogs, but sometimes to take the place of a dog; if necessary, eat dog food and enjoy it.

So, looking back to the old days and the old ways, it is not surprising that the first passengers to ride out on a first-class river boat, with three hot meals a day and a good, clean bunk to sleep in at night, were overjoyed to the amount of a thousand dollars.

### In the Yukon Woods.

Wood camps are seen almost constantly. At one of the camps a pale, intelligent-looking man asked me if I had anything to read. He had been ill. I got a New York paper that had cost me half a dollar at White Horse, begged an old life from one of the lady passengers and took them ashore. I soon learned that this man was only camping with the wood-choppers. He was there gathering specimens for the Canadian government to be taken to the Paris Exposition. He walked in the woods and he picked wild gooseberries and many other native berries and bade me eat of them.

"Be not afraid," he said, "there is not a poisonous weed or vine in this whole Klondike country."

The woods were full of ferns and wild roses and carpeted with a thick moss of a deep green color. Instead of being damp and steaming, this beautiful moss carpet was perfectly dry. Our feet sank deep into the surface as we walked over it, but left no track. The moss would spring back to place as a dry sponge does when squeezed. I lay down and the moss made the best bed imaginable. Now, for the first time, the mosquitoes came singing about my ears and feeding on my face. I realized, also, for the first time, that these winged warblers of prey are not without their usefulness. They are put here to keep these poor wood-choppers from brooding.

The moss, of which I have just spoken, is not very thick, and below there is a rich sandy soil that ought to produce two or three crops of alfalfa in a season.

As far up as the mouth of the Hootalingqua we saw vegetables growing in little gardens that had been cleared near the river. Some of the passengers, who were constantly shivering because we were floating down toward the Arctic Circle, refused to believe their own eyes—said the gardens were hand painted; but at one place a man came on board with lettuce and radishes for sale. At Fort Selkirk strawberries ripen and good potatoes have been grown below the Arctic Circle, so I was told by Mr. Bowker, who was eight years in the country before the boom—five years without a potato and seven years without a "high ball."

Across the sky that has been perfectly clear since we left the Rockies, some fleecy clouds are floating. The weather is absolutely perfect. By day we seek the shady side of the boat; at evening, if we sit outside, we want a light overcoat, and at night we need blankets.

The sun sinks behind a bank of clouds and the captain begins to hint that we may have to tie up. We had expected to see Dawson tonight. A half dozen women had hoped to meet their husbands, whom they had not seen for a year or two, but it is raining straight down, as it rains in Astoria, and we make fast to a stout tree by the blaze of the electric searchlight.

We are going to sleep now to wake in Dawson.

CY WARMAN.

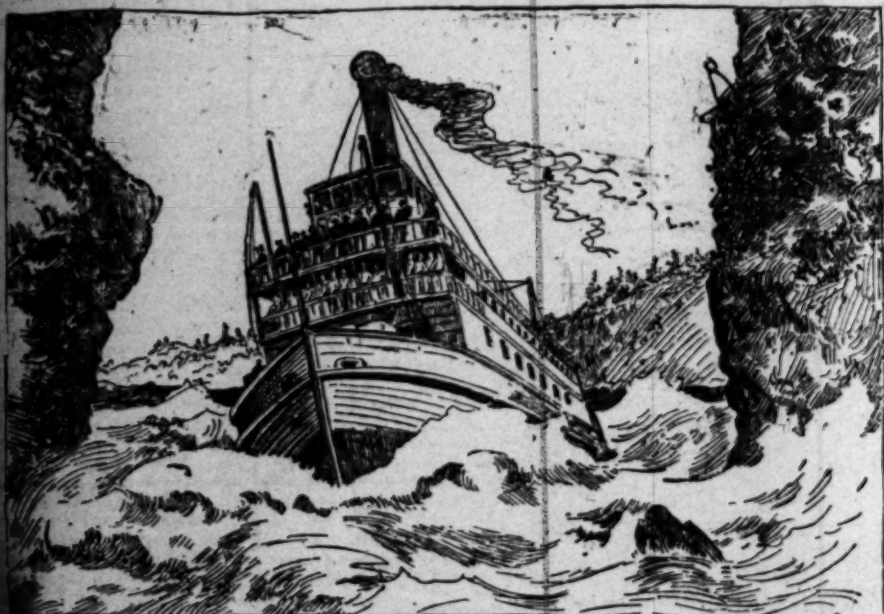
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## SOUTH AFRICA'S PLAGUES.

### AT BULUWAYO BOOTS DEVoured BY ANTS—THE RINDERPEST.

[Ainle's Magazine:] South Africa imports hides, wool and mohair, and the ranchman would revel in riches were it not for the various pests that decimate his flocks and herds. The most deadly one is the rinderpest, a cattle plague which in the last ten years has been slowly creeping from Central Africa southward, leaving a wake of whitened bones. In traveling through Natal I saw fifty oxen lying dead about a spring where they had tumbled one over the other, so suddenly had the disease attacked them. It was almost impossible then to get an untined piece of steak at a restaurant, though the proprietor resented any such charge, and a plethoric German traveler who called in a loud tone for "roast rinderpest" in the railroad café at De Aar Junction, Cape Colony, had to be picked up in fragments. Dr. Koch and other eminent specialists tried in vain to stop this plague. The country is now recovering from it slowly.

Another pest is the tsetse fly, an insect resembling our common house fly, but three times as large. Its bite will kill a horse, cow or any other domestic animal in about ten days, but, strange to say, does not affect a wild animal or a human being. A less dangerous but more troublesome pest is the white ant, which is about one-quarter of an inch long and ubiquitous in many parts of the country. They live under the ground, and can only be routed by killing the queen, which sometimes reaches the size of one inch in length. This insect is particularly harassing in Rhodesia. At Buluwayo my traveling companion inadvertently left his boots on the floor after turning in at night, and he arose next morning to find the uppers carefully separated from the soles. "Luckily you didn't leave your clothes on the floor," was the hotel-keeper's only consolation. These ants will eat through anything but metal, and for that reason much of the building is done with corrugated iron. The ant-hill is one of the conspicuous landmarks in traveling over South Africa.



WEERED AS THOUGH WE WERE GOING TO STRIKE THE ROCKS ON ONE SIDE AND THEN ON THE OTHER.

mouth of Lake Marsh, in the midst of a pretty grove of poplar or spruce; the former is at the mouth of the Selkirk River and is remembered sadly by many a disappointed stampeder.

Thirty miles below Labarge the Hootalingqua flows into the Yukon. Here, for some unaccountable reason, they begin calling it Lewis River, but it is the Yukon as plain as your nose is your nose below its bridge.

### Shooting Five Fingers.

About noon on the second day the captain said we were coming into Five Fingers. Here, on a previous trip, this very boat had six feet sliced from her upper deck, a stairway and the captain's cabin carried away by the sharp rock that rises sheer out of the middle of the river.

It seems that at one time a natural bridge spanned the river here and that these great rocks are only the remnants thereof. Naturally you begin to guess which "finger" the boat will take. Now she drifts toward the left hand channel, but veers off. The water seems to eddy and swirl, the boat trembles, quivers, as a horse will when crossing a strange bridge—or is it my nerve? Now she seems to be going straight for the middle chute. The captain stands with feet wide apart, gripping the lever that works the steam steering gear. I am glad of this steam steering gear, and glad to learn that this same Capt. Turner is the inventor, for with a hand rig in water like this the pilot goes over the wheel and out through the side of the pilot-house every little while. When this happens the boat is at the mercy of the waters and goes floundering down stream like a wounded duck.

The captain has stopped talking. He does not even reply to my questions. He is all business now. There go the bells. The engines stop, reverse and the wheel begins revolving backward. He "puts her over," as they do a locomotive on a hill. Cautionally he points her nose into the narrow stream, holds her for a moment and then the swift water sucks her through so suddenly that you catch your breath.

It seems that we are going to touch the rocks on the left-hand side, though when I glance across I think the

children, and lets the current carry him down to the mouth of the Klondike, where he can find a fortune or fail. Many scows are loaded with horses. How meek and small and helpless they look from the boat! They seem to be standing still as we steam past them.

### High Rates and Low Rates.

There is a small passenger rate-war on the river just now. Today a sister boat, the Columbian, spoke us. She had a goodly number of passengers, and while she lay to, visiting with the Victorian, a smart looking little craft steamed past carrying people from Dawson to White Horse, 450 miles, and feeding them from four to five days for \$10.

It seems strange that all their people on the Columbian should be willing to pay \$60 for the same trip. But these get three square meals a day—the \$10 fellows get dog feed, and not very good dog feed at that. Only the other night the passengers on one of these cheap boats rebelled. The captain, who owned the boat, talked back, the passengers mutinied, landed and put the master ashore. He is still "at large." His boat in the mean time is steaming up toward White Horse, run by the passengers, who now have 5 o'clock tea and pie for breakfast.

When one stops to consider the expense of a Yukon steamer, for fuel alone, it is easy to see the absurdity of attempting to take people up the river for \$10. Wood costs \$8 a cord. It is spruce and it must be dry or it will not make steam. One of these big boats, such as the Canadian and the Columbian, or the Victorian, will burn a cord an hour—a hundred cords up river and fifty down. Sometimes it costs \$1000 to "wood-up" from Dawson to the rapids. We have on board the Victorian about thirty passengers and 300 tons of freight. It is wonderful to see all this traffic when we are told that only a little over a year ago Capt. Ritchie, who is now superintendent of this line, brought the first boat through Miles Cañon. Returning with a boatload of passengers, the people were so delighted that, upon reaching White Horse Rapids, they made up a purse of \$1000 for the gallant captain.

Now 450 miles in four days and a half was not flying, but it was swift, and dirt cheap, compared with former rates and facilities. The first travelers to engage passage



## A PLUCKY WOMAN.

HER THRILLING EXPERIENCES ON A TRIP TO DAWSON.

By a Special Contributor.

SOME two years ago Mrs. W., an energetic California lady, followed her husband and two of her sons to the Klondike. They were fairly successful in their search for gold, but as greater results were promised if machinery was used for digging and thawing, it was decided, at a day's notice, that Mrs. W. should make a trip to the States for the purpose of buying a patent steam shaver and the necessary machinery to run it, and also, incidentally, to lay in a supply of provisions. She left Dawson August 17, 1899, and arrived in Portland, Or., September 1, coming out via Skaguay and the lakes, a distance of nearly two thousand miles, in two weeks. The whole trip was uneventful and pleasant.

On about September 15, 1899, Mrs. W. started back to Dawson, after a two-weeks' stay in Portland, where she purchased the supplies and machinery, and completed the necessary arrangements for transportation of the goods. Of her experiences on the return trip she writes to her son in Los Angeles as follows, this letter having been received November 18:

"On board the Willie Irving at Hootalinqua, N. W. T., Oct. 20, 1899.

"My Dearest Willie: You will see by this letter that I am now five weeks on the journey; have had quite an experience, and have witnessed some very sad accidents. I had a series of delays from the time of leaving Portland, the steamer being six days behind time; then had to stay eleven days in Skaguay trying to get my freight loaded on cars, as there was a great jam of freight and a scarcity of cars. When I arrived at Bennett I could get no steamer to take freight, so had my goods loaded on scows, that left on the 6th of this month. I took passage on a steam scow to White Horse Rapids, leaving on the 10th.

"The next day out we were wrecked on Windy Arm, a very rough piece of water in Lake Bennett, where there were a number of scows lost. I did not lose anything—only got a good wetting, and it was awfully cold. There were about thirty-five on our boat and everything was taken off and dried by big campfires. The ladies had to cook for all.

hope you will get it soon. . . . I never want this experience again! Such anxiety as to whether I was going to get through with my freight!"

After this letter no further word was received until January 1, 1900, when the two following came to hand:

"DAWSON (N. W. T.) Nov. 27, 1899.  
"My Dear Son: Just two weeks ago tonight I arrived in Dawson (November 15) after a long and quite an eventful trip. Yes, I left here altogether too late to attend to business and get back by open water, the awful blockade of freight at both Skaguay and Bennett delaying matters, so that many scows loaded with goods and machinery are jammed in the ice all along the Yukon River. Our machinery lies in the scow, about sixty miles up the river, and papa and the boys have been up there for nearly a week unloading and getting it safely on the shore. They will freight down all the lighter pieces with the dog teams, and will hire horses for the heavier parts.

"I found the boys both well and papa feeling very anxious and worried about me. He had started up the river on the ice to meet me and got about eighty miles, where we were lodged in the ice, and from there we had to 'mush' into Dawson on foot. It was quite a long tramp, but we had plenty of company, as there were some four hundred people or more, so they soon made a trail.

"The days are getting very short, but we have had sunshine twice for a couple of hours, since I got back. So far the weather has not been very cold, the thermometer hovering very close to zero all the time since I arrived, but just a month ago they had a cold snap, which closed the river in a hurry. Had the river remained open one day longer we would have all gotten into Dawson. It closed here on the 23d of October, and we first got into the jam just this side of Selkirk, 175 miles from Dawson, on the 23d, and were nearly two weeks working our way down in scows to where we were jammed for good."

From this letter it will be seen that Mrs. W. was al-

the men jumped ashore and carried the baggage. They worked hard to save the goods and get the scows in position that they would not be beaten to the rocks.

"We were camped there two days before we were gotten in order to again proceed. We had no scows until reaching White Horse Rapids. Then the steamer was lost going through the ice. I began to think I would not reach Dawson in the two river steamers (the very last of the season) leaving I made an effort first to get passage on the ton, but the captain said they had refused to take or thirty persons that day; so I saw the captain Willie Irving (on board of which I wrote you Hootalinqua,) got my ticket and went aboard about a low White Horse at 8 p.m.

"The wreck of both these steamers I think you doubt, read accounts of in the San Francisco and Los Angeles papers. The whole account was given in the here, but I did not see them. The steamer was jammed in the ice jam crowding her down so quickly that she had no time to save anything, and it was a pity none was lost. The Willie Irving might have had the same fate, being only about one hundred yards from the same current, but, thank goodness! we were so fortunate, although we were all quite nervous and the steamer in pretty quick time after we found the Straton had gone down. And getting off was a proposition; although I did not realize the danger at the time. We had to walk and climb over the jammed a good quarter of a mile and then hang fast to a cliff until daylight, as this all happened at midnight. Men built fires with what little brush grew on the rocks, but we could not lie down or even sit, very steep that it was all we could do to hang one person above another. I wish I had pictures of it.

"The next morning the steamer seemed quite jammed in the ice, and we all got aboard and had breakfast, as no one was very anxious to stop long. Willie Irving. The ice jammed for a few minutes time, so we were able to get on the land side, where at Selwin, a police station. There are a number of cabins at this point and we camped there one day the river would open a little, so it was not so start out over the ice, although a few did not.



The ice jam at White Horse Rapids.



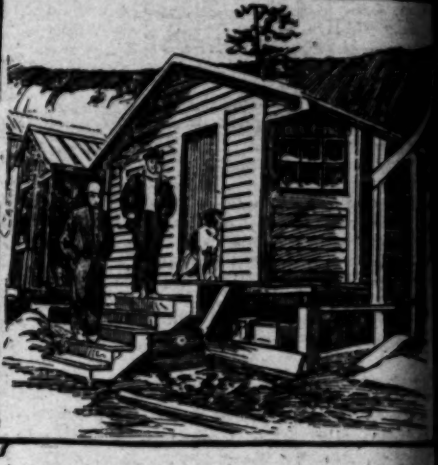
Small cabin built during my absence.



Arrival at Dawson; looking toward front of it.



The Steamer Straton



Cabin built during my absence.

THE PLUCKY WOMAN.

People who seem to know say it was a severe storm and we should not have gone into it, as the next day was perfectly calm.

"That made another delay, and we were six days getting to White Horse, arriving there on Tuesday, the 16th inst. I found two steamers about to leave and took passage on this, the Willie Irving, to Dawson (for \$50.) We left Wednesday at 8 p.m. and made down the Fifty Mile River to the head of Lake Lebarge, where we encountered more rough seas and a strong head wind, so we had to 'lay-to' until last night, at about midnight, when we started down the lake, reaching the head of Thirty Mile River about 10 o'clock this morning. Our captain telegraphed to Dawson and we still hope to reach there with the steamer, although we may get no further than Fort Selkirk. If so, we will have a distance of 175 miles to 'mush' over the ice; but I hope not, as I know papa and the boys are looking anxiously for me. If we can get in by open water we will reach Dawson in about three days—next Monday.

"Humboldt Gates, a young man who came out from Dawson for machinery on the same steamer with me, left Bennett with three scows, loaded, and had one wrecked going through the White Horse Rapids, losing everything on board. A man named Robinson was drowned the day before we reached there. Another scow was lost the same day, and one man drowned.

"Everything is looking very wintry, and while we were anchored yesterday waiting for smooth water, it looked quite 'blue,' and a number of the passengers thought seriously of turning back, and I felt somewhat that way myself, but I knew it is best that I should be with papa and the boys, and hope and pray that we make something this winter and go out next summer, and have a good, long visit with you. . . .

"This is likely the last word out by open water and I

most two months en route, leaving Portland about the middle of September and arriving at her destination November 15.

"DAWSON (N. W. T.) Dec. 3, 1899.

"My Dear Boy: . . . I promised you in my last letter to give you all details of my trip down the river.

"After leaving Skaguay for Bennett I had to remain at Bennett six days, getting my freight cleared from the customhouse and loaded on a scow. Then it was already getting late in the season and the steamers would not guarantee passengers through to Dawson, so I found a place on a scow that was fitted up to take passengers and was to be towed by a small steamer to Dawson. There were seven lady passengers and a number of men. Five scows were in the tow, and we left Bennett late Wednesday night, October 11, traveled all day Thursday without any mishaps, but stopped on Lake Bennett to pick up some wreckage Wednesday afternoon; then proceeded to Caribou Crossing, where we all tied up for the night, it being too dark to go through the narrows. We left there at daylight Friday and sailed into the Windy Arm about 9 a.m., where there was a great storm blowing, and the little steamer, after laboring hard for an hour or more, was compelled to let the scows loose to the mercy of the wind and storm. The consequences were, we were all thrown up onto the rocky beach and the scows filled with water;

many scows came floating down and tied up themselves to see if they could proceed farther.

"At last we all boarded the different scows about seventy miles further down toward Dawson. We were finally jammed in for good (?) and had to wait it about eighty miles. Papa grew very anxious to start out to meet me; he hailed us, just before we were jammed in, from across the river from our scow, and they sent a small boat over for him. He had a very bad cold, as the ice was not good for walking yet.

"The river closed at least ten days earlier than it had kept open two days longer almost every day we have gotten into Dawson all right." ABBIE

### PERSONAL EQUATION.

[Collier's Weekly:] Teacher. If one servant-girl cleans two rooms in two hours, how long would it take a servant-girl to do it?

Little Girl. Four hours.

Teacher. Wrong. It would only take one hour.

Little Girl. Oh, I didn't know you were talking about servant-girls that wasn't on speaking terms.

[Chicago Record:] If Delagua Bay is for sale, probably has about as much ready cash as any other place who want it.



# Stories of the Firing Line ❖❖ Animal Stories.

## Unbearable Interruption.

SOME idea of the character of recent fighting in the Philippines may be gained from a letter written by James J. Corkhill, a Topeka boy with Bell's Thirty-sixth Regiment. The regiment had just taken Porac, and the men were very dirty after a long march, so they all went down to the river to take a bath. Col. Bell himself joined among the bathers. "We were having a fine time splashing about the cool mountain stream," says Corkhill, "when suddenly, ping! crack! boom! and the bullets went splashing into the water all around us.

"When we drove the Filipinos out of town, so secure did we feel that we neglected to put out the customary guard. No one ever thought of them returning, nor did any one think that off in the woods to the right was concealed a large bunch of them. But such was the case, and, finding that we were all in swimming, they made a sneak on us.

"Maybe you think we didn't make our fins fly in getting out of that river! I grabbed my trousers and pulled them on, and that's all I had time to get. Then I made a break for the guns. As I said, the guns were stacked in front of the church and the enemy were at the rear end of the church, and still coming. But the boys got out in a second shape, the new men doing fine, considering it to be their first real initiation. It did not take us long to get on the line and give them a few stiff volleys; then we charged with a yell. They couldn't stand it, and away they went over the swamp and rice dykes with us in hot pursuit.

"That is situated almost at the foot of a ridge of mountains, and we sure made those black men hit the high places going over those hills. The mountains are covered with sharp rocks and brush, and as I had on no shoes, I lost my feet almost off, but we had the consolation of capturing a good many prisoners and seeing the rest of the 'niggers' trot across those hills as they never did before."—[Kansas City Journal.

## Pittsburgh Lee's Arrow Wound.

IT HAS often been noticed that whenever Gen. Pittsburgh Lee visits the White House, he stops to have a chat with Capt. Loeffler, who stands guard at the President's private office and the Cabinet room. This is generally attributed to Lee's pleasant way of treating every one, but it has another origin.

Before the civil war Lee was a lieutenant in the old Second Cavalry, afterward reorganized as the Fifth. Loeffler was a trooper in this regiment, and later a non-commissioned officer. His company was one of the two which were engaged in a sharp fight with the Kiowa and Comanche Indians in the Cimarron country in Texas in 1859. The Indians had taken refuge in a narrow cañon, which could be entered only from one end, and there had thrown up a fortification of logs from behind which they poured a hot fire into the troops. The character of the cañon was such that the horses of the cavalry were useless, and they were left outside, the men advancing on foot. Only a few of the Indians had firearms, the rest using bows and arrows. Had the Indians been as well armed as they have been in later wars, the loss of the whites would have been very large; as it was only four or five soldiers were killed, though the Indian loss amounted to nearly fifty.

A dump was made upon the log fort, and Lee, who was a fighting officer and a wonderful favorite with his men, was the first one to scale the breastwork. The arrows were raining all about him, and one struck him in the back, inflicting a very ugly wound. As he fell, the command was great about him that the arrow was pulled out of his back and thrown to the ground among other arrows, and broken, so that no one could tell afterward where the head had remained in the wound or been removed with the stick. It was impossible, therefore, to know seriously he had been hurt, and he was carried back to the rear, where a litter was improvised of blankets and boughs. He was laid upon this, which was between two horses, and thus he was carried back to the wagon train, a distance of more than one hundred miles through a rough country. Probing showed that the head of the arrow had fortunately been drawn out, and in due time good nursing put the lieutenant on his feet again.

This is an incident in Lee's career which is apparently known to very few. It is of interest, also, that the old Second Cavalry had for its colonel Albert Sidney Johnston and for its lieutenant-colonel Robert E. Lee, and that Lee, of "tactics" fame, and George H. Thomas, were two of its majors. The captain of the company in which Pittsburgh Lee was first lieutenant was Kirby Smith. Loeffler served with credit in the Union army during the civil war, and given his White House detail by President Grant, and was appointed by President McKinley as "military storekeeper" in the regular army, with the rank of captain.—[Evening Transcript.

## For a Trifle.

RE CHAMBERLAIN'S Parliamentary apology for the Boer war, on the ground that he meant to grant Boer concessions but was misunderstood; recalls the quarrel between Poland and Sweden in 1654. In that year, a Polish nobleman became obnoxious to the laws of his country, by reason of his having committed a crime. He fled to Sweden, whereupon John Casimir, King of Poland, wrote to Charles Gustavus, King of Sweden, demanding the surrender of the criminal. The King of Sweden, on receiving the dispatch, noticed that his own name and titles were followed by two "etceteras," while the name of the King of Poland was followed by three. The missing "etcetera" so enraged the King of Sweden that he at once declared war against Poland. The war was carried on with bitterness until 1660, when a peace was signed at Oliva, near Danzig. A contemporary writer (Kochowski) said of his lamentations on the war in these terms: "How dear has this 'etcetera' been to us. With how many

lives have these two potatoes paid for these missing eight letters. With what streams of blood has the failure of a few drops of ink been avenged."—[Collier's Weekly.

## Why He Wanted Blood.

SERGEANT JOHN L. KING, late of the Twentieth Kansas, is writing some clever stories for the Minneapolis Messenger, in which he presents some odds and ends of campaign life. Here is one of his anecdotes:

John Quick secured some beefsteak one day while the regiment lay at Calocan, and was serenely cooking the same, when a stray Mauser hit the pan fair and square and knocked it about a rod, covering Quick with hot grease and scattering the meat broadcast. Quick, smarting with pain and anger, immediately loaded his Springfield, and all day long watched for an opportunity to wreak vengeance. The writer strolled around during the day and was informed: "I went into this war at the call of my country, but since that day—d fool spoiled my meat it has become a personal matter."

## Circumstances Alter Cases.

A PROPOS of the Boer war, a good story is told by the London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian. He says: "I was talking with a lady of the same type as Thackeray's Mrs. Chuff, who said: 'I am the widow of an officer of Britain's navy, and I cannot bear a Radical or a Dissenter.' This lady was vehement in praise of the war, and to my feeble remonstrances declared for all reply that she was a convinced and devoted adherent of Lord Salisbury. I suggested that the present war might be reasonably supposed to be not of Lord Salisbury's but of Mr. Chamberlain's making, whereupon my opponent said, with great vivacity, 'I know what you are going to say. It is quite true Mr. Chamberlain is a Nonconformist. As a rule I should very much object to a Nonconformist statesman. But in the present case he has shown himself so very conscientious that all other considerations are overridden.'"

## ANIMAL STORIES.

### Baby's Life Saved By a Dog.

HARRY THOMAS, a hostler for the Chicago, Harrisburg and Decatur Railroad, while preparing to back up his train for the Union railway depot, heard the whimpering of a child, accompanied by the barking and whining of a puppy dog, and after hunting around in the darkness he found a three-year-old boy, clad only in stockings and pajamas, and a little puppy dog, shivering on the railroad track. He carried the youngster to the nearest fire, and started an investigation. Meanwhile in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Richard O. Shimer, several blocks away, there was the wildest alarm.

The baby had retired nervous and fretful, but finally dropped off to sleep. Shortly after 1 o'clock, Mr. Shimer aroused himself to see how the little one was faring, and he found the crib empty and the side door open. It developed that the child crawled out of its crib without awakening the parents, and after opening the door started off down the railway tracks, accompanied by the little black puppy, always its inseparable companion.

The entire neighborhood was enlisted in the search, and the wildest alarm prevailed until the whereabouts of the little urchin was discovered. Mr. Shimer is connected with the postoffice.—[Indianapolis Correspondence Chicago Journal.

### A Hen That Knew a Thing or Two.

SEVERAL days ago Dr. Alvey of Waverly drove to Morgansfield in a buggy. Upon his arrival here he discovered that one of his hens had ridden all the way with him in the back end of the buggy. The doctor had to go farther down the road, so he "shooed" the hen out of the vehicle and left her here. Dr. Alvey was gone all that day and night and a part of the next. The hen, in the mean time, found her way to Jailer Snodgrass's chicken coop, where she spent the night.

When Dr. Alvey returned to Morgansfield the next day he put his horse in Payne & Neal's livery stable, and, of course, the buggy, belonging to the medicine man was only one of a large number about the stable. But, strange to say, that old hen seemed to know when the doctor returned, and, with a remarkable display of animal instinct, picked out his buggy, got back into her place, and waited for the doctor to start back home.—[Morgansfield (Ky.) Sun.

### A Loyal Dog.

THERE is an English actress in Chicago who owns a pet dog of the white fluffy species. It has been her companion for years, and accompanies her each night to the theater where she is performing, being accommodated with a cosy resting place in the actress's dressing-room.

So accustomed has the animal become to the routine of the theater that it is able to discriminate between an entrance and a "curtain," and would no more think of pressing its personality upon its mistress when she merely comes to her room for a short "wait" or to alter her toilet than he would think of attempting to find his way home without her. He remains in silent, placid content, curled up on his soft cushion from the opening of the play to the close, and not until the orchestra strikes up the national air with which the audience is dismissed does he make any demonstration.

But then he jumps up, barks wildly, and careers around the room, with his tail wagging like a dog gone frantic. To all other strains of music he turns a deaf ear. The band might play the evening through; he would take no notice of it until it played the national hymn. The

dog was sadly nonplussed on first coming to this country, he having been brought up on the English national anthem; but by patient listening and putting two and two together, as sagacious dogs can, he gradually awakened to the new "departure" music, and is now as enthusiastic over "The Star-Spangled Banner" as in his own country he was over "God Save the Queen." When he is at home with his mistress and lying asleep on the hearth rug, the piano is sometimes opened, and for the amusement of visitors the actress will play piece after piece without a break and run right on into the national anthem, when up jumps Fido and rushes around, barking just as he does at the theater. He knows that air means something to him—at the theater the going home; in the house, a lump of sugar.

Once, the actress relates, the dog's knowledge of "God Save the Queen" nearly wrecked a new play on the night of its first production. This was in England. A drama was being represented in which a certain battle scene was depicted, and in the hour of victory a military band marched on the stage playing "God Save the Queen." Fido, accepting this as the usual signal for the home going, rushed out of the dressing-room and on to the stage, and, to the consternation of the players, marched round his mistress, who was in the pathetic position of a wounded heroine, until some one seized the animal and rushed off with him. But the scene for that night was spoiled. Both audience and performers laughed heartily, and the curtain had to be dropped. Fido was not admitted to the theater during the run of that piece.—[Chicago News.

### Tale of a Peacock.

"I HAVE always believed," the colonel said to the Galveston News, "that animals have far more intelligence than they are commonly credited with. I am sure they can talk to one another. A case in point: You see that turkey gobbler and hen out there? Let me tell you an actual fact about them. Last summer L. M. Johnson presented me with a very handsome peacock. He was a splendid bird, and the beauty of his plumage was the wonder of the neighborhood. One afternoon I saw him strutting around and making a magnificent display of his gorgeous tail feathers. Mrs. Turkey looked on admiringly for a while, and then trotted over to where the gobbler was quietly napping under a peach tree. They were engaged for a moment in earnest conversation. Then Mr. Gobbler straightened himself up, stiffened his wings, gave a strut, and proudly spread his tail feathers. Madame gave a contemptuous toss of her head, and evidently laughed at him. I could see the fire in the gobbler's eye, and told Mr. Boubel, my engineer, who was with me at the time, to look out and we would see some fun, and we did. That gobbler marched straight over to where the peacock was, still pirouetting and admiring the glint of the sun on his iridescent plumage, pounced on him, and never let him up until he had picked out the last feather of that gorgeous tail. I gathered up the feathers, put them together, and gave them to Mrs. Gunnison. You can go over the river and see them if you want confirmation of the story. The poor peacock after the loss of his tail took no more interest in life, but pined away and died in less than a month."

### Donkeys Feel the Cold.

IN THE care of donkeys in our climate it is a common mistake to suppose that they are not sensitive to cold. A donkey, on the contrary, cannot begin to stand the degree of cold which is comfortably supported by the horse. In other respects, he is a far easier animal to care for than the horse. As a beast of burden his endurance is greater; he may be fed coarse herbage, and will thrive upon it. His coat needs regular brushing, but not that particular grooming without which the horse cannot be kept in health. In England, the costermonger's donkey is so invaluable to his master that he is known as "the poor man's horse," while in France the "baudet" and in Spain the "borrico"—a larger, heavier type of ass which is used for mule-breeding—is of equal importance.

The term "donkey" refers to the ordinary dun color of the ass's coat, and has come to be the popular name by which he is known to English-speaking people. In the treatment of the donkey the essential thing to remember is to house him warmly in winter, being careful never to expose him to snow or to extreme cold.—Our Animal Friends.

### A New Kind of Rat.

A NEW parasite of the brewing and grain trades has recently made its appearance in Belgium in the form of a quadruped called amstel (hamster?). The amstel belongs to the rat family. Its size is 30 to 35 centimetres, and its tail is no longer than that of a rabbit. On the back it is brown, and the whole under side of the body is an immaculate white. On the sides a black line running the whole length of the body separates the brown color from the white. The amstel does not have the elongated snout of the rat, but has rather a round head like the cat. Altogether, it is a very pretty-looking animal.

The common rat seeks to find shelter in dwellings, magazines or granaries. The amstel, on the other hand, lives in the country. It digs a vast underground habitation, surmounted by a dome, which might be compared to a gigantic mole hill. There it dwells, and in this habitation there are several compartments. The male and the female live apart. The family grows very fast, and the female bears young four times a year.

The habitation is connected by subterranean galleries with the barns or other grain depositories. The amstel is provided with two pockets which it carries on either side of its jaws. When it visits the granaries it fills these pockets with grain and carries it to its habitation.—[Moniteur de la Presse.



## DELFINA.

By Isabel M. Austin.

(Continued.)

IT WAS very early—before sunrise. The sleeping earth lay still and cold in her dull gray robe, awaiting the first warm kiss of the sun. A light north wind blew its icy breath across her, and seemed to bite and sting. The sky was dark and metallic, but unclouded—a glorious day for a mountain climb; and the hour had come for the contest for the eagle's eggs.

Theodore Hayden stepped out into the cheerless twilight, and going to the barn he threw the saddle on his horse, and cinched it tight, almost savagely tight. His movements were swift and definite, and soon the little mustang stood tied to the fence. A few moments later he swung himself upon her back. A rifle was strapped across his shoulders, and his belt was heavy with cartridges. The huge bearskin chaparejos seemed in keeping with the cold morning. His blonde face looked ashen in the early light, but his eyes glowed with a restless fire. He touched the spurs to the horse's flanks and sped toward the beach, intending to take the Rattlesnake Cañon trail from Montecito.

He had gone only a few yards when a Spanish boy came running around a corner ahead of him, wildly gesticulating for him to stop.

"A message and this, from Señorita Camarillo," he said, and handed Theodore a small, carefully-tied parcel. "She says that you are to wear the handkerchief about your throat, that she may be able to know you by it, as you go up the mountain."

The boy stood shivering in his scanty clothing, and evidently waited for something.

"Is that all?" asked Theodore.

"Si, señor; but my mother is sick, and my three sisters, and could you give me money for food?"

Smiling cynically at this threadbare plea of illness, which the Spanish always have ready, he threw the boy a dollar, which caused him to stop shivering and take to his heels.

Riding more slowly, Theodore opened the package, and a delicate perfume greeted him. The rich folds of a red handkerchief, bordered with light yellow, fell over his hands. He touched it gently, his face softened and he raised the dainty silken thing to his lips.

"God bless her," he said fervently. "God bless her!" Typing it carefully around his neck, he spurred his horse again. All at once the gray seemed to have left the landscape. The mountains blushed with a rosy hue, and the dark expanse of the Pacific gleamed with pale azure and pink. The air seemed less harsh.

Every now and then he cast a swift glance backward, but no sign of his rival could he see. Turning from the coast, he rode inland through the curving woodland roads of Montecito Valley and another half hour found him scaling the mountainside, along the chaparral-hidden trail. His heart bounded with new life. The task before him dwindled into child's play; the beauty about him made his senses swim.

The trail became more steep, and his horse picked his way more slowly, now and then loosening a stone which rolled noisily down the bank hundreds of feet to the muddy creek below. The chasms grew awful in their depth, and the gigantic walls and crags rose above and about him, and began to hold him back, relentlessly. Still he pressed on, his sure-footed horse never wavering. He had been told that the eagles built their eyries over the range, up the cliffs, on the other side of the mountains. He would reach Santa Anita ranch that afternoon, and the next day start out fresh and early with a guide.

Although the morning had been so cool, the sun as it rose to noontide grew intensely hot. A few such deceptive days come during every California winter. His horse began to lag, and the spurs were driven into her sides. There was no water this side of the summit, and he seemed perishing with thirst. His face tingled and burned strangely; he thought it must be blistered. The sharp volcanic peaks, multiplying mile after mile, seemed to mock him in their infinite desolate monotony. The beauty here was scorched and branded out of Nature. At last, turning a rugged bend, another view burst upon his gaze. A delicious little clump of pine trees by a green spring, and far beyond, the park-like valley of the Santa Ynez, stretching to the further range of mountains, which lay dim and purple on the distant horizon.

The dripping horse was tied to rest, and Theodore rushed to the spring. He drank deeply, then dashed the cool water over his burning face and hands. There was a simple luncheon in his pack, which he ate, then lay down in the deep shade. He fell asleep, and awakened presently with a start. He began to rub his face. It was aching and throbbing in every vein. He felt that his eyes were swollen, and his lips seemed thick. Looking at his hands, he was horrified to see them mottled and inflamed.

"Great God!" he exclaimed. "I am bitten." He took out his whisky flask and drank half the contents; then hastily saddling the horse, he sprang on her back and dashed wildly on. The breeze that had refreshed him on the ridge, died away when he dropped below the summit, and the sun blazed down with diabolical fury. The quivering waves of heat danced before his fevered eyes, and confused and maddened him. Blindly, desperately, he plunged ahead, scarcely knowing how nor whither, for what seemed an eternity of torture. At last the cañons became more wooded, and the sun's rays seemed to beat less fiercely. He could distinguish between his swollen lids the outline of the ranch buildings. The gate was reached, and the mustang staggered and fell, and he was thrown violently against the fence.

It was cool when he regained consciousness, and he was in bed. Friendly voices sounded near, but he could see nothing. He tried to speak, but his tongue filled his mouth and he could not make a sound. Two Spanish

women were discussing him in their childish, excitable manner.

"Mary! but I thought he was dead, and we could have a wake."

The other voice laughed musically. "Poison oak does not kill. If it did, this one would surely die. It never could have taken him so bad if the plant had not some way touched his skin."

The other clapped her hands softly. "But Marial did you see him beat his head, and try to pick open his eyes with his great red fingers? I had to laugh, even if I must confess it to the father."

"Tut, tut," said the other voice. "The poor wretch will have a sorry time before those eyes are open. It will be three days before he can eat, the best we can do."

"Do you remember the American lady who had it at Santa Ynez? The Americanos always get the poison; the Spanish blood spurns it."

"Oh, si, si, the Señorita Jones. She was swollen twice her size, and even her lover turned sick at the sight of her. In a week her skin came off in great cakes and sores. Holy Mary! how she prayed to die!"

"Ay, yi, yi, the Americanos have their blood diseased." Theodore beat the wall wildly with his hands. They both rushed to his side.

"Oh, señor, you are yourself again! You only have a poisoning from the red oak. It is nothing; we will give you some of the good yerba santa to clean the blood, and you will ride on your way in a week or more. The horse you will not take; he died when you fell. But Señor Lopez shall give you a new one from his band." She untied the handkerchief from his throat. "Hi! but you must have boiled in this hot thing! Every thread is wet;" and she threw it carelessly on the floor.

Theodore waved his hands in desperation. He tried to rise up in bed, but he fell back helplessly. Oh, what had he done to merit this fate! He thought of the fiesta, and Delfina dancing in the arms of the honey-tongued Spaniard. His brain whirled, and he madly cursed the day he was born.

Anselmo Gonzalez that same morning leisurely took his way up the easy graded stage road to the San Marcos Pass. He started half an hour later than Theodore, and was scarcely in the saddle when the sun climbed above the southern mountains. For the first five miles he gave the horse rein and sped over the frosty ground. Then the day began to be warm, and he fell to smoking, and almost dozed as he rode.

By noon he reached the ridge, and stopping at the station house, he refreshed himself with a good luncheon. Then mounting again, he followed the grade down for a few miles, then turned from it and pushed his way through the dense brush to an Indian hut, adobe, and tule-thatched, on the edge of a magnificent grove of madrona trees.

Hearing the horse, a swarthy young half-breed came out. "Good day, Señor Gonzalez," he said in mixed Spanish. "You will tie the horse and rest? The sun is like fire. My mother will soon have you some frijoles. It is all we have, but you are welcome."

"Thank you, Topa," said Anselmo graciously. "But I have once lunched. I will stop a while under your fine shade, however, for I have something to say to you."

The Indian gave a grunt of surprise, and gazed warily at the Spaniard. He brought a bottle of aguardiente from the hut, and after offering it to Anselmo, put up his horse and came back and stood by, waiting. Anselmo lay back idly on the soft carpet of madrona leaves and curling ribbons of red bark. Finishing his cigarito at his leisure, he turned to the man.

They tell me the bald eagles build their nests near here on the crags," he said.

"Si, señor, many there are about."

"Do you know how to get them?"

"Oh, si, si, we take the eggs, so the birds will not increase. They kill many lambs in the valley."

"Buena! I want some eggs, as many as you can find, and I must have them by tomorrow night. Can you get them?"

"Oh, si, if I start at dawn. But it is very hard, señor, and dangerous. The eyries are hung in the sky, and the old birds are fierce for blood." A note of pleading was noticeable in his voice.

Anselmo pulled a handful of gold pieces from his pocket. The man's eyes glistened.

"And mind," the Spaniard went on, his voice growing stern and low. "If you engage in this service for me, not a word of it is ever to escape you to any living soul." He fixed his eyes on the Indian with fierce intensity. The man quailed before the gaze, but the sight of the gold gave him courage.

"I promise, señor," and he crossed himself solemnly.

"And mark you," Anselmo continued. "You break your oath and I'll spill your blood," and he handed him half a dozen gold pieces. "Bring me the eggs and you have twice as much. That will do."

He stretched himself again on the ground and in five minutes was lost in the Spaniard's beloved siesta.

All the next day he lounged and smoked and dreamed under the lovely madrona trees. Old Cajone, Topa's mother, ground the corn on the big flat stones, and made her tortillas with special care. The frijoles also received extra attention, and the jerked venison for the stew was pounded unusually fine. As the day wore on the old hag crooned and labored over her simple cooking, and Anselmo made her heart glad by his praise of it. The lurid sun had dropped behind the peaks of the distant San Rafael Range when Topa returned.

His face was bruised and blood-stained, and his right arm was held in a sling made of a big bandana handkerchief. Anselmo went eagerly to meet him.

"Dios mio! you look like a game cock, bad whipped," he exclaimed. "But what success?"

Topa threw the reins on his horse's neck, and reached for an Indian basket which was strapped to the back of his saddle.

"Here are five, señor, the best I could do. Two of the old nests were deserted, and the others were on the face of precipices too terrible to think of, once a man is on earth again. See, my arm is broken," and the poor fellow's features contorted with agony.

"Ah, that is bad," said Anselmo. "You shall go to Santa Ynez tomorrow and the Fathers will bind it for you. Here

is thrice the amount of gold;" and he passed a handful of yellow coin, and took the basket. The Spaniard, protected by gray tree moss lay five large eggs were snowy white, the others daintily tinted red and red.

The next evening, at the same time, he was exulting to the home of Delfina. The Indian held carefully under his light overcoat, which he held over his arm. The weather had turned cool again, and found Doña Anita and Delfina in the house. The living-room seemed dull enough in its bare, clean and clean swept and dark. The rude furniture was poor. But one beam of brightness shone in the room. Under the high light of a quaint silver candlestick, dipped tallow candles sat Delfina, her eyes glowing with curiosity, and Anselmo's eyes beyond. She wore a pink flowered gown and rose peeped coquettishly from her dark hair and tiny ear.

Doña Anita, flattered by the distinguished presence, rose from a dark corner to her full height. The offending remnant of her last feast, giving her trouble, and one flabby cheek pushed aggressively and made her speech thick. The same eye was also practically shut, but with the beamed indulgently on Anselmo. He swore to his native politeness did not forsake him. He bowed before her, but still looked past her and straight at the roguish eyes of Delfina, who dared not speak.

"Welcome, señor," she said pompously. "You honored us in many days."

"No, señora, I have had business out of the find the town set on fire with the great fiesta."

"Oh, si, si," and the old woman's pursing mouth. "A sorry remnant of our country's glory will I Mary! but my heart is heavy with all this making on;" and she solemnly swayed herself to and fro the back of one fat brown hand with the other. "Happy am I that my dear sainted husband here to see the shameful display. He will be grave as it is! Oh perfidy!"

The younger ones mean no harm, señora, and consoling. "It is the Americanos who are now all Americanos. They roll in the wealth of the throw us the crumbs from their table!"

Just then Delfina dropped a handful of change, she had been toying with, and they rolled to about her feet. Anselmo sprang to pick them up, stooped near her, he placed the basket of the shadow of her dress on the floor. His back was Doña Anita. He shot an eloquent look of triumph. Feeling on the dark floor for the money casually:

"You must have been busy to gather all this. They will make a pretty necklace for a throat."

She bowed her head to take the shining and held them out, and his hand touched hers with thrill. Pleading fatigue from his long ride, his departure, leaving Doña Anita still palpitating rage in her breast, and Delfina on the alert not to be discovered.

[To be continued.]

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### LAST CHRISTMAS UNDER THE CONFEDERATE

"We had some memorable Christmas days during the war," said Mrs. Zebulon B. Vance, United States Senator from North Carolina, correspondent of the Buffalo Express. "That of the ferret from any that had preceded it, because arms against the Federal government and male guests at southern homes that day were uniforms. Much of the talk at the Christmas was of sieges and battles and marches. But full of hope and confidence."

"Christmas, 1864, found us but poorly prepared for it. Our supplies were few and Confederate money was at a heavy discount. Then came the fall of 1863, with the fall of Vicksburg and the defeat of our army. With sad faces, harmonizing well with of coarse black stuff, the women of the South themselves to picking lint and spinning and husbands, fathers, brothers and sweethearts in the South. Of manufactured products we had none. Our hairpins were made of long, black thorns, of sealing wax on the end. We had made every scrap of available material, while our cases in home-made cloth shoes. The slaves, of 'de 'manicured proclamation,' knew the free and had all scattered away. Desolation reigned over everything. Of all the Christmas known that last Christmas in the South in one of all others that I am most certain never to be forgotten."

### THE POPE'S TREASURES

Among the Pope's treasures are thirty thousand emeralds, rubies and pearls, and one of the most magnificent being a present from the king contains a marvelously beautiful blue sapphire valued at \$100,000. Of gold crosses the Pope has more than 318, set with all kinds of precious stones. He has 2100 chalices and 900 ostensories for the use of his host. He possesses eighteen pastoral staves, things being of richly chased silver or of gold with diamonds, emeralds, rubies or other precious stones.

The Pope also possesses a number of statues of silver, these representing the Blessed Virgin, and of the richest jewels. Besides all these jewels, the Pope is said to have amassed \$20,000,000, part of which is in the Bank of England, and various State banks. He is considered by the world as an excellent financier and an accomplished diplomat. Only has he entirely freed the Holy See from debt, every year there is a good surplus.



## GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

## Why He Fought.

WHEN Gen. Grant was President, a certain friend of his came out of the West to see him. One day, just after leaving the White House, this friend fell in with a fellow westerner in the White House grounds, and a heated encounter took place, which suddenly terminated by the general's friend knocking the other man down and out. The matter was hushed up, but the general, naturally indignant, called his friend to account, saying: "John, you've treated me and the office I hold with much discourtesy. Why did you do such a thing?" "Well, it was this way, general," replied the now thoroughly penitent one, "you know there was bad blood between us, and he had set all sorts of stories going about me. Just after leaving you, I ran into him, and he at once accused me of doing a certain thing. As it was a lie, I only laughed at him. Then he accused me of something else, and that being also a lie, I jeered at him again; but his third accusation was true, and, by gad, sir, I couldn't stand that, so I knocked him down."—[New York Tribune.]

## A True Ant Story.

KNOW this is true, because I saw it. And I doubt if any one else has ever seen such a sight. It was in Old Mexico, in a mining camp away in the interior. Sitting one day under the porch, watching the coming in of a burro train, I noticed that the tired and hungry (always hungry) animals, as soon as they were freed from their packs, and had rolled, were poking all about, hunting for stray scraps of anything to eat. Not far from me there were several kernels of corn, which each burro sniffed over and let alone. Strange, I thought. There seemed to be a large quantity of black, curled hair half buried in the corn, lifted by the wind occasionally, but not blowing away. And it was when the burros touched, or sniffed the curled hair that they left the corn. The burros looked as if the contents of an old cushion had been pulled out and thrown on our little plaza. On going closer, and examining this fluffy mass, I found to my astonishment that it was composed of dead ants. And this is how it happened: We had been troubled by having the ants carry off our corn from the big bin in the store, and some one had thought of a scheme to catch them, by placing bowls and cups in the bin, sunk just to the edge of the corn. Then the ants, each with a big kernel balanced over his back, when he got on the smooth edge, fell in. Of course he could not get out. And in that way the corn was filled in two or three days. And it was this which made the not-over-particular burros object to the corn.

The way the ants got away with the corn was this: I was called to see the sight. The open top of the bin seemed alive. All the surface was moving. Each kernel was on the back of an ant, moving toward the front edge. When there they would drop, each with his load, to the floor, and fall in with the procession moving across the floor. It was a sight to behold. And it is a fact that they get away with an immense quantity in a very short time.

In some ants stripped some wild flowers and roses from the stems, leaving only a few sticks in the vases in my room. They were not quite through when I awoke, and saw the last of the performance. A procession of ants was moving down the white wall, from the window sill. Then around to the door, away from the outside room, and then out of doors. They were carrying on some leaves, and I could hear the snip-snapping cut out their pieces, each as large as a silver dollar, and carried over their backs like sails.

MRS. A. F. GOWAN.

## His Ride On the Fender.

ACROSS from Lawrence street to Platte on the corner of a Tramway car was the diversion of a gentleman whose name is unknown to fame, recently. He didn't ride either.

A North Side car had stopped at Lawrence street for its passengers when the unknown, weighed with Christmas cheer, which made the world seem wide and unsteady to him, essayed to cross in front of the car. The stranger was exceedingly deliberate, and the motorman rang the bell impatiently. The stranger paused in the middle of the track, poised himself to take aim, and shot a reproachful glance at the front of the car. The representative of the overbearing corporation thereupon gave the lever a tug, and the car moved slowly forward. The front of the car hit the defiant celebrator, and he gracefully slid on the comfortable curves of the fender.

The car stopped again, and the motorman said: "Get off there."

"You come out and get me off. I didn't get on myself. You put me on."

The car was behind time, and the conductor struck two punitive strokes on the bell. Away sailed the car, with the passenger wedged securely in his airy seat.

The motorman beckoned the conductor forward, and they had a consultation. When the car reached the crossings of the tracks, and the conductor ran ahead to see that all was clear, he approached the tenant of the fender with a friendly smile.

"You, please."

"You nothing. After you kidnapped me helpless on the floor. It's damages that I'm wanting."

"Well, then, get off."

"Get me off and I'll sue the company. You've got me on again my will, and I'll stay as long as I want."

The man's responses were tinged with pungent provocation, and the conductor walked back to the end of the car.

A saloon sign had not caught his eye, he might, have seen the end of the line. At Platte street he rolled

off upon the asphalt, picked himself up, waved a derisive adieu, and marched toward a place where he thought more Christmas cheer was obtainable.—[Denver Republican.]

## Breaking It Gently.

THE doctor came into the room, rubbing his hands and smiling.

"Everything all right?" asked the man who was anxiously waiting for him.

"Couldn't be better," returned the doctor.

"Good!" said the man, with a sigh of relief. Then, when he saw that the doctor intended to say nothing more, he asked, with some hesitation: "Er—ah—boy or girl?"

"The doctor stopped rubbing his hands, and looked a trifle uneasy, as if the task before him were not just to his liking.

"Well," he said at last, "you'll need a tandem bicycle for it."—[Tit-Bits.]

## Didn't Know the Race.

REPRESENTATIVE BARTHOLOMT of Missouri was one of the numerous statesmen who spent a portion of the summer abroad. They are telling a story of one of his experiences in the fatherland which may or may not be true. It is sufficient to say that Mr. Bartholdt does not tell it on himself and is not able to see why anybody else should be amused by it.

As the story is told, Representative Bartholdt is said to have made a call on Kaiser William during his stay abroad. He writes himself as a German-American, and, as such, sought an audience with His Majesty. According to the reports, the Kaiser heard the appeal with amazement, saying to the messenger:

"German-American? German-American? Why, that is something new. I have heard of Germans and of Americans, but I never heard of German-Americans, and do not know anything about a race of German-Americans. I will have to inquire if the nation is represented at my court. Inform the gentleman I cannot see him."—[Washington Post.]

## What Could He Do?

THAT a man should think several times before he speaks never impressed me so strongly as it did the other day," remarked a well-known young man.

"What's the trouble?" questioned a friend.

"Well, it don't amount to much," continued the young man. "But it will serve as an example for me. You know Jones? Well, if you know Jones he has probably borrowed enough money from you to give you reason to remember him. Yes, well, I lent Jones \$5 not long ago, and the other day he met me on the street. I thought it was for another touch, and I got awfully busy right away.

"Say," said Jones, "have you got a \$5 bill about you?"

"I hurriedly told him that I was dead broke, and continued on my journey.

"Well," cried Jones, when I was a few feet away, "I thought if you had \$5, I've got a \$10 bill here, and I could pay you what I owe you." He shook the money at me, but I hurried up, and I cursed my luck. I met him yesterday again, and he popped a similar question to me. I pulled out some money, selected a five, thinking he was going to give me a ten in return. Let me have that until next week, old man," he remarked, and what could I do?"—[Detroit Free Press.]

## An Electrician With an Appetite.

THOMAS EDISON used to have Nikola Tesla working for him in his studio near Park. Tesla came to him one day asking for work, and Edison, who needed help, referred him to the foreman, named Fulton. The latter took the young foreigner on condition that he would work. This Tesla did. For three days and nights he never closed his eyes. At the end of the first fortnight he had not had forty-eight hours' sleep altogether, and Fulton, the foreman, made him take a rest. He also said to the young man that on account of the strain both had been under they would better have a good meal. Accordingly, the foreman and the student went to a well-known café in one of the boulevards and got one of the biggest and thickest steaks possible. It was enormous, and seemed to be overwhelming for two. Besides, the garnishings were liberal, and there was enough good wine. Between them, however, they managed to make everything disappear, and then Fulton, turning to Tesla, asked him if there was anything else he would like. "You're out with me, you know, and whatever you want, just order it," Tesla looked vaguely around for a minute, as if making up his mind, and then, hesitatingly, said: "Mr. Fulton, if you don't mind, I would like another steak."—[Chicago News.]

## What Her Papa Sold.

REV. JOSEPH WYTHE, a prominent Methodist divine, now stationed in Northern California, has an exceptionally bright little daughter. One day herself and wife, with this little lassie, aged 4 years, were riding in the cars. Two little boys, the sons of commercial travelers, were talking to the little girl about their respective papas and what they did. One little lad said, "My papa sells shoes," and the other said, "Mine sells paper, and," turning to the little girl, "what does your papa sell?" For a moment the child hesitated, but, not to be outdone by boys, she replied, with the air of a duchess, "My papa sells talk."

## A Christmas Near the North Pole.

"I THINK Christmas, 1883, was my most memorable one," said Gen. Greely, the Arctic explorer. "With my command I was proceeding southward in the hope of obtaining help, and about the 20th of October we ensconced ourselves in a little hut at Cape Sabine. Our supply of food was running very low, and we were on very short rations, every one being allowed just food enough in each twenty-four hours to sustain life. Under these depressing circumstances, and amid the awful silence of the Polar night, the cheerfulness that we continued to maintain was remarkable. Christmas day came at last—Christmas in the Arctic regions! At 6 o'clock we had our breakfast—thin soup made of peas, carrots, blubber and potatoes.

Our Christmas dinner was served at 1 o'clock. First course, a stew of seal meat, onions, blubber, potatoes and bread crumbs. Second course, served one hour after first, a stew of hot chocolate. One of our party had some tobacco still left, and he very kindly made a cigarette for each one in our little party. I will wager that in all Christendom that day not another present was given or received that gave such intense delight to the recipient as did those little rolls of tobacco and paper. They were quickly aflame and being puffed away at for dear life, and thus my most memorable Christmas—a Christmas near the North Pole—ended in smoke."—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

## A Jackass That Prospected.

MINING is the most fascinating business under the sun," said Joseph H. Keep of Spokane, Wash., at the Hotel Imperial yesterday. "Once the fever of it gets into a man's bones, he never lets go until advancing years, death, or, in some few cases, the actual making of a strike, puts an end to his labors as a prospector. The stories of some of the finds and the fortunes made thereby are really wonderful. For instance, take that of 'Harry' Baire and 'Dutch' Jake, who are running a variety house in Spokane today. Together they grubstaked N. S. Kellogg and Phil O'Rourke to a miner's outfit, and a man named Peck staked them to a jackass. The tales differ as to how the discovery was actually made. The jackass, in any event, got lost, and one story is to the effect that when found he was pawing the earth and had uncovered the mines. The other and more probable story is that in hunting for the jackass they came across the outcrop of these mines—that are today the greatest lead mines in the world; or, rather, lead mine, since they have been consolidated. Kellogg, however, allowed the time for filing the record of location to elapse, and then he and O'Rourke located anew, calling one the Bunker Hill and the other the O'Sullivan mine. They tried to freeze out Peck, who had grubstaked them to the jackass, and Peck brought suit, claiming that he was entitled to an interest in the mines. Peck won his suit, and the decision handed down by the court in his favor is famous throughout the West. It reads something as follows: 'Inasmuch as the jackass, Phil O'Rourke and N. S. Kellogg discovered the Bunker Hill and O'Sullivan mines, we find that the plaintiff is entitled to the proportion belonging to the jackass.' The defendants compromised with Peck for \$80,000, and later sold the mines for \$700,000, and today they are worth millions.

"To his honor it is held in memory in the West that Kellogg immediately retired the jackass from further work, and he lived to a good and fat old age, grazing on the finest meadow lands of Oregon, at a monthly expense of \$20 to Kellogg."—[New York Tribune.]

## He Wanted the Best.

"YES," said a rich Oklahoma farmer to G. Lowell Miller yesterday, "I am proud of my girls, and would like to see them comfortably married, and as I have made a little money they will not go to their husbands penniless. There's Mary, 25 years, a real good girl. I shall give her \$5000 when she is married. Then comes Bet, who won't see 35 again, and I shall give her \$10,000; and the man who takes Eliza, who is 40, will have \$15,000 with her." G. Lowell, reflected a moment or so, then inquired: "You haven't one about 50, have you?"—[Oklahoma State Capital.]

## Shrewd as David Harum.

"I BOUGHT a copy of 'David Harum' just before I came to Washington," said Representative Lacey of Oskaloosa, Iowa, "and sent it to one of our consular officers abroad whose home is in my district. We used to have a man in Oskaloosa, much respected by our citizens, who had many points of resemblance with the chief character in that excellent book. He is dead now, but was a partner in a local bank.

"In those days the local banks used to keep large deposits in Chicago. The gentleman whom I have in mind went over to Chicago. He was shown around by the proprietor of the Chicago bank, where his funds were deposited. The Chicagoan called attention to his new bank, with its onyx counter, brass railings, and other accessories. Then he took him up to his residence, recently completed and equipped with every modern convenience. After that he conducted our Oskaloosa citizen to his new stable, with its hardwood doors and splendid equipment for the care of horses and carriages, and pointed out the equine in gilt that swung as a weather vane at the top of the building.

"The Iowa returned to Oskaloosa in deep thought. He immediately consulted his partner.

"How much money have we in the Chicago bank?" he asked.

"About \$14,000."

"Draw it out, every cent of it. Our banker there's going to bust up. Why, he's got a gold horse on top of his stable."

"And sure enough in a few months he did fail.

"Now, if that wasn't David Harum sense," added Judge Lacey, "I should like to know it."—[Chicago Post.]

## The Reason Why.

A GENTLEMAN was riding on one of the coaches in the Trossachs of Scotland, when the driver said to him: "I've had a coin giv me today 200 years old. Did you ever see a coin 200 years old?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply; "I have one myself 2000 years old."

"Ah," said the driver, "have ye?" And he spoke no more during the rest of the journey.

When the coach arrived at its destination the driver came up to the gentleman with an intensely self-satisfied air and said:

"I told you as we came along that I had a coin 200 years old."

"Yes."

"And you said to me as you had one 2000 years old?"

"Yes, so I have."

"Now, you be a liar!"

"What do you mean by that?"

"What do I mean? Why, it's only 1899 now!"—[Answers.]



## SUGAR AND GOLD.

HOW FORTUNES ARE MADE IN UTAH  
OUT OF BEETS AND MINES.

From Our Own Correspondent.

SALT LAKE CITY (Utah), Jan. 8, 1900.—I visited today one of the largest beet-sugar centers in the United States. It is in the valley of the Great Salt Lake, within a few hours' ride of Salt Lake City, and the company which owns it will make in the neighborhood of 18,000,000 pounds of white sugar this year.

The beet-sugar industry is increasing enormously. There are now immense factories in a dozen different States, and twenty new ones have been erected this year. In Michigan alone eight beet-sugar factories have been constructed; there are new factories in Idaho, and there are two very large ones in Utah. California alone produced more than 90,000,000 pounds of beet sugar in 1899. Michigan expected to produce about 60,000,000 pounds, and Nebraska, Minnesota, Illinois and New York each turned out sugar by the millions of pounds. The industry is springing up in Oregon and also in New Mexico, and it will be within a short time a profitable industry in half of the States of the Union.

### Money in the Sugar Business.

It is estimated that more than 200,000,000 pounds of beet sugar was made last year, and that this amount will be considerably increased in 1900. We are now paying out about \$100,000,000 annually to foreign countries for sugar. We are using more sugar every year. Our teeth get sweeter, and we have more of them. In 1880 the average was only forty pounds per capita, or about four-fifths of a pound per week for a person. In 1898 it had increased

afraid of them. Bishop Cutler and his assistants went about from schoolhouse to schoolhouse lecturing on the profits to be made out of beet farming. Now they have more applications for seed than they can supply. They have in the neighborhood of 4300 acres under cultivation, and next year expect to direct the putting in of more than 8000 acres. The land, it must be remembered, belongs to the farmers, but the company regulates just what shall be used and how much of it shall be planted.

### Beet Raising Not Easy Work.

I asked Bishop Cutler to tell me how sugar beets are raised. He replied: "The ground must first be thoroughly prepared. Then the beets are planted from the seed, the seed being drilled in in rows about eighteen inches apart. We have a drill that puts in four rows at a time. After the beets have come up we have them thinned out, so they stand six or eight inches apart in the row. They have to be hoed and kept clear from weeds, and within five months they are ready for making sugar. The beets are then from twelve to eighteen inches long, about four or five inches thick at the top, and they weigh from a pound to a pound and a half each. We don't want large beets. The small beets have the sweetest juice, and make the best sugar. We try to have them run as near to a pound and a quarter as possible.

"How many beets does it take to make a pound of sugar?" I asked.

"It requires from six to eight," was the reply. "Eight is about the average. The number varies according to the soil and climatic conditions. Some regions will produce more sugar to the beet than others."

### Beet Sugar vs. Cane Sugar.

"How does beet sugar compare with cane sugar, Mr. Cutler? I have heard it said that cane sugar is the sweeter."

"That is not true," was the reply. "A sugar crystal is a sugar crystal the world over. Pure sugar made from cane is just as sweet and no sweeter than pure sugar made from beets."

one to the other the sugar water comes out. The juice of sweetness is extracted, and at the end, without any more sugar has been taken from the beet, and the juice is mixed up in the form of a dirty black liquid, which is not unlike ink. The refuse or pulp is carried off by machinery, and is piled up in vats out of doors for the burning of stock.

### A Pipe Line of Sugar Water.

The factory where I saw this done was twenty miles away from the factory in which the sugar is turned into sugar. The juice is pumped from one factory to the other through a 3-inch pipe, a continuous line of sugar water flowing from one to the other. The line has just been opened. It is twenty-two miles long and is the longest sugar-water pipe line in the States. The pipe enables the juice to be extracted from the beets in the fields, and saves an enormous amount of money in the transportation of the beets.

### Utah's New Gold Mines.

During the trip to the sugar works I had a chance to see Gov. Wells on the present condition of mining in Utah. The miners of the State have never been more prosperous than they are now. There are thousands of new prospectors, and every week or so new territory is discovered. Some of the old territory is developing new mines.

"One of the most remarkable strikes we have had recently," said Gov. Wells, "was that made by Samuel H. Wells, a man from Pennsylvania. He came to Utah about two years ago and bought the Highland Boy, in the Bingham district. He thought he was buying a low-grade gold mine, and put up a cyanide mill to work it. He went down, however, he struck one of the richest veins of copper known to the world. At first he did not know anything about the copper. He did not consider it worth working, and covered it up and went on with his gold mine. Later on, however, he discovered its value, and when he has capitalized that mine at \$12,000,000 in the stock and sold it to eastern parties. The stock is now worth about \$1.50, so that the real value of the mine is \$18,000,000."

"Where is the Bingham district, Gov. Wells?" I asked. "It is just about twenty miles from the city of Salt Lake," he replied. "It is very rich in silver and copper. It is an old camp that has produced a great deal in the past."

### Eastern Capitalists After Utah Mines.

"You speak about the mine being sold to eastern parties," said I. "Is there much eastern capital coming in?" "Yes; a great deal. The eastern people seem to be after our mines. We used to have to go down on our knees and ask them to come out and look at them. Now they come to us. They have their experts traveling all over the State for good things. It is no trouble to sell a good mine now."

"Among the men who have been buying many mines in Utah," Gov. Wells went on, "are the Guggenheims. This is a very wealthy family. There is an old man, his seven sons, and together they represent about \$100,000,000. They are engaged in smelting and mining, and have recently formed an exploration company to prospect mining property, and, among others, have been largely in Utah. They have a large number of mines which they run independently of the smelter trust."

"How about the mines of Mercur and Tintic?"

"They are doing very well, indeed," replied Gov. Wells. "At Mercur the ore lies in a great blanket not far from the surface. It is a low-grade ore, but it is paying well. De la Mar has an enormous property there. The old Mercur continues to pay as well as ever, and are other properties which are steady dividend payers."

"The Tintic district is about ninety miles south of Salt Lake, right in the mountains. It is highly mineralized, containing gold, silver, lead and copper. Among the mines the Bullion Beck continues to pay. The Coeur d'Alene was recently sold for \$5,000,000. I think parties bought it."

"Another region that is paying well in the district is about Park City. The Ontario has already produced about \$30,000,000 of silver and lead. The Daily-West mines are big producers, and the King, which was discovered about 1890, has, I think, \$5,000,000 in sight. Altogether, Utah is developing riches in all classes of mines every year. The State has hardly been scratched, and we really don't know what we have."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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### HER DEFINITION OF AN AGNOSTIC.

[Washington Star:] A certain well-known and interesting woman is, or was till recently, head mistress of a boarding-school for girls here in town. The institution permit the pupils to receive their friends on every evening at one, and it was on one of these reception occasions that the head teacher, passing through the library, noticed one of the younger girls listening intently to a self-satisfied-looking young man. She was saying seemed half to herself, half to the young man, "Oh, Miss Blank," she asked, in a voice full of admiration, "what is an agnostic?" Mr. Spats answered, "one."

The head mistress stopped short and turned on a look that made his ears turn scarlet. "An agnostic," said she, "is a very young man who says he knows nothing, but who thinks he knows everything."

### A FAIR EXCHANGE.

[Chicago Times-Herald:] A certain joke writer, weary by excessive coinage of bonmotographs, laid himself down to sleep. Near to his hand there was a pencil and a piece of paper for who can tell "what dreams will come?" In the dim light he saw a thief calmly appropriating his pen. "Excuse me for taking your time," murmured the thief. "Certainly!" grinned the joke writer; "the pen cost only a dollar and I can sell your remark for the same."



to sixty-two pounds, and it is now estimated that on the average every man, woman and child in the United States eats at least one and one-half pounds of sugar every week.

There is lots of money in the sugar business. The Utah company has been paying regular cash dividends of from 10 per cent. to 12 per cent. per annum, in addition to a number of stock dividends. I think they paid about 20 per cent. in 1898. Their stock is now 50 per cent. above par. It is the same with many of the other sugar companies, and the business has undoubtedly come to stay. Many of the factories belong to the beet-sugar trust. Others, like those of Utah, are still running independently, and some of them say that they intend to continue to do so.

The factories here are owned largely by the Mormons. They prefer to keep them in their own hands, because they can help their own farmers by giving them fair prices for the raising of their beets.

### How the Beets Are Raised.

It was in company with Bishop Thomas R. Cutler and a crowd of Mormons that I took the train to visit the big beet-sugar factory at Lehi. We rode about forty miles from Salt Lake down the valley, now passing trainloads of cars filled with white beets, now going by great fields, in which the green-top beets were being plowed out of the ground by the farmers and now seeing long lines of teams carrying them to the railroad or the factory. Beet raising is fast becoming the chief industry of this section. The company controls the product. It allots to each farmer just so many acres of his own land for beets every year, and no more. The usual amount is from five to six acres. The company furnishes the seed and plants the land for the farmer, and agrees to take the beets of him, when they are raised, at a certain fixed price. The charge for seed and planting is about \$2.75 an acre, and it costs the farmer in labor about \$35 per acre to raise the crop. This includes pay for his own labor and that of his family, so that in actual money outlay the cost is low. From each acre he can raise from thirteen to fifteen tons of beet, for which he can get cash at the factory to the amount of \$4.50 per ton, so that he clears from \$25 to \$30 per acre, and at the same time has big pay for the labor of himself and his children.

At first the farmers would not raise the beets. They were

"By the way," continued Bishop Cutler, "have you noticed how the beet-sugar consumption is increasing? A few years ago the world ate nothing but cane sugar. In 1860 the consumption was 351,000 tons of beet sugar and 1,092,000 tons of cane. In 1880 the world used 1,748,000 tons of beet sugar and 1,911,000 tons of cane sugar. Last year almost 5,000,000 tons of beet sugar were used and not quite 3,000,000 tons of cane. The day will come when the beet sugar will crowd the cane sugar out of the markets."

"How about the cane fields of our new possessions? I understand that they can raise sugar very cheaply in Porto Rico and the Philippines?"

"That may be so," said Bishop Cutler, "but we are now utilizing the product of our beet-sugar factories, so that we can make sugar cheaper than ever. It now sells for about 5 cents a pound. I won't tell you just how cheaply we can make it, for that is a business secret, but I will say it does not cost us 4 cents a pound. After we take the sugar out of the beet we use the pulp for feeding cattle. It makes excellent feed, and fattens the animals very quickly. The pulp will keep indefinitely, and we can use it a year after the sugar has been taken out of it. It grows sour, but the animals seem to like it. We will be feeding over two thousand cattle during the coming year."

### At a Beet-sugar Factory.

By this time we had reached the factory, a big three-story building filled with curious machinery. On one side of it were two sheds, each of which it seemed to me was half a mile long. To these came long lines of teams dragging wagon loads of beets. Each team brought two or more tons. The beets were weighed on the wagons before they were unloaded, and the men were paid cash according to the weight. From the sheds the beets were carried by water into the factory, elevated by machinery in great buckets on endless chains to the top floor, being washed by machinery as they went. The next process was cutting them in pieces. This was done by little knives, which sliced them into pieces about the length and thickness of a slate pencil. The pieces looked very much like little shreds of mashed potatoes when squeezed through a colander. Each shred was full of juice. I picked up one and bit into it. It tasted sweet, but it had also a sharp, bitter taste, much like that of a raw beet.

The cut beets are next run through great caldrons or cells, comprising a diffusion battery. As they go from



## TRANSFERENCE OF THOUGHT.

SOME MARVELOUS STORIES FROM THE  
PEN OF W. T. STEAD.

By a Special Contributor.

I HAVE now for several years conducted a series of experiments of automatic writing with friends in various parts of the world, and have arrived, after much experience, at certain conclusions, about which I feel tolerably certain. "Automatic handwriting" is a term used to describe writing which is obtained when the recipient, holding pen or pencil, places his hand lightly upon a sheet of paper, and allows the mind of the communicating persons to use that hand as their own. To many it may seem incredible that if you disconnect, as it were, your hand from your mind, and place it at the disposal of a third party, your hand should write anything intelligible. I do not say all persons have that faculty. I was extremely surprised when I was first told that such a thing was possible. But after a very little practice I found no difficulty and to this day I have only to make my mind passive, place my hand with a pen upon a sheet of paper, to ring up, as you may, on the telepathic exchange, any friend of the certain of those who can write with my hand, and my hand then writes a letter addressed to me, which differs only from the letters which the person would write himself in that it is in a different handwriting from his own or from my own, and is usually much more frank and outspoken than if it had been written by his hand, instead of by mine. The conclusions at which I have arrived as the result of experiments carried on for the last six or seven years are:

### Conclusions as to Automatic Writing.

First, that no one can say beforehand whether any particular person can or cannot use my hand for the purpose of telepathy or automatic handwriting. Some friends, who are very near and dear to me, utterly fail. Others with whom I am not on particularly near terms, write with considerable accuracy.

Secondly, it is not in the least necessary for the person who writes with your hand to be conscious that you are receiving such a communication from him, that is to say, you ring up your friend, and ask him to communicate by the aid of my automatic hand. That message does not, as a rule, produce the least impression upon his physical consciousness. The friend will use my hand to tell me a whole series of incidents which he did not intend to communicate to me.

Thirdly, it makes no difference for the receipt of the telepathic communications whether the person from whom you receive them is asleep or awake, or is engaged in any kind of mental or physical exercise. The sub-conscious mind which alone is exercised in all such telepathic transmission, takes no account of these external circumstances, is always ready to be rung up, and never resents any question.

Fourthly, the most accurate communications are always those relating to subjects upon which the person from whom the communication is received feels deeply. An intense feeling, either of joy or sorrow, is transmitted not merely with accuracy, but with a certain intensification of emotion, whereas the inquiries as to prosaic details, such as what they may have had for dinner, or by what train they came up to town, are apt to be answered quite wrongly.

Fifthly, the value of these auto-telepathic communications is materially impaired by the fact that the transmitting sub-conscious mind or whatever it may be, is apt to be thought with things, and to describe a fierce intention to do harm as if the harm were absolutely committed. In the same way, a great dread lest an accident should occur, will often be rendered as an absolute statement, as a fact that the accident has occurred.

Sixthly, another element which deprives the communications of the value which at one time I thought they might possess, is that the communicating medium, whatever it may be, is sublimely oblivious to consideration of time, that is to say, my hand has often written accurate descriptions of the mental state of a person from whom the message came, which were perfectly accurate some years, months, weeks or even hours before, but which were not correct at the moment at which the message was written. This, however, is a comparative bagatelle, compared with the element of marvel that is introduced by the fact that the automatic hand will frequently describe events as having already happened which have not happened at all, but which subsequently happened exactly as described. I have had so many experiences of this sort that if any one of my friends were to write with my hand and inform me that any accident or piece of good fortune had befallen him, if the message were given with any particularity of detail, I should feel tolerably certain that if it had not happened at the time of writing, it would certainly happen before long. I always make a rule of submitting all the writing which I believe to my friends from which it purports to be a communication, and their sensations are extremely interesting.

### Two Men in One.

My experiments shed a curious light upon the problem of the different personalities which are in each of us. The part of my friends that writes with my hand, whether we call it a sub-conscious mind or whatever it may be, has an existence quite independent of the physical consciousness of which alone my friends know anything. The difference between the two is very marked, although it varies considerably, according to the individual. As a rule, the sub-consciousness of my friends that writes with my hand is recognized by my friends themselves as better informed than they are themselves; that is to say, when my hand begins to write in the name of, we will say, William Smith, it is quite possible that my hand will write the name of William Smith. William Smith's body at that moment is very angry or in a very discontented state, and the thing that writes with my hand has been doing

its utmost to induce him not to give way to such tempers, but that it has failed, largely owing to the condition of his health. On consulting with William Smith afterwards, he will tell me that he remembered distinctly at the time of the writing that he was conscious of something striving with him, urging him not to give way to such tempers; but what it was he did not know, though perhaps it was conscious.

Another, and perhaps the chief characteristic of the communications received thus telepathically, is that they are surcharged more or less with the atmosphere of the transmitting agent; that is to say, the experiences, the expressions of feeling, that are written by my hand, while they express the sentiments of the transmitter, are colored, heightened and perhaps intensified by the temperament of the recipient. This is easily to be explained, for the transmitter, in using my hand, has not only his own faculties, but mine to draw upon. In the same way, the communications that I receive from my friends' auto-telepathic handwriting, are much more frank and unreserved than any which they would ever dream of writing with their own fingers. My own experiences, therefore, justify me in feeling confident that, given a little more time and patience, and study of the laws that govern this system of thought-transference, it will be possible for us in time to communicate with each other as accurately without the aid of any instrument as we now do with the aid of the telephone or the wireless telegraph.

The question of apparitions is closely connected with that of telepathy. Most of the best recorded instances of apparitions are those which take place at the moment of death when what appears to be the actual person of the dying appears to a friend, or lover at some distance. Such apparitions have always occurred, and continually occur. It is one point upon which the testimony of the human race is absolutely uniform, and the carefully recorded instances noted in the portly volumes of the proceedings of the Psychological Research Society sufficiently attest the reality of the phenomena which the ignorant and superstitious regard as a reason for idle derision or foolish fear.

### Photograph of a Double Personality.

But it is not only at the moment of death that apparitions of the living have been seen. Personally I have only seen two, but in both of these cases there was absolutely no doubt as to the reality of the apparition or as to the fact that the body to which it belonged was that moment in one case a mile distant and in another five or six miles distant from the spot where their apparitions appeared. In the latter case there was no doubt as to the apparition, for the phantasm appeared in church, and sat out the sermon in full view of the congregation and of the minister. But during the time that this phantasm or double sat or stood in the church, she was asleep in her bedroom, six miles away, under the influence of an opiate which had been administered by a doctor twelve hours before. She was much too weak and ill to have made the journey. I also succeeded in twice obtaining a photograph of her double. On one occasion the double appeared upon the plate standing a little behind the original. On the other occasion, the double was photographed while the person herself was at home at a distance of about a mile from the studio where the portrait was made. It is maintained by those who profess to know more of the laws of this strange phenomenon than I can profess to do, that a mind is capable of fashioning for itself a thought-body, which sometimes has all the consistency of the original, and of revealing this body at any point where the mind wishes it to appear.

### An Indian Apparition.

I will conclude this paper by quoting a narrative which reached me from a correspondent in India, in whose good faith I have every reason to believe. The story is as follows:

"An engine-driver on our line died suddenly the other day through a sudden stoppage of the heart's action, presumably 'heart disease,' and, as the doctor stated, brought on through extensive use of alcohol. This driver died at Bulsar, a distance of 124 1/2 miles from the Bombay, Baroda & Central India Railway's terminus, and from Parel, where he resided, 113 1/2 miles. As a general rule drivers adopt a system of having a double set of bedding and pillows, etc., so that at the end of their 'run' they retire to the running-room and get their meals or rest until they have to return with another engine or train to Bombay. This driver, therefore, like the remainder, had a bed here, (at Parel) and one at Bulsar, so that everything would be clean and comfortable on his arrival. On the morning of his sudden demise, he arrived at the running-room at Bulsar, and ordering something to be prepared for a meal, went to lie down. He suddenly felt very unwell, and on getting up fell in the arms of another man present, and immediately expired.

"The dead man's brother, who works in the 'running shed' at Parel, received a telegram informing him of his brother's death, and as it was near recess hour (noon) he went off home to the house where both brothers lodged. The brother's intention being to go by the mail train that night, and as the dead brother's bedding was already rolled up he asked his landlady to undo it and place several necessary articles in it, while he went to obtain leave from his foreman. When the landlady unrolled the bedding, in which were two pillows, one on top of the other, she discovered, to her dismay, upon the pillow slip of the underneath one, a distinct likeness or impression of the dead man's face; not in profile, but full face. The Dhoobi had that morning brought the clean clothes from the wash, and the pillow slips had been put on quite clean, pending the return of the dead man, who, of course, did not return in the flesh, but may have returned in the spirit. The likeness (of the impression) to the dead man, although in some parts rather vague, or, I might say, faded, is still so clearly the features of the man as to leave no doubt as to whom the features belong—to those who knew him in life. I have seen the man sometimes on his engines, but do not know him intimately, as he belongs to quite another branch of the railway system; but, when I saw the pillow-case, I immediately recognized the features as those belonging to the dead man, and the peculiar patch of hair he had brushed back from his forehead, which used to be very conspicuous when his hat was off. The impression appeared to be of an oily-black or brownish-yellow kind of

splotch, such as might have been produced by a man dirty and oily by the very nature of his particular work, after a long 'run,' lying face downward just as he got off his engine. But why should it have been on the pillow-case miles away from the man, and on that which the man laid his head on (of course after washing himself and in every way preparing for six hours of rest from his oily duties) and where he was present not having anything on it? The thing as far as I am concerned is genuine enough, even to the landlady's fright, who made every one living near aware that something unusual was in the wind, and of course people rushed in to find out what the woman was shouting for, and declaring that she would not go in that house again whilst that 'uncanny thing' was there. My daughter asked the brother two days after to allow her to bring the pillow slip for my gratification, and that is how I came to see it. I rubbed it, smelt it, examined it with a large magnifying glass and thoroughly satisfied myself that there was no hoax as far as I was concerned, and having decided to send this case to you (as it may be useful to you) here it is."

W. T. STEAD.

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## CONCERNING EARTHQUAKES.

By a Special Contributor.

ALTHOUGH the terrible effects often produced by earthquakes have in all ages forced themselves upon the attention of man, it is only within the last forty years that the phenomena have been subjected to exact investigation, thus bringing into existence a new science called seismology.

Many and curious have been the theories evolved concerning earthquake phenomena. The great earthquake in Lisbon, in 1755, led the Rev. John Michell, professor of mineralogy at Cambridge, England, to inquire into the subject; and in 1760 he published in the "Philosophical Transactions" a remarkable essay on "The Cause and Phenomena of Earthquakes." He considered that the earth possessed a liquid interior, while its exterior was a thin crust, through which waves might be generated in this subterranean liquid, such waves shaking the flexible crust and producing the shocks of an earthquake. His illustration of the movements of the ground was that of a loose carpet thrown into undulations by being shaken at one corner.

Modern seismologists, however, believe that an earthquake is a vibratory motion, propagated through the solid material of the earth, much in the same way that sound is propagated by vibrations in the atmosphere. Dr. Thomas Young, in a book entitled "Lectures on Natural Philosophy," first stated this theory in 1807.

Volger and Mohr, two German seismologists, have suggested that some of the small earthquakes felt in Germany may be referred to the falling-in of the roof of enormous subterranean cavities, formed by the long-continued solvent action of water on deposits of rock salt, limestone and gypsum.

Poulette Scope was led to refer most earthquakes to "the snap and jar occasioned by the sudden and violent rupture of solid rock masses, and perhaps the instantaneous injection into them of intumescent molten matter from beneath." He believed that the rupture of the rocks was due to the expansion of deeply-seated masses of mineral matter, consequent upon either increased or diminished temperature.

Prof. Alexis Perry of Dijon sought to trace a relation between the occurrence of earthquakes and the age of the moon. By careful analysis and deduction he considered that he had established his theory that earthquakes occur more frequently at the syzygies than at the quadratures; that their frequency increased at the perigee and diminished at the apogee of the moon. Thus, according to Prof. Perrey, there is a preponderance of earthquake shocks at particular seasons, the equinoxes and the solstices, which he termed "critical epochs."

Catalogues of earthquakes have been made by prominent seismologists, but the most nearly complete is that compiled by R. Mallet and his son, in which from 6000 to 7000 separate earthquakes are recorded as having occurred in almost every part of the world, both on land and sea, since 1606.

During the last century and a quarter, California has been visited by about forty-five earthquake shocks, the following of which have been the most destructive: 1800, October 11-13 (San Juan Bautista, etc.); 1812, October (San Juan Capistrano); 1836, June 9-10 (Monterey and northward); 1857, January 9 (Fort Tejon, Tulare, etc.); 1865, October 8 (San Francisco, etc.); 1867, January 8 (Klamath, etc.); 1868, September 3-28 (Kern and Inyo counties); 1868, October 21 (San Francisco, etc.); 1872, March 26 (Inyo county); 1899, December 27 (Los Angeles county).

Considering ten destructive shocks to 100 years, we have an average of one to every ten years, taking the whole State into consideration. But during that time there have been twenty-five exceptionally heavy shocks, which would average one in four years, taking the whole State together.

When we consider the whole damage to life and property produced by all the California temblors, it is clear that the earthquakes that have visited this State between the years 1760 and 1899 are of less damage than the floods and cyclones of a single year in many of our Eastern States.

J. A. M.

### THE BIGGEST EGG IN THE WORLD.

[London Chronicle:] The biggest egg in the world is now in London, and will soon be offered for sale. It was found buried in sand in Madagascar by natives. This egg, known to naturalists as the *Aepyornis maximus*, measures nearly a yard in circumference and over a foot in length. Its cubical capacity is equal to nearly six ostrich or 150 hens' eggs. Specimens of this gigantic egg, the lineal measurement of which is double that of a large ostrich, while the cubic bulk is eight times as great, have occasionally been met with in London, and have fetched as much as £70 apiece.



## Current Literature. Reviews by Adachi Kinnosuke.

## FICTION.

When Clara Morris Writes.

**A**PEN in her delicate hand, as when she steps upon the crescent glory called the footlights, Clara Morris is a priestess of the Beautiful and True—a genuine artist. Queens, if they have any sense, would envy her; she is much greater than they. Does this sound a trifle sophomoric to you? Then, you have not read her stories yet, have you?

The latest from her is a little volume wherein she has collected eleven sketches. They are all on childlike, and she has written them for children, and most of them are told in first person. It is a record of common things and events of life; if you would take the trouble of peeping through a back door or walk by a child on a side street, with your eyes not so desperately closed as you generally do, you can see them almost every day. It is a very modest little volume—modest in its robe, modest also in the blowing of trumpets before it, it is a slender, little thing, this her book.

But a marble Cupid which Michael Agnolo Buonarroti found imprisoned in a block, over which people exclaimed "Phidias!" and which changed his name into Michael Angelo, "Michael, the Angel," did not fill St. Peter's at Rome. Nations would go to war over that little marble piece. It is because the Angel has told so much of himself in that masterpiece, has given unto it—and through it to the world—so much of his artist soul, which, after all, was the best thing which the world had at that time; that it is above price. Because Clara Morris has painted such a marvelous photograph of her heart in this little volume, especially in "Little Jim Crow" and "My Mr. Edward"—and the idea that she was unveiling herself unto the gazes of children must have helped her a great deal,—because she has breathed into it her very soul, I call it great as I would call those simple sonnets of Burns great. This also is the reason why one enters into this book as he enters into a shrine. One cannot criticize the tears of his beloved mother. Some things are too sacred for a lancet.

"There are several kinds of stories, but only one difficult kind—the humorous," says Mark Twain. And a wiser than he, I think it was Ambrose Bierce, has said that the pathetic story is the hardest to tell, and therefore when it is well told, it is the proudest triumph of a story-teller. Clara Morris's little book will not be found wanting on either of these scales. For many years Clara Morris, the actress, has held two slaves whom she enchanted and enslaved through the magic of her art, and who have obeyed her sweet will as implicitly as the tide is obedient to the magnet moon—two slaves whose names are the Laughters and Tears of men. When she took to the pen, she does not seem to have left her queenhood, or her slaves; for surely the eyes that would not melt over the pages of "My Mr. Edwards" are the subject of the most fervent prayers to heaven, and the mouths that would not blossom over "Little Jim Crow" are beyond redemption.

This gifted historian of the historyless has, indeed, a remarkable pair of eyes; they are keen and all-seeing as the eyes set atop of a hill. They see the things which the earth does not see; the record of the little Jim Crow, for example, is as full of surprises, I fancy, as the record of recording angels. Added to the originality of her view points, she has the style all her own. When a young writer went to De Quincey and asked him what he should do that he might acquire the best possible prose style, the master—so I have heard it told—made answer and advised the young man to steal a mail bag and open every envelope addressed with the feminine handwriting and read over and over again its content. He must have been thinking of the gentle flow of words such as Clara Morris's, wherein simplicity is elegance, where color is poetry, and where grammar and rhetoric have nothing of that starched stiffness of a Sunday dress. Literary style, by the by, is much like dress. A man is dressed in the best taste—that is, to my way of thinking—when his dress becomes a mirror that would tell you the most delicate shade and tint of the originality of his personality; and the literary style is at its best when it turns perfectly transparent so that the soul of a writer may shine forth through it, without a blur. For, then, and then alone, would happen that happy thing; you read a man and not the letters. In this sense Clara Morris commands one of the very best of styles. Not lacking either in pictorial imagination is she, and of that art of transferring one's emotions into the hearts of others. Read this:

"Not the warm, sweet rain of April; not the fierce black rain of November; but the soft, sad, tear-like rain of early autumn, through which the loosened yellow leaves fall in heavy silence to the sodden earth. Perhaps. Or perhaps I have gazed too long, too steadily, upon the bit of iron foolishness standing on the table here before me, knowing its great cost—poor, little, toy flatiron, made to press a dolly's wardrobe—and remembering, as I must remember all my life, the day the awful price was paid, and it became my property. Perhaps! (But the significance of this paragraph will not be known to you in its full strength till you will have finished the story.)

"Curious things early childhood memories are, too. There will be some event remembered with astonishing clearness, even words of unknown meaning being recalled; then there comes a hiatus; then another memory unconnected, all accepted, as we accept our dreams, calmly, as a matter of course, as when in sleep, without surprise, one gathers superb flowers, having waded through snow to reach them, or receives with serene dignity the highest personages in the land in a costume of such shocking limitations that, were one awake, one would shriek even to her maid to keep out of the room."

[Little Jim Crow. By Clara Morris. The Century Company, New York. Price, \$1.25.]

## A Romance of Washington Days.

The tale is placed in the much-storied birthtime of the American republic; when the colonies were young, and

had healthy, red blood in their veins; in the days when they took a dear notion of having a little "Tea Party" in Boston Harbor, which was not quite to England's taste.

It is a love story which clings to Dorothy Devereux—you may call her a heroine, if you like—like a skirt of some soft material, in a windstorm. Of course, she was a daughter of a very ardent-souled American, very cordial, and thorough, and true in his hatred of the redcoats—a patriot. Of course, too, in the course of romantic literature and also and in order, incidentally, to sustain a certain reputation which her sex enjoys without the least male skepticism, doubtless, Mistress Dorothy falls in love with a redcoat, Cornet Southern. In order that the romantic authoress might introduce the two, Mistress Dorothy and Southern, she fashions a little accident (and since history repeats itself constantly and most persistently and accidents are the stuff out of which history is made, the triteness of the accident should not offend us in the least) at the mouth of a rocky cave by the sea. Southern happens to be there for the satisfaction of a most ungentlemanly curiosity; loafing over somebody else's estate is not exactly, but that is what some people call romantic and delight in. And there most naturally, and most conveniently as well, he slips and falls and cuts his head on the rock, and becomes unconscious, and under the circumstances a tender-hearted girl can do naught else but to tend him. Many times after that she meets him, most accidentally, for in the sweet realm of romance accidents are pretty nearly as accommodating as the conscience of a certain slave of church dogmas. He insults her, and from the way he speaks and acts, it is most impossible



CLARA MORRIS.

for any sane persons, save Dorothy and the author, that the fellow is devoid of the most primitive instinct of a gentleman—he takes advantage of his physical strength, and compels her, against her wishes, to marry him. And, of course, Mistress Dorothy loves him all the same, perhaps more for it. But she tells him that she hates him; that is to say, she lies to him, and thinks it heroic, because she is (forsooth!) an American patriot, so devoted to the institution and tradition and the people of her own people, indeed, that she prefers an English rogue to an American gentleman, a bosom friend of her brother, very tender of heart, with the keenest sense of honor, and who is desperately in love with her, Hugh Knollys. But!

"Woman loves those who ruin her," says Victor Hugo through the mouth of one of his characters; and evidently the author of this romance, a lady, is quite correct in the handling of the story.

The story interest is well sustained, especially in the latter part of the book, and one would find it a hard task to lay it down when he is fairly launched upon it.

[From Kingdom to Colony. By Mary Devereux. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.50.]

## A Romance of the Seventeenth-century France.

It is a brave story of the time of Cardinal Mazarin and Mlle. de Montpensier. It is written in the form of the memoirs of Charles Alexandre, Comte de Lannoy, premier écuyer to the King, Louis XIV. Of course, it is full of adventures. Sword plays its full part, and blood paints many of the scenes of the romance. The story interest is exciting enough, and one would find it a goodly companion of his bored hours. And the author, who has also written "Essays on French History," has woven historical materials cleverly. So one can add to the pleasure of romance reading another which, some say, is worthier than that, namely, that of learning something of French history. Fortunately, too, it is written in a vivacious and vivid prose.

"To my mind, France never saw a sight like that again." (It was at the time when Broussel mob had just flooded the courtyard of the Louvre, and when the Mademoiselle had stepped upon the balcony.) His eminence (Cardinal Mazarin) shriveled behind a curtain, quivering and quaking; the abbé hiding his head in the cushions of a couch;

the maréchal holding his sword in a hand that shook, falling on the floor; the Regent biting her blanched lips, the robbing, shrieking women at her feet, and (through the high balcony, the palladium of the monarchy, the long white robe that clasped her, with the firm tread, and tossed the billowy lace about her shoulders) the expression he uses, if I remember correctly, more than once, and of which the author must be very fond, kissing her haughty head and wafting from side to side the kisses of her diamond-glancing fingers, while the and acrobates bowed before her, and the duty danced upward in her honor, keeping time to the dering, thudding chorus—"Vive Mademoiselle!"

Not altogether an admirable prose, as you see, still, as are many people who would like just this kind of and, as I have said, it is lively, and suits a tale of sort.

[The Grand Mademoiselle. By J. E. Farmer. Mead & Co., New York. Price, \$1.25.]

## POETRY.

Verses that Are Poetry.

I quote from the volume of Edward Robson Taylor: "If that my Muse can never hope to soar Above the summits where unwasting snows Are the fellows of the stars; if that she know No swelling note of forest, sea or shore; If e'en no streamlet of melodious lore The tiniest craft of hers divinely shows," etc.

"The Post:

"He crushed his heart for wine of song, With which the soul of man to glad; But who of all the careless throng Could dream how mad he was—how mad!"

"Ambition:

"And upward went; up and still up, he strode, The distant glittering peak his constant goal; Still up, o'er Alp on Alp, he strained, nor stayed Till to the pinnacle he bore his load— Then like an idiot laughed—and, gasping, died."

On Some Landscapes Painted by William Keith. (Ap

"And watched her smiling, her tears between, The balmy air with sun-born jewels strewn, Till life and joy and song seemed born anew, To glorify with promise all the scene."

And here is a bit of translation from "Les Veilles" of Victor Hugo:

"The Tomb said to the Rose: 'Love's own, What mak'st thou of the tears bestrewn By lovely, dew dawn o'er thee?' The Rose said to the Tomb: 'And pray, What comes of that which feeds alway Thy gulf that yawns eternally?'"

"Then said the Rose: 'O, somber Tomb, I make of them a rare perfume, Where honey with amber lies.' Then said the Tomb: 'O, plaintive Flows Of every soul that feels my power I make an angel of the skies!'"

As you see, then, Mr. Taylor belongs to the goodly pany of serious singers. Since the birth of "The With the Hoe," the backyard of the Muses has chocked with weeds. And in these days it is a common this blue-robed volume. Nothing great, no, but Mr. Taylor has the first essence of a poet, the passionate adoration for the beautiful.

[Moods and Other Verses. D. P. Elder & Shepard, San Francisco. Price, \$1.25.]

## HISTORY.

A Historical Contribution.

In two handsome and imposing volumes an enterprising Washington publisher brought out what he claims to be the autobiographies and portraits of the President, the Supreme Court of the present administration and of Fifty-fifth Congress. It ought to have been one of the most important contributions to history. And one it would have been a great thing had such a work faithfully accomplished. The historian would give for a volume of autobiographies of the first President the republic and of the men who gave birth to it; and for a similar volume on the time of the war. Those were great epochs in the life of the and so also that of the present administration.

This is the reason, then, that you feel so keenly the disappointment and the pity of the thing when you see these two good-looking volumes. These "autobiographies" are all told in third person, and they are nothing but bare note on the skeleton of the political careers of eminent men. Some of them do not exceed seven or eight pages, and none of them covers over three pages of large type. It is a very concise biographical encyclopedia. The publisher's intention at first was—so he states in the preface—to make the entire book autobiographical, but circumstances prevented him from realizing it. Which was a great pity, at the same time it did not prevent from printing in gold "Autobiographies" on the cover, but, again, you think a little about it, it does not make much difference, after all, whether these notes were written by the subjects of the record or not, since all of them the publisher claims, have been submitted to the proof form, for their "criticism and correction," and the notes are so very brief and bare.

In the light of the publisher's claim, however, when read, "Alexander Stephens: Clay, of Marietta, Ohio, was born September 25, 1805," etc. (mark the date you look at the portrait on the preceding page, and yourself in a helpless and hopeless speculation as to Mr. Clay is a humorist or is something worse than



Copperfield, Jr.; or that, indeed, his maiden aunt wrote the sketch of his life for him; that is, on the supposition that he be not married.

[Autobiographies and Portraits of the President, Cabinet, Supreme Court and Fifty-fifth Congress. Two volumes. The Neale Company, Washington, D. C.]

On the Beer Struggle.

The eyes of today are on a little—small only on the map and in statistical figures—republic of the dark continent. Many want to know all about it; public curiosity is the most imperative of potentates. Perhaps not more than 60,000 Boers—which, being interpreted, means peasants—defying the colossus of the mailed world powers, and that successfully, is not exactly a football game. The public curiosity has a good excuse. And the demand to know called forth into being a mushroom patch in the Bookland.

Mr. Harding's book, which is now before us, is one of the quick growths. It is a newspaper—enlarged, illustrated and compiled with much care, of course,—between a pair of stiff covers. Happily for the public, the author, or the editor if you like, of this large newspaper-book, is the cable editor of the Associated Press; at least, therefore, his shop is not lacking of materials. Moreover, he spent, it is said, two years in Africa. In a few brief chapters, he brings down the history of Africa, especially of South Africa, to the present day. He tells in a simple manner—for while the author confesses his admiration for a certain "somewhat indigestible plum pudding of history," the stories of the South African colonies, of their diamond mines, of the Boers and the outlanders in Transvaal, of the home life of Kruger, his wife, and his people, of the complications that brought the thing to the present crisis, of the famous Jameson raid, and of Emperor William's message to President Kruger, etc., and then he follows closely the history of the war. He devotes much space to the discussion of the situation, and the principle involved in the war and the views thereupon. But they are not his. They are quoted from the sources that are considered authoritative; and they represent both sides—the English as well as the Boer standpoint of view. It is full of statistics, and in his desire to make the work popular, the author does not seem to forget the university-bread's devotion for details.

[War in South Africa. By William Harding. The Dominion Company, Chicago. Price, \$2.00.]

LITERARY NOTES.

In January Self-Culture Magazine there is an illustrated article on Sidney Lanier, a poet of the South, with whom it would be a gain for the public to make a more thorough acquaintance.

"The Twenty-one Missions of California" is a volume of handsome reproductions by photo engraving of paintings made by Edwin Deakin of Berkeley. Study for these paintings was begun, Mr. Deakin says in his introductory note, in 1870 and concluded in 1899. The reproduction has been well done.

The International for January, 1900, offers a wide range of subject in descriptive articles on "Santo Domingo—A Tropical Eden," "A Summer in Norway," "The Queen's Garden" (Marie Antoinette's "playgrounds" near Versailles), and letters from correspondents in London and Paris—all, except the London letter, illustrated.

"Deser," which begins in the January number of Harper's Magazine, is confidently pronounced by those who have read the story, so far as it has emerged from the writer's hands, to be not only the finest and most fascinating of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novels, but the greatest work of fiction since the golden days of George Eliot.

Though Anthony Hope's "Rupert of Hentzau" was published some eighteen months ago, its popularity is undiminished, and the publishers, Messrs. Henry Holt & Co., announce that they have just had to send it to press for a fifth time. Of the seven books by this author published by Henry Holt & Co., it is second in popularity only to "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Smith's Magazine of illustrated engineering has in the January number the following articles: "The Simplon Tunnel," by Axel Larsen, M. Inst. M. E.; "A Century's Progress of the Steam Engine," by Dr. R. H. Thurston; "Some American Bridge Shop Methods," by Charles Evan Fowler, M. Am. Soc. C. E.; "Power Losses in the Machine Shop," by Charles H. Benjamin, etc.

By special arrangement with Henry Sienkiewicz, author of "Quo Vadis," Little, Brown & Co. publish his new historical romance, "The Knights of the Cross," now running as a serial in Poland. It is translated with the author's sanction and approval by Jeremiah Curtin. The first half of the story has already been published, and the concluding portion will be as soon as the author will have finished the work.

Now that game is no longer valued by the thump it makes on the ground, and the dove has developed a remarkable ability to take care of itself, which is due in part to the improvements in guns, scarcely any one is ashamed to shoot it, and, for the first time in its history, Doves for January has given space to an article on "Dove Shooting," which is by T. S. Van Dyke, a resident of this city, and a popular writer on sporting subjects.

The opening chapters of the "Autobiography of W. J. Stillman," which begin the January Atlantic, form an exceptionally interesting and frank statement of his boyhood. In musical language, throughout which the slightest favor of the foreign tongue will perhaps be detected, Zitkala-Sa writes her "Impressions of an Indian Childhood."

"The Future of the Chinese People" is treated by D. Z. Sheffield, president of the North China College near Peking. The January number of Gunton's Magazine opens with "Our Duty in the Philippines," by President J. G. Schurman of Cornell University, chairman of the Philippine Commission. H. M. Chance, the well-known mining and engineering expert, contributes an interesting article on "The Cost of Raw Materials," showing the reason for the present high prices of iron and various staple raw materials. W. F. Edwards, former president of Washington University, outlines some important reforms in our system of higher education, especially with reference to the learned professions.

THE LEGEND OF THE TAUCHWITZ.

WHY THE EARTH SHAKES.

By a Special Contributor.

IT WAS old Indian William who told me the story—old William of the Temecula tribe, one of those who were turned out of their land by Helen Hunt Jackson, who knew where the Pegleg gold mine was, and went often to it secretly from Warner's ranch, bringing back, after only three days, great nuggets; who had carried the stakes for the surveyors when the city of Stockton was laid out; whose name and birth time were recorded in the book of the fathers at San Luis Rey. He was living then in a hovel on the side of Smith Mountain, at the foot of the trail from the Cut Ca. He was frying three kangaroo rats, which he assured me were very good, and of which he bade me partake with him.

From the door of his hut, looking north across a narrow, green valley, the eye encountered a succession of rocky ridges rising, billow-like, from sand washes at their bases, and finally took in the fine group of mountains marking the lowest southern peaks of the Sierras—San Bernardino, Grayback and San Jacinto. The heat rose in shimmering undulations and gave unmistakable proof of the desert realities of the foreground. But the deep blue of the peaks and the white caps on Grayback and San Jacinto reminded one of other climes, green trees and purling brooks, and framed the desert in oases. It is a strange land, and among other strange things came a booming from San Jacinto, or the Tauchwitz Peak, not unlike a distant cannonading, or perhaps heavy blasting at the same distance. William, not unkind of his rodents, but, Indian fashion, alert to every sound and phenomenon of nature, held up his finger in attentive attitude, and said:

"Listen!"

"It is the devil shutting the door."

Bereft of the delicious embellishments of soft Spanish patois, impossible aboriginal grunts, and enthusiastic pantomime, the facts, as he related them, were these:

Many, many years ago, before the white man, and before the Indian, even, there lived in San Jacinto Mountain and thereabouts, many people. They had much gold and silver; they made many beautiful things; they grew barley and grapes; they tilled the soil, and raised countless cattle and horses. In the spring and in the autumn there were merry feasts. The wise old men sought only peace for their people, and they had no enemies. Year by year they grew more prosperous, and no one since their time has had more of plenty or of happiness. Whenever they married their custom was to celebrate with a great feast. For days, at a wedding, there would be eating and drinking and dancing, sports, games, the giving of gifts, and every sort of merry-making.

Beneath the mountain lived then, as he does now, the great Devil, the Tauchwitz, for he is immortal, and being moved of curiosity to attend one of the festivals, he came from his cavernous home, somewhere within the mountain, opening a great door, the exact location of which he only knows. It was one of the grandest of their weddings. The maid was beautiful and good, the young man strong and brave. The Devil, in shape and form a man like them, entered their sports; he ran more swiftly than their fastest, he wrestled best, and put down their strongest; he captured and rode one of their young horses, and won the races; he was superb in face and form, and his talk was sweet. The maidens vied with each other in attracting his glances and his converse. But he set his heart on one only, the promised bride. Her he would coax to leave the valley; to go with him to a strange country, where she would be queen; where all the good things she had ever seen or known would be as nothing; she should have everything that she could wish, and she should even become immortal. (And in this he spoke the truth, for the Devil's wife never dies.)

All the arts of a cunning demon he brought to bear, and all the persuasion of a lying, glib tongue he tried. But she would not. Faithful to her troth she denied him, and for many days withstood his machinations. On the last day of the feast, but a few hours before the final ceremony, the last race was to be run, and all the young men were to take part, and the Tauchwitz, better mounted than ever, was an eager participant. They ran the ponies hard and fast, and great was the shouting, and as many of them had expected, the wonderful stranger was the winner. As he came through the crowd, listening to their plaudits, and smiling his thanks, he suddenly leaned from his horse, and, seizing the betrothed maiden, fled with her down the valley. One and all the men pursued him; now and again they might catch a glimpse of him crossing the crest of some hill or rounding some turn in the mountains, but they could not come up with him. Where he fled they could not discover, but not many days afterward they heard the door to his cavern close with a great noise. But though she went with him unwillingly, the maiden is immortal, and is held an inmate of his domain. Often he teases her by allowing her to escape, only to run after and capture her and shut her within his great door, always slamming it after her with the same great noise. And he seems at times angry, and pours out ill-tasting waters from the mountain springs, and once he rocked the mountain so that great trees fell and wide gaps were made in the earth, and steam came out, and men and women were killed, and some of the streams dried up, and water came where it had never flowed before. But no one can find the Devil's door, for where you may hear it this month or this year, you will not hear it next, and wherever hidden, there is no trail to it.

Having assured me that this was the true explanation of the booming of the Tauchwitz, the aged aborigine filled himself up with rats, and smoked a cigarette. He has long since been gathered to his ancestors, and I have never heard elsewhere any counterpart of his tale. But that the Devil still inhabits the Tauchwitz in some uncanny way

the wrecked buildings and generally-demolished condition of San Jacinto bear abundant evidence. That there are within the mountain caldrons for the mixture of almost any kind of chemical devil's broth, can hardly be doubted. The recent earthquake, taking the Saboba Indian Reservation as a starting point, did not spread in all directions equally, and, strangely, affected the country to the east and south but little. The village of Florida, less than four miles distant, was practically uninjured, while to the west, for thirty or forty miles, the shock was very severe, as if the line of wave motion was corresponding to some definitely-marked cavern beneath; or, as if the gases in their explosion, if this were the cause, had been fired in a definite direction.

I have often wondered if William's legend were the picturesque fancy of the race, weaving a purely imaginative tale about a mysterious fact, or whether, handed down from bygone days, there might not have been some fact of death connected with an eruption or earthquake. At all events, the Indians of William's day are getting more and more scarce, your modern brave being now as well versed in the telephone, bicycle and trolley, and as sceptical in regard to the Devil as his white exterminator.

W. B. SAWYER, M.D.

HISSING CRATERS.

THE TERRIBLE VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS IN NEW ZEALAND IN 1886.

From the Windsor Magazine.

THE white terraces of Rotomahana rose up in a series of twenty platforms in the form of a gigantic stairway. Each terrace was perfectly horizontal and of dazzling whiteness. The top step was vertically eighty feet above the base and sat 300 feet back. From every platform bubbled copious clouds of steam. A stream of boiling water continually flowed from the geysers, and as it fell slowly from tier to tier the silicates with which the water was heavily charged became deposited, on its exposure to the air, and wonderful lace-work designs of infinite variety and of dazzling whiteness and purity were formed. Not far from the white terrace was another termed the "Pink Terrace," where, owing to some coloring substance in the silicious waters falling from the geysers, the deposits were of a delicate pink hue, from which was derived the name "Pink Terrace."

Unfortunately New Zealand no longer possesses this unique spectacle, for the terraces are no more. The various agencies of nature which originally built up such curious forms served in turn to destroy them. Mr. Falconer gives a graphic description of the event. He was residing at that time about forty miles distant from Tarawera. In 1886, on June 10, the night was clear and calm. Heavy rumbling sounds like rolls of distant thunder filled the air, but there was no very great alarm. The next day dawned dull and gloomy. About 7:30 o'clock the morning grew darker and light gray ash, very fine, began to fall. He says that, although they surmised an eruption was taking place in the Hot Lake district, there were no definite tidings to that effect, so that he could only wait to see what would happen. By the aid of a lantern he succeeded in groping his way to the telegraph office, and there he learned that a serious disturbance was taking place at Tarawera and Rotomahana. About 11 o'clock the darkness lifted. All round the ground was covered with a thin, filmy pall of fine ash to the depth of half an inch, and it was afterward found that the intense darkness was caused by a thick cloud of dust blown out by the volcano to a height so tremendous that it passed above Tauranga and dispersed over the country some miles away.

The manifestation was accompanied by intense cold, the thermometer registering 5 deg. of frost. This is explained by the fact that the columns of steam as they came hissing out of the craters expanded as they ascended and absorbed their own heat, which became latent, so that the heat was abstracted from everything near. A day or two later the government geologist arrived at Tauranga, and preparations to inspect the seat of the disaster were pushed rapidly forward. On the fourth day after the eruption, the party arrived at Wairoa, the Maori village. There was scarcely a vestige of the settlement to be seen, the whole village had been crushed beneath volcanic lava, and the charred and battered remains of the little village church and other buildings protruded above the surface of the deposit, which at first measured four feet in thickness, but afterward settled down to half that depth. One young Englishman was killed, as well as the Maoris who lived in the district and exacted tolls from visitors to the Hot Lakes. The scene was the wildest imaginable. The air rushed over the land with cyclonic fury, uprooting, tearing and breaking trees that had survived the hail of rocks, leaving here and there a gnarled and jagged trunk, denuded of branches, and stripped of its bark.

The next day the party set off for Rotomahana. As they approached the Hot Lakes huge cracks, extending hundreds of yards in length and about a foot in width, were seen in all directions. The scene was one of the strange grandeur of absolute desolation. The upheaval of nature had blown the wonderful terraces to atoms; steam was rising in dense clouds from one end of the area to the other, a distance of about nine miles. Rotomahana Lake was a yawning caldron from which rose a majestic column of steam. The ground was completely stripped of vegetation and covered with lava from the mountain. The lava was reduced to the consistency of flour, so that the explorers sank in it nearly to their knees. Thus in the space of time was North Island suddenly shorn of its most peculiar natural features. In six hours the whole aspect of the country was changed, and what was one of the most beautiful spots in the world was transformed into a barren country carpeted in lava and covered with debris. The geysers, however, still abound in profusion, and it is possible in time other terraces may be formed.



# Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

## A Shoplifter's Shrewd Device.

THE appearance in this city of a woman who uses three arms in her calling of shoplifter, completely nonplussed the detectives of the large department stores. Even when they learned the trick, they were afraid to make an arrest, fearing failure of conviction. So the woman was told to leave town, and her early departure convinced the store people that their suspicions were correct.

Valuable silks disappeared and a watch was kept on several customers. A bright young woman employed at a silk counter noticed one day that a woman under suspicion never moved her left hand. When a piece of silk was shown her, she would look at it carefully, perhaps feel it for a moment with her right hand, then lay it aside, seemingly dissatisfied.

She would ask to be shown other pieces, and before she got through would have so many samples of silk on the counter that the clerk could not tell for some time whether or not one had been abstracted. When the silk was replaced on the shelves it was often found that a piece was missing.

One day the clerk laid a trap for the supposed shoplifter, and she was detected. After several pieces had been shown the woman, the clerk laid a particularly valuable piece on the counter, then turned her back and looked for other samples.

When she turned to her customer again the silk was missing. A detective was called, the woman taken to a room in the store and searched. Under her arm was found the piece of silk which had been stolen only a few moments before.

But this was not the most remarkable discovery. It was found that the woman had three arms. One of them was wax, and it was with this she fooled the clerks. It was so constructed that it was always visible. She generally clasped the supposed left hand with her right, when not otherwise occupied, and thus it was possible to make the clerk believe that she saw every movement of the woman's hands.

The trick was worked as the shoplifter stood with her side to the counter, holding a piece of silk up apparently to get a better light. Then the real left hand would dart out from under the cloak, seize a piece of silk and secrete it, leaving the clerk to believe that she had carefully watched every movement made by the customer.—[Denver Dispatch.

## The Oddest School in All America.

THE oddest school in the United States is now in daily session at Pinehurst, Summerville, S. C. Uncle Sam's paternal and financial part in the institution makes it of interest to the nation.

It is situated in the heart of the tea lands about Summerville, and its odd feature is the curriculum. Under the supervision of a competent teacher thirty South Carolina pickaninies are taught the three old-fashioned R's—"readin', 'ritin', and 'rithmetic"—and tea picking. And the last is not the least important study.

The rapid development of tea-raising in the South has received additional impetus from the announced intention of Sir Thomas Lipton to invest \$500,000 in tea culture in South Carolina. Sir Thomas is familiar with the soil and climatic conditions of the State, having at one time worked as a laborer on a rice plantation in Georgetown county.

Through trusted agents at Orangeburg and Summerville he has given tea culture in South Carolina a thorough test, and now proposes to invest a half million dollars in the new industry.

To meet the demands of the growing industry for trained labor, unskilled workmen being impossible to use, the new school at Pinehurst has been opened. Its object is to educate the negro children and the young colored women of Summerville in the art of picking tea leaves and to turn them out of the school properly trained tea pickers.

The United States Department of Agriculture is taking a lively interest in the "tea school," and has given it moral and financial aid. Leaf plucking demands the careful attention of tea growers. It is a light employment, suitable for women and children, but they must be patiently taught and their work carefully scrutinized.

At Pinehurst, where the school is located, the colored children do the picking very satisfactorily. A free school is maintained. Every pupil of suitable age and size is required to pick tea. All others are excluded from the tea gardens and the school. The employment is pleasant and remunerative. The older pupils at the Pinehurst school earn from 40 cents to 60 cents per diem, and the others in proportion.—[New York Journal.

## Beets Have Their Troubles.

PROF. M. E. LIPPMAN, the great German specialist in beet-sugar manufacture, announces that he has made a most curious scientific discovery that beets are subject, like humans, to biliousness, melancholy and fretting, or worry. He says that he is not yet prepared to make public all that he has discovered, as he wishes to further confirm his experiments and follow up the subject on the lines he has laid out. He says that beets contain the same substances which form the human bile; that is, cholesterine. Twelve years ago he found this in beets and was able to identify it unmistakably, also the phytosterine of Hesse. At first he was inclined to think that these substances were the result of changes in greasy or oily matter used in the manufacture of the sugar, but as only mineral substances were used, and an examination failed to substantiate his suspicions he was obliged to accept the fact as he found them.

Pursuing his investigations further he arrived at surprising conclusions, and has felt loath to make public what seems as unavoidable inferences. These may be broadly stated as follows: That beets are subject to bad humor,

worry, biliousness and feelings analogous, at least in their physiological actions and effects, to the same sentiments in the human body. That experiments extending over several years only tend to confirm these strange conclusions, and that he is now pursuing a line of research which appears to lead to equally curious inferences.—[Philadelphia Record.

## A Monster Locomotive.

WHAT is probably the heaviest locomotive ever built, and the largest one likely to be constructed anywhere in the world for some time, has just been turned over to the Illinois Central Railroad Company for freight service by the Brooks Locomotive Works of Dunkirk. Its weight, not counting the tender, is 332,000 pounds, or 116 short tons. Very few engines in the world weigh over one hundred tons, so that this product of mechanical skill and business enterprise greatly exceeds the limit for such objects. No. 640, as it is known, has eight driving wheels, fifty-seven inches high, and two two-wheeled trucks besides.

Without its tender the length of the engine is a fraction of an inch more than forty-two feet, and the tender adds twenty-three feet seven and a half inches. The heating surface of tubes and fire-box combined amounts to 3500 square feet. The boilers are expected to carry a working pressure of 210 pounds. When to these facts is added the statement that the cylinders have a diameter of twenty-three inches and a stroke of thirty, the expert will at once recognize the tremendous power to be developed.—[New York Tribune.

## Philadelphia's Lofty Clock.

THE minute hand of the City Hall clock will finish its first year's journey by completing a 110-mile trip on New Year's Day. It is expected that this minute hand will travel 110-miles annually for many years to come. The clock is strong, and the minute hand is phosphor bronze, and weighs 250 pounds.

This is one of the interesting statements gleaned from the lecture delivered by Warren S. Johnson, designer of the clock, at the meeting of the Franklin Institute last night. From noon on October 25 to noon on December 30, the astronomical clock, which runs the main tower clock, gained four seconds. The error is corrected each day by the clock in the Washington Observatory.

This clock is said to be the highest in the world. It has the largest dials. If the dials were out of the way and tracks were laid, two trains could pass each other running through the holes. The glass in the four faces is fastened there by a ton of cement. The glass, if laid on the ground, would make a walk a square long and ten feet wide.—[Philadelphia North American, December 21.

## The Discovery of a New Botticelli.

SOME months ago William Cornish happened to be turning over the contents of a granary in the Pitti Palace at Florence. Among them he found a circular panel of wood, warped and bent, and so incrustated with dust that the painting on it was almost concealed. The picture was put in the hands of Signor Luigi Grassi, an artist, and he proceeded to clean it. When all its details were brought to light and the work could be carefully studied it was seen that in this long-hidden panel Italy possessed one more example of the great painter of the Renaissance, Sandro Botticelli.

The roses in the background have caused this picture to be named "La Madonna delle Rose." It is attributed to the artist's earlier period. The Madonna in Botticelli's pictures has, as a rule, a more ascetic and morbidly melancholy expression than in this painting, but the difference may perhaps be accounted for by the probable date of the work. The four figures surrounding her and the Christ Child are typical. Of the color it is, of course, impossible for us to speak. That the authorities have accepted the work as authentic is shown by the fact that it has been hung in one of the royal apartments of the Pitti.—[New York Tribune.

## A Composite Madonna.

JOSEPH GRAY KITCHELL of Indianapolis has, "after many months' work," succeeded in making a composite photograph of all the greatest paintings of Madonnas known to exist. The report says that "the face is marvelously beautiful—perhaps the highest type idealized by man," and that "as a scientific contribution to art the result is significant."

## Has Dr. Peters Found Ophir?

DR. CARL PETERS, in a letter dated Umtali, October 13, announces that during the rainy season, when practically no prospecting work was possible, he intended to come to England. He adds: "I expect to arrive about the middle of December, accompanied by Umtete, the brother of the famous chief Macomba. I am leaving my staff out here. One mining engineer and a trader are left at the Fura station, near the Zambesi, and also at the Inyanga station, near Umtali. I have evidence that can prove we have really discovered the Fura of the old reports." In explanation of this statement, Reuter's Agency is informed that Dr. Carl Peters's expedition was mainly based on an old atlas published in Amsterdam in 1705, with French text, the author of which is unknown. In this atlas it was stated that "near this place (south of the Zambesi and near the River Manzoro, now Mazoe) is the great mountain of Fura, rich in gold, which some people regard as a corruption of the word Ophir." This view was also held by the Portuguese writer Couto, who was quoted by Theodore Bent in his "Ruined Cities of Mashonaland." With regard to Fura, Couto said: "The richest mines of all are those of Massapa, from which the

Queen of Sheba took the greater part of the gold which she went to offer to the Temple of Solomon, and it is for the Kaffirs call it Fur and the Mons Afur." He states that no traveler has visited this region within the last two hundred years. He has now rediscovered the ruins of Semitic origin, including fortifications and he regarded as a temple or storehouse. The whole is practically uninhabited. He also claims to have distinct traces of ancient gold working there.—[Times.

## Street Car Mail Boxes.

AN INTERESTING experiment has been tried by the Postmaster of Hartford, Conn., in placing letter boxes on the street cars there. It has been successful and given general satisfaction. After a trial of eight days the Hartford postmaster is of the opinion that it is to be a success wherever adopted. Postal authorities, however, differ with him, and argue that while the trolley might do for a city of Hartford's size, where the population radiate from one point, it would not be practicable in New York, where the street car lines do not concentrate any given point. This is the opinion of Perry S. First Assistant Postmaster-General; Postmaster Van of Manhattan, and Postmaster Wilson of Brooklyn.

F. P. Furlong, postmaster of the Hartford postoffice, in a letter received here:

The collection of mail by means of the trolley established in this city as an experiment on August 10. After ten days' trial of this system we felt satisfied that this office that it was no longer an experiment, but it had come to stay.

During the first month, to our astonishment, there were 23,309 letters received from this source alone, and in the month since has shown an enormous increase in the number of letters received, which indicates that it is appreciated to the fullest extent by the citizens of Hartford. During the month ending October 31, 64,438 letters were received through the trolley boxes.

The service is half hourly throughout the entire city, although Hartford is a city of 35,000 inhabitants, and on some of the lines running about four miles from center, it takes only fifteen boxes for the system.

Aside from the advantages of sending in ordinary letters by means of these boxes, it affords the public, especially people a few miles away from the office, an opportunity to send in a letter by using a special stamp, and have it delivered within a radius of three miles of the office within forty-five minutes, as you will see is almost telegraphic service, and very more satisfactory, for the reason that it is private, you can embody so much more in a letter without increased expense.

Many other cities now have the matter under consideration, and I am informed that the First Assistant Postmaster-General, in his report to the Postmaster-General, recommends its adoption. It is, in my judgment, to be a success wherever adopted, as it facilitates and expedites the dispatch of mail.—[New York Tribune.

## Aged Whisky Brought to Light.

MAJ. JOHN M. MECASLIN, Georgia, has a quart bottle which contain half a gallon of whisky that was resurrected a few days ago, after a slumber of forty-four years. The whisky is fifty-nine years of age. It was made in 1840.

In 1855 Maj. Mecaslin built an addition to his house which was then a cottage at No. 69 North Butler street. One of his possessions at that time was the half gallon of 1840 whisky in two quart bottles. While the weather was putting on the weather boards to the new part of the cottage, Maj. Mecaslin quietly and unobserved dropped the bottles in the wall between the weather boards and lathes. The plasterers sealed the inclosure.

A well-known lather, by trade, and a tippler, by taste, was in the number of workmen on the house. Maj. Mecaslin hid the bottles. Knowing his power and accrediting him with unnatural powers of discovery, such hidden treasure, the major feared the worst for more than forty years.

All doubt of this lather's honesty was removed, however, when, under Maj. Mecaslin's direction, he tore off the weather boarding and found the bottles.

The time in the plastering which fell through the wall and partly covered the bottles has eaten the labels, but nothing is missing.—[Cincinnati Commercial.

## House 1100 Years Old.

A GREAT curiosity is a house 1100 years of age, and fit for habitation. This old dwelling, the oldest inhabited house in England, was built in the time of Offa, of Mercia. It is octagonal in shape, the walls its lower story being of great thickness. The upper story is of oak. At one time the house was fortified and called by the name of St. German's gate. It stands close to the River Ver, and only a few yards from St. Albans.—[Kansas City Journal.

## Honey Under His Bedroom Floor.

DAVID HAMILTON has just made a most curious and interesting discovery of a fine collection of honey beneath the flooring of one of the bedrooms of his house at the Limavady Railway station. Last summer he had been made to make her entry through a pipe leading to the exterior of the railway building to a spot beneath one of the bedrooms. Recently the aroma of honey was so pronounced that Mr. Hamilton had a carpenter sent for and part of the flooring removed, where was found that the bees had worked as far as the joints of the joists would allow them. Eleven pounds of fine honey were counted, and when taken out and weighed the honey turned the scales at seventy pounds.—[Echo.



## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

By a Staff Writer.

THE Dial, in its opening number for the year, devotes a lengthy editorial to the prospects of the art theatrical in the United States, drawing a comparison between our stage and that of various European countries that is greatly to the disadvantage of the United States. "In Germany the two foremost writers among those now living are writers for the stage," says the author of the article. "The two greatest of living Scandinavians are likewise dramatists. In France there is at least the poet of 'Cyrano' to reckon with, besides the men who have passed away during the closing quarter of the century. Italy offers one contemporary name of much significance, and the like statement is true of Spain and of Belgium. Even England has her present-day group of highly-respectable playwrights, men of serious purpose and substantial performance, if not exactly writers of genius. Has America anything of the sort to show?" The answer does not need to be given.

"Never before," the article goes on, "have we had so large a proportion of trivial, empty and vulgar productions among the entertainments offered our public. Decency has never before been defied in so wanton and brutal a fashion. Intelligence has never before been flouted by such a parade of what is insane and imbecile."

In line with this article, the New York Tribune, in its issue of January 1, delivers itself as follows: "The most devoted friends of the drama will find it hard to show how and where that adjunct of civilization has made any distinct gain in the year just ended. Locally at least it has lost rather than gained."

What is it that ails our stage? The Dial traces its defects in large degree to the monopoly of a controlling syndicate which now determines what shall and what shall not be produced, and against which a select few of our leading actors, like Augustin Daly and Mrs. Fiske, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Goodwin and Mr. Mansfield, have fought long, but in vain. The evil must, however, go deeper than this. If the public did not patronize the indecent and vulgar, they could not appear upon our boards. If money returns did not reward the trivial and the empty, they would not continue to be staged. The fault must rest with us as a people more than with any syndicate.

What is the matter with us, then, as a nation? Why do we do this in this particular respect, so far behind? Germany may still lead the world in thoroughness of scientific work and in philosophic theory, France still excel us in particular regions of natural science, and England in certain practical provinces. But we are very rapidly gaining on these countries in all branches of learning, in the application of them in mechanical labor, and even, of late years, in the formative arts. We have evinced our appreciation of the best music that the world can offer, besides exhibiting the inception of an independent composition. We have a literature of our own, though we still accept in too large a degree English standards of value and the terms of English criticism. Why is it, then, that just as we are in so unimproved a condition, is still so lacking in a literature and standard of any sort?

And above all, for this is the more important question, what is the remedy for the present condition of things? We need a paternal government to support our theaters in the same way that of Germany, so that the patronage of the same may not give predominance to the trivial and vulgar. As we are not gifted enough and educated enough, have not sufficient taste as a people, to be able to establish a standard of dramatic art for ourselves? Surely, with our system of free education and our multitudes of advanced universities, we ought to be. Why, then, are we not with anything but the best upon our stage?

Women tell us that, in the United States, women, far more than men, decide the fate of books—that is, of those that are to enter the realm of literature proper. In this case women have more time and they have also, by reason of a better average of education, which increases their numerical strength as readers. But they have even more influence as theater-goers than as readers of books. In our wealthier classes, the theater is a social function, and in larger cities it has been too much so, and people have been rather for the sake of those who filled the boxes than with chief regard for the merit of the stage production. But this means that our social leaders, among whom women are always the influential factors, may determine a considerable measure the standard of our stage. And our wealthier classes contain plenty of people of the highest culture and taste, who are able to exert a very beneficial influence upon dramatic art, if they but choose to make the theater a matter of artistic rather than chiefly of social entertainment.

Again, the majority of theater-habitues are women, and when they attend, go, in great measure, where the women wish to go. They select, for the most part, to play that the women of their household prefer to see, and they attend the theater where they hope to find a particular woman in the box of some acquaintance.

It is perhaps therefore due, directly and indirectly, to the high character of the women of the United States that a considerable number of European stage-women, whose dramatic gifts were not along lines tending to the development of either aesthetic or ethical qualities, have remained in their own countries with a considerably smaller amount of cash returns in pocket than they expected to reap in this country. It is undoubtedly due to the same influence, felt in our general standards of morals by which, with all our acknowledged faults, we excel every other country, that we have, as a people, refused to stomach much that the European music-hall habitues delighted in and rebelled at. We have even carefully revised versions of French plays which were able to please an English audience. It is the testimony of English visitors that our variety shows, if trivial, are on average much better than entertainments of a similar nature in England.

But our theaters of higher grade still fall much below the mark of excellence. In Germany, the stage is re-

garded as a means of education and is so. But the nations that speak the language in which Shakespeare wrote are still lagging on the road to the higher levels of dramatic art, with the United States among the last in most respects.

Is it not time, then, for us women to make our influence felt in this province as we may make it felt if we choose, and in a positive as well as a negative degree and mode, by the extension of patronage and encouragement to dramatic productions of higher value as well as by the persistent and consistent refusal of patronage to exhibitions of little aesthetic worth or of doubtful character? If, even more than the critics, we may and do determine what plays shall be and what shall not be produced, ought we not to be considering the matter seriously? Is it not time for us to cease following where the crowd goes and to try to form and act upon an independent and discriminating judgment? Is not the elevation of our stage something worth our while to put before us as a special object on which to concentrate our effort? Would it not be a good idea to make, in our clubs, a particular study of dramatic values—to the end that the United States may no longer be ashamed before the nations because of the inferiority of her stage? Could we select a better object for which to work? Have we, in the past, sufficiently thought upon the importance of the dramatic art, its possibilities as an educator of both the head and the heart?

## THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

[The housekeeper of "The House Beautiful" will answer any proper and clearly-stated queries addressed to her in care of The Times; and where she may not have been clearly understood on any particular point, will answer privately and make necessary explanations. A number of inquiries already received will be answered next week.]

## For a Lunch Table.

S. P.: Your predicament is rather a singular one, and yet I see a way out of it for you that I think you will find satisfactory from an artistic point of view. You wish to set a lunch table effectively in white and yellow. You have no specially handsome white lunch cloth, your table is not of sufficient polish to use without cloth, and you have some very beautiful doilies of white lace. You confess to a strong leaning toward doilies laid out without a cloth, and indeed we are returning this season to that very pretty fashion. As you cannot have the polished table top, you can lay a cover of yellow India silk over white felt, or cotton flannel, on your table. On this your lace doilies will show out most beautifully and you will find you have effected a charming compromise. The silk clings softly and smoothly to the felt and makes a beautiful surface. As you ask for further suggestions I would say that a crystal bowl of yellow flowers in the center of your table on a lace doily would be pretty. Set this about with four tall crystal candlesticks holding wax candles (whether you use shades or not is a matter of taste) and at each place lay a bouquet of yellow flowers tied with a handsome streamered bow of yellow satin ribbon. As this is one of the few ways in which ribbon is at present admitted to table decoration, you can afford to make them elaborate. This scheme is also good when carried out in a delicate shade of pink, with pink roses or carnations. In pale blue, for which there is such a rage this season, it would be exquisite with forget-me-nots and ferns, using pale green candles or white ones with green silk shades. For a simple luncheon where a purely artistic, rather than an elaborate effect, is desired, there is nothing prettier than a denim cover in a good clear shade of dark blue, with white doilies and decoration of marguerites and ferns.

I would warn you in buying the yellow India silk for your table, to select the kind which is closely and smoothly woven; the loose, rather rough threads, often look best for curtains, but would not do for your table. I am sure a violet scheme will suggest itself to you in this connection as being particularly beautiful. I have seen it carried out in Parma violets and the table and its appointments resembled an exquisite French bonbonniere.

## A Butterfly Luncheon.

At the risk of crowding out some of my correspondence I feel that I must describe for the readers of the House Beautiful a luncheon given recently in Paris; an account of which I have received through private letter. It seems to me that anything more airily brilliant could scarcely be conceived. The central decoration of the superbly set table was a cluster of orchids, over which hovered on an invisible wire, a large and beautiful butterfly.

The shades in the tall silver candelabra were so ingeniously arranged as to represent butterflies poised near the lights to shade them from the eyes of the guests. At the plate of each guest was set a small basket of orchids and wired to the handle of each was a gauze butterfly for the hair, with spangled wings. As the rage for souvenirs has recently returned in society, and these butterfly ornaments are extremely chic just now, this idea of the hostess proved most successful.

## A Dainty Cottage.

M. A. S., Los Angeles: I realize from your description that your cottage must be charming in an exceedingly dainty style. You say that your parlor walls are tinted a delicate green, and that a light frieze of pale roses and leaves is painted to twine about the picture mold. You have a large plate-glass window in this room which you wish to curtain appropriately. I would drape back on either side the thinnest and sheerest quality of white net that I could find, ruffling it with a narrow ruffle and putting it close to the pane. Then hang over this a pale green taffeta silk matching your wall. These curtains must hang straight to a few inches below the sill and in regular folds from a light brass pole. If you paint you can have something unique and very beautiful by simply painting a band across the top and bottom about five inches from the edge. This design should as nearly as possible re-

produce the one of your frieze, being of roses and leaves. Done in water-colors in rather broad, flat washes it would be beautiful. By using an underground of Chinese white, taffeta silks take water-colors beautifully. Or if you embroider you could have a band of the silk stamped with your design and after embroidering it sew it to the curtain. If either of these suggestions is carried out in absolute perfection they will be highly satisfactory I am sure; otherwise, you will find the plain or figured silk more desirable. I would drape my French casement windows with the ruffled net. In a small house a much better effect is secured if a certain uniformity as to curtains and draperies is preserved. What space there is should not be cut up or patch-worked by variety and change. By all means line your taffeta curtains with pale green satin; this will prevent them cutting out or changing color.

## Pretty Effects.

Mrs. E. A. B., Santa Ana: Your house must be very pleasantly and prettily arranged, and as far as you have gone in your furnishing you have attained, I should think, a good effect. You can never, however, give your house a furnished or really comfortable air, until you have colored or papered the walls. To calcimine them in good clear colors would cost you very little and will at once give the look you covet. You say that the carpet in your hall, sitting-room and parlor is olive green mixed with a little cream and white. I would select some medium shade of the green in my carpet and have the walls of these three rooms done in that shade, with cream-colored ceilings. Your dining-room would look well in yellow as it is a north room, and curtain the windows with white muslin and yellow silkoline. Retain your yellow lamp shade in your parlor by all means, introduce some more yellow in here, in a jar or sofa cushion. A wicker chair painted yellow and with yellow silk cushions would look extremely pretty in this olive green room. Unless you can afford very handsome lace or net curtains in your parlor, I should advise white muslin, ruffled and tied back. I would put up my green tapestry door curtains wherever they would show most. Could you not divide them and hang one on either side of your hall, in the doors leading into parlor and sitting-room. One curtain in a doorway is often enough to give a draped look when pushed to one side. In such rooms as you describe, a few pieces of wicker will look well. Buy one of those pretty wicker taborettes and put on it a large flower pot with a fern or palm in it. Bright red will also look well in this room, also blue. Olive green is a medium which brings many colors into harmony. A black fur rug would look handsome in front of your fireplace. I think you can get a good one for from \$3 to \$4. It would serve to enrich your carpet greatly.

## A Wainscoted Dining-room.

A. B. C.: I fear my information will reach you too late to be of use, but this is my first opportunity to send you an answer to your letter of December 12. There is but one color to consider when light in a room is an object, and that is yellow. There are certain shades of yellow which will apparently flood a dark room with sunshine. White net or muslin at the windows and yellow walls from your wainscoting up, will give you a cheerful room even with a northern exposure. You ask for a suggestion as to brightening the room, I do not think at this time of the year that any dining-room should be without its pots of blooming narcissus or Chinese lilies on the window sill. I have in mind a dining-room with a large casement window running across one side of it. This window has a very low, deep sill, being within a foot and a half of the floor. It is curtained with white ruffled muslin and has sash curtains of yellow silk. In a row on this sill are tall Chinese lilies, their bush green stems standing up against the glass at the parting of the curtains, and their tops covered with sweet yellow blossoms. I thought when I entered this room the other day and the sun was streaming in, that I had never seen a prettier effect; it would have served for the setting of a Dutch genre picture.

## Seaside Cottage.

G. S., Ocean Park: You say that you have some archways opening from your living-room into your bedrooms, which you wish to lower in effect. You can do it very prettily in this way. Fill in the upper part of the arch for a depth of several feet, if necessary, with a lattice-work of laths. They must be very thin and pliable so that they can be plaited in and out and the openings must be square and not diamond shaped. This is done by putting the laths straight across and not diagonally as in the common way. This lattice is most artistic in effect and when painted to match your woodwork will be just what you want. I think your scheme of pale green, with white beams and woodwork, very good. I would not introduce the pink; keep to clean green and white and then introduce some strong, rich color in your curtains and drapery which will keep it all from looking too pale. You can use scarlet here or strong yellow, orange goes well with grayish green. You will give more character to this room if you paint the floor a dark brown for eighteen inches all around and have a large matting rug. You speak of painting some porch chairs scarlet, they would look well with your green cottage in this color, but if they are rustic I should think it would be better to stain them brown and use turkey red cushions in them.

## THE THEORY OF HEARING.

[London Daily News:] In the physiological section of the British Association yesterday, Dr. Albert Gray (Glasgow) read a paper on "The Theory of Hearing." His view of the function of the cochlea, as set forth in his paper, is like that of Helmholtz, that sound is analyzed into its simple constituent tones by the ossicular membrane. The result of this analysis is that variations in pressure on the nerve termination will occur, and that these pressure variations are analyzed in the central nervous system. In support of the theory he put forward he cited the close analogy which it shows between the sense of hearing and that of touch. It further explains the existence of noise as distinguished from musical sounds, and the fact that under certain circumstances the ear is able to perceive difference of phase.



## Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

### TIME AND TALENT FOR HOUSE GOWNS PUBLIC RAIMENT NOT SO IMPORTANT AS COSTUMES DESIRED FOR HOME USE.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Jan. 8.—"When it comes to house gowns," remarked the hostess, as she stood with her head on one side before a tall green glass vase, trying to give the best aesthetic effect in the arrangement of a great sheaf of carnation roses, "I don't think a woman goes amiss when she gives her home toilets the lion's share of her time and talents."

"Well, yes, I suppose one should think a good deal about

domestic fashions so to speak," admitted the tall girl from California, whose own Norse features were admirably set off by a delicate gray gown trimmed with gray seed pearl braid.

"My child, it is vital," broke in the hostess, with decision, waving a pair of glistening flower scissors. "Heaven deliver me from the woman whose company clothes, whose public raiment would fill King Solomon with envy, while her home privacy is filled with faded silks, tattered flounces and sartorial disrepair. Heaven help her husband, for love must struggle gallantly to survive untidiness."

"What is your idea of proper home dressing?" asked the gray gown with interest. "A froon froon breakfast jacket and taffeta skirt in the morning?"

"Nothing of the sort," stooping to pin one end in the breast of the gray gown.

"I come of good old Puritan stock and I am used to a certain degree about morning froon froon Cotton Mather might. A woman should be as sleek of head as a robin with not a superfluous frill about her, permitting color and plumage to gradually through the day until night falls, when jewels shine out like stars. My ideal morning froon is a perfectly simple cloth skirt, in a deep warm color, or rinnia red, made with a slight train in the back, decorated up to the knees with close set button tucks.

"With this skirt," she continued, "should be a waist of pure Parma violet flannel by the law of



A Midwinter Calling Hat.

Here is a midwinter calling hat from Redfern's Paris house. The felt is mauve, and so soft satiny as to be folded into any and every shape. On the right side is a mass of shaded chrysanthemums, and on the left a high, rich bow of mauve velvet.

The Feather Crown.

Feather crowns are among the late novelties in Paris, as is demonstrated by the charming round hat photographed here. The felt is a pastel blue, having rather a wide even brim, around which mousseline de soie of the same shade is folded lightly. The crown is made wholly of delicate breast feathers in gray, to match the huge bow of castor velvet that is looped and knotted high on the left side.

An Indoor Jacket.

This is an indoor bodice, or rather jacket, from Redfern's Paris house. It is of pink satin, with masses of rather heavy cream lace used for frills and revers. The front is of accordion-pleated white chiffon, having straps of narrow, black velvet across the chiffon, held by tiny rhinestone buckles.

A Smart Evening Gown.

This, possibly, is the very newest and smartest model of an evening gown sent out from Paris this season. The material is black chantilly, embroidered in silver. So delicate is the work, it looks like frosting on the silky lace, and shows delicate garlands of morning-glory blossoms and foliage. The chantilly is made over black satin,

except for the transparent yoke and sleeves, removable in order to wear the bodice décolleté. A bunch of crimson roses is fastened on the left breast, and the high velvet collar is stitched in and red.

Popular Evening Gown.

The great richness and elegance compatible with the use of poplin for evening wear is illustrated by this photograph. Designed for a dinner dress, the white Irish poplin, of a silky quality, made of elaborate embroideries of silver crystals and floral pattern is worked out with gold palette, with an appliquéd vine and foliage, in two low panels. Yellow tulle and lace trim the low



ability. Its whole bosom must be laid in pinch tucks so close that they will stiffen the front and down from neck to waist between the areas of tucks runs a double box pleat of flannel, its four folded edged stitched and piped with white silk. Sleeves tulle into a straight tucked cuff band of flannel fastened with silver ball studs, a high straight tucked flannel collar caught with two silver ball studs under the chin and a bow and girdle of violet silk. There! now you have my idea of what a woman should be when she sits behind the silver coffee pot of a morning.

"Is that what you wear?" inquired Miss California, with an expression of babyish naïveté in her turquoise eyes.

The hostess laughed gently. "As a matter of fact, I do, but the sketch I have made of the violet study is taken from one worn by a woman I dashed in to see at 9 o'clock the other morning concerning the health of a charity patient we support in common at a hospital. Warmth, softness, comfort and grace were all so clearly signified by her appearance that I mutely wondered how any one could find a longing for the fluffy frivolity and garishness of a toilet tea jacket.

"Another woman I know wears a little plain dark silk waist with a simple woolen skirt in the morning and then with her own fingers she fashions big sailor collars of fine network and embroidery to fall over the silk clad shoulders and draw down in front to a point as long as her elbow bell. Lace and embroidery in cuffs turn back from her wrists and circle her collar band and the fresh sweetness of her costume is delightful.

"Toward midday if one is giving a luncheon, for instance, I believe in greater formality of uniform, but not to the extent of extreme ornateness. A hostess in my opinion must be most cautious not to overdress her part, and a woman whose judgment is discreet and independent will not bewilder herself with any elaboration for a midday meal.

"A captivating little luncheon gown came under my notice last week and deserves imitation in any complete wardrobe. The goods was a soft pastel blue crepe cloth, tucked out a bit in the skirt that had absolutely no other decoration than a group of perpendicular tucks running from one hip to within a span of the floor. Atop of this went a waist of the same goods and color tucked perpendicularly in two clusters over the bust and cut open in a square yoke over the chest. Of course the square was filled in with very finely tucked white silk muslin laid upon blue and then, from three sides of the yoke, folded back revers of white lace and a stock of lace formed the collar. Down in the lower left hand corner of the yoke on the lace revers was set a big bow of black panne and this artistic touch gave the simple little gown a Frenchy air that made it completely irresistible."

"That does sound awfully attractive," admitted the young Californian.

"Does it not?" agreed the hostess, tactfully, "and for a low-eyed woman could you imagine a more harmonious coloring?"

"No jewels go with it, I suppose," rather regretfully from the deep chair.

"Not one," was the quick answer, as the hostess's eagle eye flashed over gem set neckchain, diamond crescent and fob watch, all gleaming on her caller's breast.

"Jewels, as I have said before, are more and more like the stars, for evening service only. Not that a certain effort is impossible with jewels in the late afternoon at a luncheon or wedding reception. What I see all the smart women do nowadays is to fasten the finest brooch they own at the back of their dress collar, to flash like the stars in the comet. It is a rather pretty fancy, too, don't you think, but as I have observed many of our set in the evening wearing their finest brooches and ornaments fastened on the shoulder and top of their décolleté bodices in the manner in which generals adorn themselves with

the puzzles of my young life," admitted the listener, "is the gown to wear on the afternoons at home?"

"The sort of dress that is suitable for the theater at home is nice for the afternoon, admitted the hostess.

"The woman behind the tea kettle, be she a matron, must not attempt gorgeousness. A little silk or crepe de chine is the ideal thing. I'll tell you that next week I am having a new frock of very purpose sent home. Long did I oscillate between a rosy lilac taffeta trimmed with lilac chiffon and a pale green and a delicate green nun's veiling with a satin trim in it. I finally let my affections go out to the first, for about certain verdant tints there is a touch of spring and youthfulness that I am not proof against. My green frock has a skirt opened and draped elegantly at the foot and then the waist is almost comically simple. A pointed vest over the front of cream chiffon with a collar of cream guipure and green tulle laid back from that. One quaint touch is an arrangement of black tulle choix set on the shoulders."

"That does sound beguiling," chimed in the caller, "and it's not an impertinent question, what sort of shoes do you wear with such a gown?"

"My suede, my dear, soft gray and gray stockings and a tiny cut steel buckle on the flap of either slipper. They are the invariable combination for green, while black goes with a red gown and bronze slippers with a blue gown."

MARY DEAN.

## OLDEST LOVE LETTER IN THE WORLD

### BEST BRIDAL CAKES, BRIDESMAIDS AND BEST MEN CAME INTO FASHION.

By a Special Contributor.

The oldest known love letter in the world is in the Egyptian Museum. It is a proposal of marriage for the hand of an Egyptian princess and it was written 3500 years ago. It is in the form of an inscribed brick, and is therefore not only the oldest, but the most substantial love letter in existence.

The first silver wedding dates back to the time of the Egyptian Pharaoh. Two servants belonging to him had grown up in his service, a man and a woman, and what could be a reward? Calling the woman, he said: "Your

service is great, greater than this man's, whose service is great enough, for the woman always finds work harder than a man, and, therefore, I will give you a reward. At your age, I know of none better than a dowry and a husband. The dowry is here—this farm from this time forth belongs to you. If this man who has worked with you five and twenty years is willing to marry you, then the husband is ready."

"Your majesty," said the old peasant, "how is it possible that we should marry, having already silver hairs?"

"Then it shall be a silver wedding," and the king gave the couple silver enough to keep them in plenty. This soon became known all over France and raised such enthusiasm that it became a fashion after twenty-five years of married life to celebrate a silver wedding.

The practice of the wife assuming the husband's name at marriage is a Roman custom and originated soon after the Roman occupation. Julia married to Pompey, became "Julia of Pompey." In latter times married women signed their names in the same manner, but omitted the "of." However, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the usage seems doubtful, since we find Catharine Parro signing herself after she had been twice married. In Iceland the opposite has always been the custom. There, after marriage, the husband assumes the wife's name.

The word wedding is derived from the "wed" or security which the Anglo-Saxon bridegroom gave at espousals for the due performance of his contract. This "wed" was held by trustees, and in addition to it, the groom wore an espousal ring. As for the wedding ring, it was first designed by Prometheus, according to tradition, and fashioned out of adamant and iron by Tubal Cain, and was given by Adam to his son to this end, that he therewith should espouse a wife.

Our wedding cake is the remains of a custom whereby a Roman bride held in her left hand three wheat ears, and many centuries later, an English bride wore a chaplet of wheat. The bridesmaids threw grains of corn or small bits of cake upon the heads of the newly married and the guests picked up the pieces and ate them. The wedding cake did not come into general use until the last century and was then composed of solid blocks, laid together, iced all over, so that when the outer crust was broken over the bride's head, the cakes inside fell on the floor and were distributed among the guests. Bridal favors are of Danish origin. The true lover's knot having been first designed by Danish hearts and deriving its designation from the Danish *truelofa*—"I plight my troth."

The throwing of the slipper comes from the custom of a shoe being given by the father of the bride to the new husband, in token of transference of power over her, the groom lightly tapping the bride's head with it.

The best man is a survivor of the band of friends who accompanied the suitor in his wife winning and kept watch for him over the bride's tribe, while the lover sought the opportunities to carry off his prize. The honeymoon journey is the hurried flight of the husband with his wife to escape the vengeance of the pursuing tribe. The presents given the bridesmaids and ushers are simply a relic of the rough bribery used by the ancient bridegroom among his personal friends so that they would assist in the capture of his chosen bride when the day arrived on which he had determined to carry her off. In the fifteenth century a bride—if one of the aristocracy—often received twenty rings from her relatives and six from the bridegroom—two when he became interested in her, two for the espousal and two when they were married.

## CHICAGO'S FAMOUS CATS.

THE QUEEN CITY BOASTS AS BEAUTIFUL PUSSIES AS THE WORLD EVER SAW.

By a Special Contributor.

It is doubtful whether outside of Asia, finer bred cats are to be found anywhere than in Chicago, and of these incomparable specimens, certainly some of the rarest are to be found at the Drexel Kennels, owned by Mrs. Leland Norton.

"We think the picture of Royal the finest we have ever seen," writes a leading London periodical devoted to the interest and care of animals, to Mrs. Norton, of one of her prize-winners, "far superior to anything sent us by Lady Marcus Beaufort, who was kind enough several weeks ago to send us a large collection of her cats." This from a London expert apropos of the most distinguished cats of England is by no means faint praise.

One epoch-making day, a friend brought Mrs. Norton from San Francisco two stunning white Persians, Jo and his mate Snow, which a missionary had brought by hand to California all the way from Persia.

This was the absolutely pure original stock upon which Mrs. Norton founded her kennels, and by a system of careful breeding, she has kept the strain so pure, that the kittens of her own raising are quite the equals of any that she imports from the Far East. Echo, a magnificent fellow, and Madge, famous alike for her fine coat, superb tail and gentle disposition, were both the offspring of the original pair, and Royal, the great prize-winner valued at \$50,000, with a tail sixteen inches across in full feather, descended also from the same line.

Mrs. Norton is, by the way, a great believer in American stock, having practically demonstrated that cats may be bred and raised in this country that will easily take rank with the best of any country on the globe. She, however, imports at regular intervals from India and Persia, for the sake of variety, as a basis of comparison.

"All my foreign kittens come to me by the way of San Francisco," remarked Mrs. Norton. "I never get any from England, and indeed do not experiment in any way with European stock."

Curious results frequently appear from experiments in breeding. One of Mrs. Norton's white Angoras, an exquisite creature, called Chiffon, has one clear blue eye and an equally pronounced yellow one. The effect, though striking, is altogether attractive. A still more bizarre and charming product appeared last spring, when Mrs. Norton found herself the happy possessor of a pure salmon-pink Kitty. This small unique thing was treasured as the very apple of her eye, and was expected to create a great sensation in the cat world; but it unfortunately chanced to be

of a litter where the mother proved neglectful, and lived to be only 6 weeks old.

The long-haired cats include some five different families, each with its distinctive feature, which the connoisseur is quick to detect. To mistake an Angora for a Persian or vice versa is, for instance, to admit oneself hopelessly ignorant on the cat question. However they may differ in details, every thoroughbred must have an upper coat of long silky hairs with a close woolly coat growing around the roots of the former; the frill, or "lord mayor's chain," which is a crest of hairs around the neck at the line where the fur of the cheeks pointing downward meets that of the neck pointing forward; a long, bushy tail, large, full eyes, and tufts of hair at the points of the ears. Their points of difference lie in the quality of the coat, the shape and color of the eyes, the size of the ears and the form of the tail. Experts consider a rich deep black with orange-colored eyes, long, flowing hair and a heavy mane, the most perfect form of the Persian.

Of course, such a collection of silken beauties as Mrs. Norton possesses require much time for their proper care. The diet must be regular and wholesome, the kennels immaculate, and the fur coats irreplaceable; as a matter of fact, it does take almost the entire time of one maid, whose service is, however, as much one of love, as that of Mrs. Norton herself. Between 7 and 8 in the morning is the breakfast hour, when the pussies ranged up in line, partake of their bowl of some of the popular cereals and milk. Oatmeal is debarred, as it does not develop a good coat. Rice boiled with stock is excellent, as is also grape nut with milk. Between 12 and 1 they have a light luncheon of bread and milk, or rice, or a little cooked meat. At 6 they have a full dinner of raw meat. Mrs. Norton is a great believer in this diet, and certainly her kitties are in perfect condition. She advises mutton as not being so heating as beef. The raised shoulder or shank is the cut she most usually buys. Fish and oysters may both be recommended as a pleasant occasional change from the meat.

The kennels are thoroughly cleaned and disinfected every day; in one is kept a large bed of catnip, in which the pussies love to roll. This must be gathered in quantities in the summer time, so that the bed may be fre-



quently replenished during the winter. In a room over the kennels is a runway of clean hay, in which the kitties love to burrow, and which must also be frequently renewed.

After years of experience, Mrs. Norton has concluded that it is not well to bathe even the white kitties frequently, and once or twice a year is now the limit of her efforts in this direction. They are, however, combed and brushed every day. This is also a great hygienic measure, as a very frequent cause of death among these high-bred creatures is an obstruction in the abdomen, caused by the accumulation into a ball of the long hairs which the cat has licked from its own sides.

When asked her opinion as to the general intelligence of cats, Mrs. Norton solemnly affirmed that she believed they understood everything that was said to them.

"At least mine do," she added, "perhaps because they have been talked to all their lives. Why, Echo there was brought up to ride on the bicycle with me. At first I used to let him ride on my shoulders, but I found that attracted too much attention, and then he proved too heavy for a long pull. He was, therefore, presented with a basket, and it was not long before the word bicycle could hardly be pronounced in his presence, without his running for his little basket, dragging it forward and then cuddling down into it, with his head peering over the edge."

At this point Mrs. Norton raised her voice. "Do you want to go to ride, Echo?" and the whole performance was gone through with, exactly as she had indicated.

Mrs. Norton is president of the Chicago Cat Club, which gave last year such a very successful and attractive exhibition. The club is making active preparations for a similar show this season.

MARIAN DEPEW.

Grant Allen's whimsically clever advice, "Don't take to literature if you have capital enough to buy a good broom and energy enough to annex a vacant street crossing," does not seem to have carried much weight with his own son, Grant Allen, Jr., who is now connected with a London publishing house.



# The Youths' Own Page—Our Boys and Girls.

## THINGS ALL AROUND US.

### NATURE SERIES—X. WHAT PLANTS DO FOR ANIMALS.

By a Special Contributor.

IN MY last two papers, I have told you something of what animals do for the plants and for us. It will be no more than fair, then, to tell you a little about what the plants have done and are still doing for animals.

One of the most remarkable things about the plants and the most important thing for the animals, and for us in the same degree—for we also belong to the animal kingdom, you know—is that plant life is able to get its nourishment directly out of the air and the soil, while animal life is dependent upon plants and other animals for its food. Chemists tell us that this will not always be—that we shall some day know how to do in our laboratories what plants do in their bodies, extract for ourselves from things that do not have life what we need for the support of our existence. Chemists are even beginning to be able to do some things in this direction, but as yet not much. And until very recently, through all the long ages that men have lived on the earth, they have not been able to do anything of this sort, but were obliged to go to other living things for their food.

The most of plants have two principal parts which they use for extracting their food from the air and the soil—leaves and roots. The upper surface of a leaf is made up of little white compartments called cells that contain much water and absorb from the air a gas that, although invisible, is of as much importance to the plant as is the air we breathe. A great deal of this gas is given off from our lungs in our breath, and is not good for us to breathe again, so that the plants do us and our brothers, the animals, a great service in merely taking it out of the air for us. And, besides, the plants are able to use this gas to make up the substance of their own parts, and so to grow by its aid. Indeed, the gas is the principal food of the plant. The upper layer of cells of the leaves passes it on to layers beneath, and these layers make it into material suitable for the use of the various parts.

As for the roots of plants, they take up the water needed by the plants, and that is why we pour the water for our plants on the ground in which they grow. The ends of the roots and little hairs growing along their sides are the mouths by which the plants drink. And in the water which they drink, the plants take up also some very important foods that the water draws out of the earth in draining through it. Carrying this material, the water sucked up by the roots rises through the stems and runs through all parts of the plant. The water that is not needed is evaporated from the under side of the leaves, which are spongy on this side and unprotected by any sort of covering heavy enough to prevent the warmth of the sun from absorbing their moisture into the air or evaporating it, as we say. And that is the reason why, as I told you a while ago, too much moisture will be evaporated from the leaves if they have their under sides turned toward the sun, and the reason why leaves make an effort to turn over again if they are fastened with their under side uppermost.

Thus directly from the ground and from the air the plants take material that they make over into a form such that they grow and live by it, and such that animals and human beings can grow and live by it. This material, as I have said, we are not yet able, to any extent, to take directly from things that do not live, therefore the plants serve us and serve the animals, in serving themselves.

But the food that the plants take up from the air and ground they store in especial abundance in certain important parts, more particularly in the seeds. When the young plants start out for themselves, it is a great advantage if they can have a store of food to draw upon for a while, until they are grown beyond the tender age of babyhood. So all plants collect some material in their seeds by which to give their young a start in life; but some plants make a much larger provision for their children than others, and these plants, of course, have certain advantages over those that do make so large a provision. The food stored up in seeds is packed as close as possible, also, and is thus very concentrated. So the seeds of a large number of plants are particularly good food for us, and we use them continually, and are, most of us, aware that they are better material for building us up than most other parts of plants. Thus we eat peas and beans and nuts, and grains ground into flours of different kinds, or hulled and broken up for cooking as breakfast foods.

But although it is of advantage to us to be able to get food of this concentrated sort, it is not at all an advantage to the plant to have us eat its seeds, save as we are thus led to cultivate the plants on which the seeds grow. Before human beings began to cultivate plants, it was a disadvantage, save in exceptional cases, to have the animals carry off their seed, if the real seed was what they wished to eat and not its case or some part not belonging to the seed proper. Where the seed is itself pleasant to the taste and wholesome in all respects it is often covered with a case that is most unpleasant to bite into and that to a greater or less extent keeps the creatures which do not possess hands from eating it; though this cannot be called a wholly successful protection. On the other hand, some plants, as we saw last Sunday, have very pleasant cases for their seeds, cases that the animals like to eat. But those are generally protected by an unpleasant juice in the seed proper, "pip" or "stone" of the fruit; the shell of which is likely, moreover, to be very hard, as is indicated by the last name for it that I have mentioned. So that, as you see, the seed is protected in one way or another, sometimes in several ways; by hard shell; by an unpleasant juice in the outer covering, if the seed itself is pleasant to the taste and wholesome; or by an unpleasant or poisonous juice in the seed itself, especially where the covering

is good to eat. And these last seeds, with pleasant case but uneatable meat in the stone, have the best arrangement, for reasons which I explained to you last Sunday. Their seeds are not themselves eaten by the animals, but the pleasant case or cushion causes the fruit as a whole to be sought for by the animals and carried about, so that the seed comes to be planted in many different places.

There is also another way in which plants often store up food in concentrated form. Many of them grow tubers; or bulbs, or what we call root-stocks, hiding them away from the animals below the ground and sending out new growths from them in the spring, if they are left so to do. A great many such plant caches we are in the habit of eating—potatoes, beets, carrots, onions, etc.

And since such growths usually contain much more real food than leaves or stem, they are more generally eaten by such animals as know how to dig for them. But leaves and stems also contain food that many kinds of animals could use, and therefore they, too, have in many cases their protections. Stems especially, which are particularly important since many leaves may be eaten without destroying a plant, while the destruction of a single point of one stem may mean the death of the whole plant or of a large portion of it, are usually protected from animals and from the cold and other means of injury, by hard coverings of different sorts. The stems of most trees have very thick and hard bark, which grows thinner the higher you climb in the tree, the trunk being, of course, the most important stem of all to the life of the tree, as well as the oldest.

So plants have come, in the course of ages, to protect their different parts from too great destruction by the animals. But despite all these different devices, animals of all kinds feed upon one or another of the parts. And unless the plants had first been in the world, animals could never have come to be, and you and I could never have been born. For it was necessary, before animals could exist, that there be some way of getting the food-stuffs which the animal-body needs out of things which are not alive—out of the ground and the air; animals not being able to do this themselves.

## THE WITCH WOMAN.

### STORY OF A BOY WHO WAS SUFFERING FROM A SEVERE ATTACK OF HEN-FEVER.

By a Special Contributor.

All the boys in Oakville had hen fever. I once heard a little boy say "hen fever is something like chickenpox and something like scarlet fever, but it lasts longer than either," and I guess he was right. But if you who are reading this are so unfortunate as to be a city boy and only know hens as the featherless things they hang up by their legs in the poultry stores I can tell you that hen fever is very delightful while it lasts, for it means the enthusiastic care of hens—which are the birds who lay the eggs of commerce. It means feeding them the right food and rejoicing in their cackling, which is their way of saying, "Watch me lay an egg," and it means hunts for hidden nests with maybe a dozen eggs in them and it may be a dozen fluffy little chickens. It means the right food and plenty of water for them and tucking them into bed at night so they won't catch cold and it sometimes means enough pocket money from the sale of eggs and chickens to buy a handsome double ripper with a picture of Dewey winning out, at Manila, on it.

So you see that hen fever doesn't require the services of a physician and you can catch it at any time of the year, although March and April are the easiest months in which to get it, for then any old hen at all will lay eggs and you think she's going to do it all the year round and you get your father to buy forty of them and the first thing you know your hens are all on strike and you're buying your eggs at a grocery store. And that sometimes cures hen fever. But it also shows you that you didn't have the right brand of fever of they would have kept on laying.

The annual Bangtown fair was billed to come off the first Tuesday in October and ten of the Oakville boys had entered their hens in the hope of winning prizes. Abbott Lyman was going to send ten Black Leghorns and Philip Wendell was going to ship a crate of White Plymouth Rocks and Beecher Ward was going to exhibit three Black Spanish hens.

But poor little Bryant Williams felt quite left out because he had nothing to send. He was a little orphan who would have had hen fever in a minute if he could have bought or borrowed any hens, but it was all he could do to get enough clothes to cover him and sufficient food to keep his internal machinery going and to have bought even one scrub hen would have overtaxed his resources.

I'm rather afraid that Abbott Lyman crowded a little over Bryant—maybe he had caught it from his hens—and maybe not. But wherever he had caught it he should have dropped it instantly. He said in that taunting way of his that made him so unpopular with smaller boys, and got him into so many scrapes with bigger ones. "If I was so poor that I couldn't enter any fowls at the fair I'd go jump into Naugatuck."

But little Bryant, instead of making an ugly reply, simply turned a handspike and went down the road to help Beecher Ward knock a crate together for his Pekin ducks. On the way to Beecher's house he came upon an old woman who had slipped on a "slide" and had fallen. She had dancing black eyes and a sugar loaf hat and long, straight hair and her nose was within hailing distance of her chin and she looked a good deal like old Mother Hubbard or Mother Goose or one of the other mothers of nursery tales.

Bryant was a helpful chap and instead of laughing at the old woman as Abbott would have done he stopped and said, "Have you hurt yourself? Can I help you?"

"Indeed you can, sonny. I think I've cracked my hip. I didn't see the ice and the first thing I did was stars." Bryant laughed. Here was an old woman who could make

a joke of her trouble and he was the better pleased for her for he was always joking himself.

He put his arm around her and finding her bones, he lifted her with no trouble at all.

"Indeed but you're a good lad. Once I'm on my feet I'm good for all day, but when I tumble—which I do—do—I'm as badly off as a turtle on its back."

"Are you going far?" said Bryant. "Can't I take your basket?"

"Thank you kindly if you will," said the old woman. "My hip pains me a good deal. I suppose you're going to the Bangtown fair and exhibiting some chickens or other boys?"

"No, indeed," said Bryant, ruefully. "I have been enough to get in myself and I made that helping hand. I wish I could take care of his ducks. I wish I could take care of his hens, for I love them and would like to win a prize."

"Well, it's a lucky thing that you met me and fell, for I have the hen that laid the golden egg basket and I will let you have her all day tomorrow. I will promise to return her to me next day. I'll be at the Black Mountain."

And then Bryant knew who it was that he had befriended; none other than the witch woman of Bangtown who in winter lived in Watertown, but in summer an abandoned charcoal burner's hut on the mountain.

"You can win a prize with the hen and you can have the golden egg which she will lay at 10 in the morning. A great deal of money and you can show her in a basket charge so much admission."

Did ever a boy find fortune knocking so many times at his door at once? His eyes filled with tears and he took the old woman's hand and thanked her with all the fervor of a warm nature.

"I must go and see about getting a tent at the fair."

"Now I like that," said the old witch. "You would have expected me to furnish tent and all that, but I see that you are willing to help yourself. Lowell Russell and tell him I sent you and he will be glad to see you."



BRYANT WAS KEPT BUSY TAKING IN MONEY.

out. Here, take the hen along, but be sure she doesn't steal her or she and the thief will disappear early.

Bryant promised and ran off with the basket. He was waiting for Mrs. Russell to open the door to the cover of the basket and looked in. There sat a looking hen of a bright golden color. Her comb was as blood and she looked exactly as if laying gold was a good thing for her health. Which it was, for think how many years it is since she discovered.

Bryant told his errand to Mrs. Russell and she that her husband—who was vice-president of the town Fair Association—had a tent that was to be used by a man with a five-headed calf, but the lost four of his heads in a railroad accident and no better than any calf, so the man didn't need it. And then Mr. Russell came in and proved to be himself.

Next morning the fair opened and it was the country fair that were ever held. And if you attended one I can tell you that the chief things there are people. People who have come afoot or on wheels and between wheels—and some come in balloons rather than miss coming. The big tent and a lot of smaller ones, and there are sell candy and oysters and soda and whips. They are really worth while. They sell half a dozen each one worth a dollar, and charge a dollar and still make money. Now that ought to make a problem in arithmetic. If one whip is worth \$1.50 and sells six such whips for a dollar and makes money, how much does he make? Do it in fractions. Or maybe fractions would be better. But I'm not sure how the man does it.

The poultry show was a fine one; not only so but the farmers for miles around had entered. Bryant took first prize as a matter of course. A lays golden eggs is worth any number of hens or feathers.

Bryant was kept busy taking in the nickle people paid to go in and see the hen in a picture painted by Mrs. Ward. Mr. Russell had painted a picture of a hen at least two feet high and high feet and the tent was naturally a magnificent one.

Of course the biggest crowd was in the tent at



when the hen was advertised to lay the egg. The tent had been full before that, but there's always room for more people in a crowd. Those people who happened to be in the tent when the egg was laid had something to talk about for the rest of their lives, and I dare say if you go up to Oakville you'll find persons who saw the whole proceeding.

At 10 sharp the egg appeared and the hen began to crackle a silver lay. Mr. Russell, who stood by Bryant to see fair play, held the egg up and told the crowd that it was probably worth \$300 and any farmer could have it for that price, spot cash. While the crowd was laughing at this, for people up Oakville way don't carry many \$300 bills around loose in their clothes, a queer thing happened.

One of the men who ran a wheel of fortune—the kind where you pay 10 cents and are sure to get an article worth a tenth of a cent—no blanks—thought that a hen who laid golden eggs laid over any fortune wheel in the country, so he told his pal that he was going to steal it.

He was standing on the other side of the hen and while the crowd was intent on the glistening egg he seized the enchanted fowl and burst through the crowd and out of the tent as quick as winking. The farmers followed him, crying, "Stop thief," but they had not run ten feet when a remarkable thing happened.

That man and the hen disappeared as if they had been swallowed up. There was no place where the man could have hidden. He had simply vanished because he stole the hen.

And neither the hen nor the man has been seen from that day to this, although it was way back in October. The old witch's prediction had come true. I dare say that she had the hen, but who has the man I don't know. And I don't care much.

As for Bryant, he sold the egg to a banker in Waterbury for \$400 and put the money in the savings bank and he bought some blooded Wyandotte hens with the gate money he took in, and now he has one of the best poultry farms in the whole State of Connecticut.

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

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### LIQUID HYDROGEN.

FEATHERS AND CORKS SINK LIKE STONES TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS LIQUID.

By a Special Contributor.

It seems odd enough to speak of a cork sinking, let alone actually seeing it sink. "Light as a cork," "it bobbed up like a cork," are familiar expressions to denote lightness. Of course a cork will not sink in water, but a celebrated English scientist, Prof. Dewar of the Royal Institution of Great Britain, has recently made a wonderful liquid in which a cork goes to the bottom like a stone. Hydrogen is one of the lightest gases; it is used for filling balloons so that they will go upward through the heavier air. Well, Prof. Dewar, by the use of enormous pressure and great cold, forced hydrogen into liquid form just as steam when cooled becomes water. The same scientist had already astonished the world by making a liquid of air. Now, you cannot see the gas, hydrogen, any more than you can see the air—it is perfectly colorless. Similarly the liquid made from hydrogen is colorless, it looks like clear, sparkling spring water and it is by all odds the lightest liquid known. A cork dropped into it will instantly go to the bottom—even a feather will sink through it at once. Although a liquid, it isn't wet and it is so cold, being over 400 deg. below zero, that it actually causes the cork to become liquid and then it freezes this liquid of ice and the air-ice being heavier than the liquid hydrogen it sinks at once to the bottom, where it can be seen as a white lump. It seems odd to have the ice at the bottom of a liquid instead of on top. Of course liquid hydrogen is very costly because it requires such great pains and such great cold to produce it, and it cannot be kept for it boils away rapidly, although it is kept in vacuum tube covered with liquid air. And although cold and a liquid as well, it will burn fiercely, exactly like hydrogen gas.

### WITH GLUE AND BRUSH.

THE INTERESTING THINGS THAT MAY BE MADE BY THEIR USE.

By a Special Contributor.

Among Lady Marion's Christmas gifts was a bottle of glue and a brush. Now Lady Marion was but 6 years old, and every one, but Lady Marion herself, thought what could such a little girl do with glue, but we shall see.

The very next morning the bottle of glue was in use, for it was to be mamma's birthday soon, and aunt Edith had promised to help the little girl make a pretty present for mamma. It was to be made from some wild flowers and ferns that they had gathered and pressed during the summer and fall. Lady Marion selected ten of the very prettiest ones and neatly mounted them on plain white cards, these being fastened together with narrow ribbons to make a book. On each card was the name of the flower, and on the cover Aunt Edith wrote in gold paint, "Greetings for your birthday from Lady Marion" for her dear mamma. Such a happy morning as they spent with the bottle of glue.

Now this same bottle of glue helped to make many pretty presents throughout the year. I will tell you of one that Lady Marion made for her Aunt Edith, and as she had learned to make the pretty paper chains in kindergarten she needed no help about it. It was a small chain or garland for the fireplace, made from sixteen paper chains, hung from a thin bar of wood, which was fitted to the opening. The chains were made by gluing short strips of pretty-colored paper together and putting one strip over another. It took sixteen chains, made from white paper strips one-half inch wide and four inches long, and was very pretty and effective when finished. The next morning our glue and brush helped Lady Marion and her mamma to do was to make a doll's bed for her little sister's room, and ever so many other pretty pieces of furniture were manufactured for other dolls from oatmeal, shredded wheat and pasteboard boxes, but I will not stop to tell you of these now, as I want to tell you about a whole

house our glue and brush helped to make. First, a plain, cheap notebook was bought, and on the cover was glued a pretty piazza, with a door—for this, you must know, was the outside of Lady Marion's house. On opening the book the first two pages were furnished as a reception-room or hall. Here hung a picture of the supposed house and grounds; a number of beautiful palms were placed around, chairs, tables, and at one side was a stairway. The next two pages took us into the parlor, where were to be seen beautiful pictures on the walls, easy chairs, center table, bits of statuary, and other ornaments. The music-room occupied the next two pages, then the library, dining-room, kitchen, laundry, sleeping-rooms, bathroom, sewing-room, the nursery, etc. The pictures used mostly for furnishing this fine house were obtained from house furnishers' catalogues, advertising pages of old magazines, and some were drawn with pen and ink. I'm sure you never saw such an interesting and pretty house, and all in one scrapbook. And many were the happy hours spent in making it.

Then the toys and books this bottle of glue mended, the pictures it mounted, and other useful, interesting things it did would take a whole volume to tell.

GRACE LORING EARLY.

### THE DEATH CUP.

THE FEARFUL EFFECTS OF THIS AND OTHER POISONOUS PLANTS.

By a Special Contributor.

It is probable that not many people ever heard of phallin, not only one of the most remarkable substances in the world, but one of the most terrible poisons. And it is so very common that it can be found in almost every field and swamp in the country. For phallin is the poisonous element in the deadly mushroom, the "death cup," as it has been most appropriately called. Not only that, when phallin was first discovered, it was found that it was almost identical with the poison of the rattlesnake, so that



death from mushroom poisoning is very similar to death from a serpent bite. But still more wonderful! It is now known that various bacteria produce nearly the same poison—the bacteria, for instance, of diphtheria and typhoid fever. It seems odd enough that death from the poisonous mushroom, from a rattlesnake bite and from diphtheria should result from practically the same cause.

It is said that twenty-five people are killed every year in the United States by eating the death cup, mistaking it for the edible mushroom. It requires only a bit of the death cup to kill—a piece the size of a pea will do it. One case is cited in which a boy ate only a third of a small uncooked cup of the deadly mushroom, but it was enough to cause his death. Indeed, so baneful is the phallin poison that even the handling of the death cup and the breathing of the spores may produce serious illness.

The death cup looks very pretty as it grows in the fields, and when eaten it has not the slightest ill taste, either



POISON IVY (*Rhus radicans*)

when raw or when cooked. Nor is there any uneasiness felt until from nine to fourteen hours afterward. Then come terrible pains in the abdomen, nausea and vomiting, followed by almost certain death with many of the symptoms of Asiatic cholera. The effect of phallin is to dissolve the red corpuscles in the blood, permitting them to escape through the alimentary canal. The greatest care is necessary, therefore, in gathering mushrooms, not to pick any of the "death cups." They are easily recognized from the others and there never is any need of making mistakes.

The "death cup" is only one of a number of poisonous plants in America, although there are not as many in this country as in Europe. The commonest of all is the familiar poison ivy of our fields and roadside. Contrary to almost general belief, poison ivy is not injurious unless actually touched. Its irritating power is due to a non-volatile oil contained in the leaves, the effects of which, while distressing, are not deadly. A very good representa-

tion of the poison ivy leaves and fruit is shown in the picture. Once familiar with it, one need never mistake it for anything else. Poison ivy is much more common in the East than in the West; one of its favorite growing spots is along old stone fences and at the edges of swamps. The poison oak, so-called, because its leaf resembles that of a western oak, is first cousin to the poison ivy; it is found only in the far Western States. Then there is the water hemlock, the most virulent of them all, called also wild hemlock, wild parsnip, mousquash root and cowbane. It kills many cattle every year.

### CURIOSITIES OF CUBAN CLIMATE.

NATIVES PLANT FENCES AND SOLDIERS PLANT TABLES INSTEAD OF BUILDING THEM.

By a Special Contributor.

Some odd things happen in Cuba. A man wishes a fence around his yard or field; he doesn't build it, he plants it—and it grows, too. First, he cuts a great bundle of piñon twigs, then he scratches a little trench where he wants his fence to run, and finally he sticks in the twigs in a row a few inches apart. The soil of Cuba is so rich, and the weather so warm and moist, that directly the twigs take root, throw out branches and leaves, and presently there is a dense hedge of piñon trees enclosing the field. And there are no nails to drop out here nor boards to fall down and let in the cattle, and the fence is good for a hundred years.

Nor is that the most curious thing that one may see in Cuba. What would you think of a camp table that grew? While the American soldiers were camped back of Santiago they made great numbers of little tables by driving forked sticks in the ground for legs and using a top of boards. Of course the legs took root, and some of these tables are now nicely shaded by leafy branches, and in two or three years four nice trees will be growing there and no one would ever dream that they once were table legs. Another curious thing. At Quanlanamo I once saw an old tin can fastened around the branch of a big Cuban laurel tree, some four or five feet from its leafy end. It was packed full of earth, and I wondered what could be the purpose of it.

"That's simple enough," said the Cuban householder. "In a few weeks roots will grow in the earth inside the tin can. Then we can cut off the limb just back of the can, stick it in the ground, take away the can, and it will grow into a large tree."

Plant a cauliflower plant in Cuba, and instead of spreading out in a big, fat head like a cabbage, it spindles up for all the world like a sunflower, three or four feet high; with big rank leaves and a little flower at the top that you never would recognize as a cauliflower.

### DIAMONDS IN MONTANA.

BUT THE MAN WHO DISCOVERED THEM DOES NOT KNOW WHERE.

[Denver Republican:] "Here's a specimen that none of you can match," said Jesse Lyons, a mining man from Deadwood, to a party of fellow-mineralogists in the Windsor Hotel office. He took from his pocket a buckskin purse, searched in its recesses until he found a wad of paper, unrolled it, and produced a small, yellowish crystal, about the size of a pea. It was something like the quartz crystals common in this region, except that it was much shorter, six-sided, with sharp-pointed ends. The members present looked it over and gave it up.

"That stone is worth about \$50 intrinsically," said Mr. Lyons, "and as a specimen I have been offered \$200. It's a genuine diamond, off color, and it has flaws in it, but for all that, it is a diamond, and it comes from the United States, too."

"I bought it for \$4 from an old fellow who had been prospecting in Montana. He don't know just where he did find it. He was testing a bank of gravel for gold, and in the pan he saw this pebble. He thought it was just a bit of quartz, but he picked it out because it was so perfect, and carried it a year or so before I saw it."

"There's no telling how far it had been carried to where it was picked up, so that even if he could remember the place there would not be any sure thing on a new Kimberley. But this much is sure, Montana is not in the same glacial drift as Wisconsin and Michigan, where diamonds have been found which are supposed to have been carried by the ice from Labrador. The matrix in which that diamond came from the bowels of the earth is not many hundred miles from the valley where it was picked up. Some day, I have no doubt that it will be located, or at any rate placers will be found that are rich enough in the pebbles to be worth working. Anyhow, I never pan any more without looking at the pebbles."

### GENERATION OF DOLLS.

[Boston Herald:] The most important festival of the year in the calendar of the Japanese small girl is known as the "Dolls' Feast." It may be a surprise to young Americans to know that Japanese children may not play with all their toys at all times. Indeed, in the old families there are families of dolls, hereditary possessions which are kept in the fireproof inclosure known as the go-down, at the rear of the Japanese dwelling. In the go-down are stored the family treasures, anything too valuable to risk the chance of fire. Family dolls form part of this collection. Dollies that once belonged to mother, aunt, grandmother or even great-grandmother are unpacked from the go-down year after year on the Dolls' Festival, to be ready for the girls' feast.

It is easy to understand why dolls last from generation to generation in Japan. If they are only played with once a year the danger of breakage is lessened to the minimum. These dolls are an object lesson in costume, and are dressed with strict regard to historical accuracy. The Emperor and Empress, Prime Minister, Cabinet officer, dancers, soldiers, Daimio (or noble), servants, plain citizens and even foreigners are carefully dressed in appropriate costume. The Daimio doll is stiffly dressed. Its black hair is arranged under a conical cap tied under its chin. Rich brocades stiff with silver and gold thread form part of the splendid costume. Great pains are expended in making the Dolls' Festival a success.



# The Times' Home Study Circle.

Under Direction of  
Prof. Seymour Eaton.

## POPULAR STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE.

Contributors to this course: Dr. Edward Dowden, Dr. William J. Rolfe, Dr. Hamilton W. Mable, Dr. Albert S. Cook, Dr. Hiram Corson, Dr. Isaac N. Demmon, Dr. Vida D. Scudder and others.

### X.—CORIOLANUS.

#### The Date of Composition.

THERE is no external evidence as to the date of "Coriolanus," but we know from the proportion of light endings and from the characteristics of diction and style that it is one of Shakespeare's later plays. It is evidently one of that group of tragedies in which the dramatist went deeper than ever did plummet sound into the human heart. Coriolanus, the man, is a companion of Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello and Antony. Commentators are warranted in placing this play next to "Antony and Cleopatra" by reason of the Roman background and its general characteristics. It is the last of the great tragedies, for "Timon of Athens," although of later date, does not deserve to rank with the highest. We may, then, say with Dowden, that the date of the play is 1608, or perhaps a little later.

#### Source of the Plot.

Lowell said of Chaucer that whenever he found anything addressed to Geoffrey Chaucer he took it and made the most of it. Shakespeare must have found a great many things addressed to him in North's translation of "Plutarch's Lives" (published in 1579), for out of it he got the material for "Julius Caesar," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Timon of Athens" and "Coriolanus." He was not at all careful about adopting the scenes and incidents; sometimes he even used the very language of Plutarch. It would be a profitable task for a student of "Coriolanus" to take down his North's Plutarch and compare it with the play.

figure that dominates every scene in the play. He is a character of heroic proportions. The oftener one reads the play the more he feels that here is one of Shakespeare's most imposing characters. He is a man of power, and in every way is the protagonist of the drama. Hamlet is not more essential to the play that bears his name than is Coriolanus to "Coriolanus." One may not admire him in many ways, and no one is drawn to him as a friend, but there is something about him that is gigantic and wonderful. He is a character of the early Roman world, not weakened as Caesar was by personal infirmities, or as Antony was by love and lust, or as Brutus by an inability to cope with practical affairs. Coriolanus is a tower of strength. His body is of gigantic proportions; he can fight against an entire army when once within the walls of the enemy; his voice is thunder-like, so that his enemies shake as if the world were feverish and did breathe. One knows the sound of Marcius's tongue from every meaner man. His will is imperious to warn, to threaten and to command.

He carries about with him the badge of his strength even when disguised as a peasant. The servants of Aufidius recognize him as no common man. "My mind gave me his clothes and made a false report of him." "What an arm he has! He turned me about with his finger and his thumb as one would set a top." "I knew by his face that there was something in him. He is simply the rarest man in the world." Whether talking with the mob, fighting battles or speaking to his soldiers, he is always the same heroic figure:

"He is their god; he leads them like a thing  
Made by some other deity than nature,  
That shapes man better."

One thinks of him in connection with Swift, whose fall, to quote the words of Thackeray, was like that of an empire. "He wants nothing of a god but eternity and a heaven to throne in."

his country and now curses him; the avaricious in the war against the Volscians seeks to plunder; the battle is over; above all, that brace of demagogues, tribunes—these are enough to call forth into greatness his natural cynicism and misanthropy. He is the world out of joint—the very worst possible man; he; Romeo and Juliet, with their intensely passionate, come face to face with a cold, conventional and Coriolanus must be brought in contact with the men people whom he loathes and the tribunes whom he detests. The tragedy is due partly to this conflict between the people and himself, but more to the inner nature of the hero. In act 3, scene 1, the tribunes discuss Coriolanus in a very interesting way from the proper point of view. One of them says: "There have been many great men that have flattered themselves who ne'er loved them, thus the indifference and the Marcius. The other answers, with rare wisdom and insight: "He seeks their hate with greater devotion; they can render it him, and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for the sake of Coriolanus has the contempt for the fickleness of that all thinking people have, but he is apt to see that all people who are not patricians are beneath notice and worthy of contempt. Menenius has no such either, but he laughs and jests with them in hearty good humor. Volumnia treats them with no difference; but Coriolanus loses his dignity in his rage against them. For once he is like a child, he is generally a giant. One wonders if the same man was at once so powerful and so weak. To this pride and sionate hatred of the people he sacrifices the happiness of his family and the prosperity of his country, and he is willing to lead an army against the walls of Rome. This weakness, this "rift within the lute," that opens the tragedy of the play—the failure of a great soul to realize the bonds that bind him to other men."

#### An Important Scene.

There are few more impressive scenes in Shakespeare than act 5, scene 3, of "Coriolanus." Coriolanus, Aufidius led the Volscian army into the very heart of Rome. Cominius has pleaded with Coriolanus and dismissed with "his speechless hand," and then his most faithful friend, has conjured him to pause and his ostentatious countrymen, but is told that he has no purpose.

At last Virgilia and Volumnia and the little Coriolanus come to his tent. Coriolanus, with his sword the populace still in his soul and with the revenge burning within him, says as he sees them:

"But, out, affection!

All bond and privilege of nature, break!"

He cannot but feel the ties of the old love and before them. Then begins the dialogue between him and Coriolanus, the former rising to the height of love and the most ardent patriotism (she is the noblest Roman of them all,) the latter strongly making his point for a while, only to give way before the appeals of his mother (II, 94-125, 131-182).

"Thou shalt no sooner

March to assault thy country than to tread—  
Trust to it, thou shalt not—on thy mother's womb  
That brought thee to this world.

Come, let us go;

This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;  
His wife is in Coriolo, and his child,  
Like him by chance, yet give us our dispatch:  
I am hush'd until our city be afire,  
And then I'll speak a little."

He cannot stand in the face of that and peace between the two nations, only to meet him in the hands of the treacherous Aufidius. He is to die, "the most noble corse that ever herald did to his urn." It is a pity that one cannot hear the dead march a eulogy by one nobler than Aufidius as one as Antony pronounced upon Brutus or Hamlet.

*Edwin Thiers*

Trinity College.

#### Courses of Instruction.

Sundays and Mondays—(1) Popular studies in Shakespeare.

Tuesdays—(2) Great American statesmen.

Wednesdays—(3) The world's great artists.

Thursdays—(4) Home science and household management.

Saturdays—(5) Desk studies for girls. (6) Desk studies for boys.

#### Examinations for Certificates.

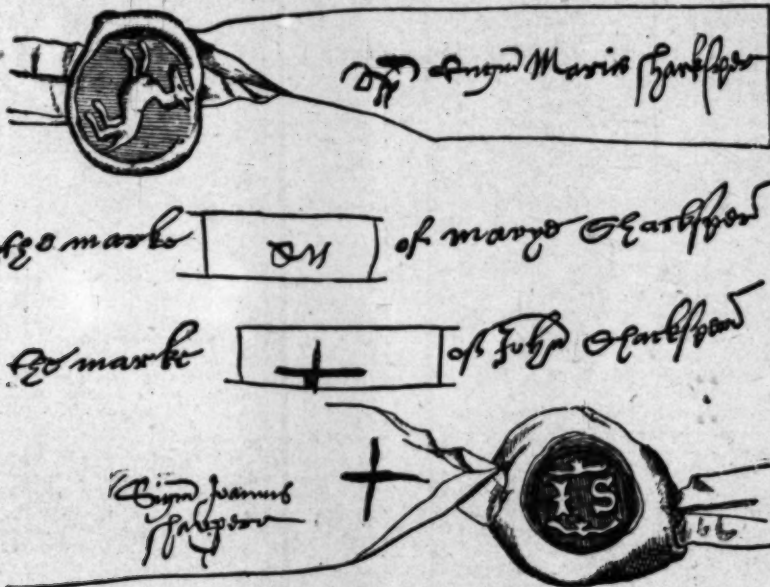
An examination (conducted by mail) will be held close of each course as a basis for the granting of certificates. The examinations are open, free of expense, to students of one or more of the courses.

#### HIS QUEER LOOK.

[Washington Star:] "He done look kinder queer when I met him on de road," Erastus Pinkney is complaining. "He wouldn't look me in de face."

"You meana," said Miss Miami Brown, "dat he look sheepish."

"Dat's de idea."  
"Well, he didn't look sheepish. He looked like dat's what he looked."



FACSIMILES OF THE MARK-SIGNATURES USED BY SHAKESPEARE'S PARENTS IN THE YEAR 1579, WHEN THEY EXECUTED A DEED CONVEYING THEIR INTERESTS IN TWO HOUSES IN SNITTERFIELD.

He would be struck by the decided similarity of the two, and if he has fine ears and what De Quincey calls an understanding heart, he would have a valuable lesson in distinguishing between the dramatist and the historian, between the myriad-mindedness of Shakespeare and the limited range of Plutarch.

#### Haslitt's Mistake as to the Play.

Haslitt, who was at times a discriminating critic of Shakespeare, was very wide of the mark when he said with his characteristically revolutionary spirit: "The whole dramatic moral of 'Coriolanus' is that those who have little shall have less, and that those who have much shall take all that others have left. The people are poor, therefore they ought to be starved. They are slaves, therefore they ought to be beaten. They work hard, therefore they ought to be treated like beasts of burden." When Haslitt wrote this he must have had in mind the tragedy of the French revolution, of which he was one of the belated prophets. He might have come from a meeting at Godwin's or a conversation with Shelley. Such personal criticism is of a kind with Coleridge's criticism of Hamlet. It is too much after the order of early German criticism that sought to reduce all of Shakespeare's plays to certain moral truths that the dramatist tried to inculcate.

There are many striking things said in this play about the mobs, just as there are in "Julius Caesar." But I doubt if Shakespeare himself understood fully the nature of the struggle between the plebeians and the patricians. He certainly does not make as clear in the play as one might expect, the issue between them, which shows that Shakespeare did not care much himself for local coloring, and evidently did not wish to teach certain facts about the plebeians. It is always dangerous to say that Shakespeare teaches anything; certainly he does not identify himself with Coriolanus in this play. He looks at him from the same absolute standpoint from which he views the populace.

#### The Character of Coriolanus.

No, in this play we do not have a study of political parties in Rome; the "study," if we may use that term in an undidactic sense, is Coriolanus himself. It is his

#### The Central Point in the Tragedy.

Now in what does the tragedy consist? In "Hamlet" there is a passage that might be taken as the keynote to many of Shakespeare's tragedies (I, 4)—

"So oft it chances in particular men  
That for some vicious mole of nature in them

Shall in the general censure take corruption  
From that particular fault; the dram of eale  
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt  
To his own scandal."

I know there has been a decided reaction in recent years against the tendency to treat Shakespeare's tragedies from an altogether subjective standpoint. Especially is this true of "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet." We are believing more and more that the tragedy consists in the one case in the conflict between Hamlet and his environment, and in the other play to view Romeo and Juliet as "star-crossed lovers," whose happiness is blasted by the fury of their two houses. And yet there is something else in the old criticism, too; somehow Hamlet can't adjust himself to circumstances; with a greater will, a saner judgment and a more fixed faith he could do otherwise. After all there is "the dram of eale" in his nature when viewed from the absolute standpoint (and that is Shakespeare's standpoint, for he was indeed one of God's spies, and, as Meredith suggests, the recording angel himself might have taken his pen.)

The tragedy in "Coriolanus" arises from the "dram of eale" in Coriolanus's nature. Shakespeare does not express his own views through Coriolanus as Haslitt thought. With all his power and many magnificent qualities of mind, he stands as if man were author of himself and had no kin. He lacks the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin—that sympathy that so charms us in Brutus. Coriolanus has much, undoubtedly, to vex him—one almost sympathizes with him as he thinks of the world into which he is thrown, a world that will but aggravate his faults. The sickle populace that had once hailed him as the savior of



## CARE OF THE BODY.

## VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for The Times.

## Antiquity of Vegetarianism.

It is assumed by some well-informed writers that vegetarianism is a new system of diet. This is far from being the case. In fact, vegetarianism is as old as the human race. An English scholar points out that according to the Mosaic records for more than sixteen hundred years—even till after the deluge—mankind lived on vegetable food only; and though they exercised a gentle dominion over the brute creation, they did not use their flesh for food. They had, indeed, a prescribed regimen—every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in which is the fruit of tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat.

The difference between the length of men's lives before the flood compared with those who lived after it may reasonably be urged in proof that while they fed on vegetables they lived whole ages, but on betaking themselves to the use of animal food, they experienced a shortened life. Undoubtedly before the flood, infirmities were either few or cured by the regimen of diet only; since we hear of no distempers or physicians till about six hundred years after that year. The writer above referred to says:

"The ancient Greeks lived entirely on the fruits of the earth. The ancient Syrians abstained from every species of animal food. By the laws of Triptolemus, the Athenians were strictly commanded to abstain from all living creatures. Even so late as the day of Draco, the Attic oblation consisted only of the fruits of the earth. Among the works which remain of the Pythagorean Porphyry (that famous anti-Christian of the third century,) there is one on abstinence from flesh, wherein he upbraids Firmus Cassianus, to whom it is dedicated, with having quitted the vegetable diet, though he had acknowledged it was the properest for preserving health, and facilitating the study of philosophy."

## Medical Registration.

THE Wayne county (Michigan) Medical Society has shown great enterprise in sending out circulars to the authorities in different States and Territories, asking if they approve the plan of reciprocity between States and Territories having practically the same requirement and if they would join in working out a memorandum to be presented to legislative bodies of different States with the view of introducing bills. Approval and encouragement have come from nearly all sources. The Philadelphia Medical Journal says:

"In no particular relating to medicine does our country compare so unfavorably with the other cultivated nations of the world as in the requirements for medical registration. In no other country with one central government is it necessary for the physician to go to the trouble and expense of another examination and registration if he wishes to look after a patient a few miles over the invisible boundary between two adjoining States, or in case he finds it to his advantage to change his location to another State within his country. There has been some excuse for this condition in the past, for in some of the rough, newly-settled and sparsely-populated districts there has been little demand for the highly-educated physician to settle, and communities have often been glad to have a medical man among them even if he had little more than the rudiments of medical knowledge. At present, however, there seems to be no reason why there should not be a uniform requirement and reciprocity, at least among the great majority of States and Territories."

## Of Drunkenness.

THE Prohibitionists will devote a little more attention to the scientific and sanitary side of the drinking habit and a little less to the framing of political patent laws they would, doubtless, be able to accomplish more. The importance of food as a factor in the case or prevention of intemperance is strongly urged by Dr. T. D. Mackay in a recent issue of the Quarterly Journal of Medicine. He says he has met with many cases of chronic drunkenness, some of which he has been able to trace directly to overfeeding, others to underfeeding, and some to the use of improper or indigestible foods. The direct result of such errors of diet is chronic dyspepsia, for which the patient very likely takes some of the much-advertised stomach bitters, many of which contain from 20 to 40 per cent. of alcohol. The step from this to the regular consumption of spirits is but a short one. Dr. Crothers has the following to say in regard to the effect of a diet largely composed of meat. His views are shared by many physicians who have carefully investigated the subject:

"There appears to be a close relation between the excessive use of meat in childhood and inebriety in early adult life. While the facts are not sufficient to draw from them any general positive conclusions, there are many reasons for supposing that often they are as cause and effect. This appears clear in this case: The parents in a family entertained very strong confidence in the value of meat as an ideal food. It was used and urged upon the children in all forms. One boy began to drink in college, and died after a short period of great excess. A sister, who became a drug-taker, and died early. Later, the parents abandoned meat for grains and fruits, and the children brought up upon this diet have continued healthy. The conditions and surroundings are the same, but the vigor of the children is varied widely. Beef-eating foreigners who bring up children on this diet are astonished that their children turn to beer and wine so early. The reason is the early deranged digestion, which, for relief of some kind, finds it in alcohol. The question of the value or injury from meats and alcohol is yet to be studied and settled. After alcohol is taken to excess, the complications of nutrition are many

and serious. One of the first essentials in treatment is the elimination of toxins with proper nutrition."

## Is Music Injurious?

THE everlasting and indiscriminate thumping on pianos which one hears in all large cities and in some smaller ones, has often been criticised as a nuisance to nervous people, but hitherto it has not been attacked from a hygienic standpoint. In some of the leading cities of Germany there are strict rules which control piano playing in residences, it being supposed there that the general public have some rights in the way of protection from more or less disagreeable noises.

A writer in a hygienic publication advises parents to first ascertain whether their children are physically fitted for a course of piano instruction before they allow them to begin. He says:

"Doctors deplore the fact that long and systematic piano practice does more toward undermining children's health than all the other ills of the flesh which fall to their lot. And not only is music under such circumstances injurious to children, but also to many young ladies, whose desire to become good pianists has led them to practice for hours at a stretch when they ought to have been indulging in more beneficial exercise. Violin playing, although not so common, is perhaps even more injurious than piano practice. It necessitates standing in a somewhat forced attitude, so to speak, with the chest and shoulder cramped up. With children especially, excessive playing in such a position is productive of the most disastrous results. Many children who have been allowed to play for too long a period without a rest have become round-shouldered or hump-backed."

## Indian Remedy for Fever.

THE world moves fast, but it is possible that some of its most brilliant discoveries have not gone beyond the simple practices of uncivilized peoples. A Jamaica journalist gives his personal experience of how the Indians of South America not only cure a patient of the most dangerous stage of malarial fever, but also, by inoculation, insure for many years his immunity from future attacks. Other travelers have had similar experience, and no less an authority than Sir Clements Markham has testified to the efficiency of these Indian cures. The writer, after long escaping the terrible fevers of the country, succumbed at last. He says as quoted in Chamber's Journal:

"I lay in my hammock, ravaged by an all-consuming fever, with death in sight. Medical aid, supposing it to be of any use, was not to be had within a fortnight's journey. A few miles from our camp was an Indian settlement. I had had some dealings with and won the good will of the head man, so I sent to tell him I wanted the services of a peiman, or native doctor."

"It was midnight when the messenger returned with my friend, the old chief and the tribe 'medicine man.' By this time I was past knowing anything of my surroundings. My companions told me afterward that I had already developed all the well-known symptoms of febrile collapse."

"The peiman tended me, administered internal remedies by means of roughly-devised but effective subcutaneous and other injections. Then followed the inevitable mummie, when I was shut up with the peiman, and enough noise was made to indicate a dozen people inside."

"At about 3 o'clock in the morning, when the peiman issued forth and my companions were allowed a sight of me, I was sleeping naturally, bathed in profuse perspiration, which was already moistening the outer folds of the double blanket that enveloped me. At 8 o'clock I awoke, and then slept again for twenty-four hours, the peiman from time to time administering subcutaneous injections. When I finally awoke there was not the slightest trace of fever. In three days I was able to be about, and in a week I was fit to undertake a long journey."

"The most wonderful part of the story, however, is the sequel. The peiman, pleased with the reward given him, offered to inoculate his patient so as to render him proof against all kinds of 'bush' fevers, no matter how much he might be exposed to them, for at least 100 months. If he contract fever it would be of the mildest kind."

"The traveler went to the settlement and was inoculated. The operation consisted of stabbing gently into the left wrist with a bunch of exceedingly fine needles, plucked from a hard, spiny leaf, the needles being first passed through a flame and then dipped in a black liquid. In a short time all the well-known symptoms of malarial fever developed, then a peculiarly nauseous medicine was administered, and a deep sleep completed the business. When the patient awoke he felt perfectly well, except for the smarting of his wrist, which had to be bandaged."

"For a time after this he traveled in some of the worst swamps of Central America, undergoing considerable exposure, including a night spent under the trees after the upsetting of his boat. Of the four white men in the boat three had fever and two died in twenty-four hours; the third returned to the United States with health completely broken."

"Afterward he spent six years about the Isthmus of Panama, and in that hotbed of fever, Colon, never experienced a day's fever. Not until ten years after inoculation did a touch of fever come, and then no alarming symptoms were developed."

## Doctoring in the Middle Ages.

A FRAGMENT of a curious volume has fallen into the hands of an eastern physician, which graphically describes the methods of surgery of several centuries ago. When it is considered that anesthetics were unknown in those ancient days, the modus operandi of the surgeon of the sixteenth century must appear startlingly cruel in the light of the present day.

The work is that of Ambrose Parey, who, in 1579, being then the much-famous "chirurgion" of his day, published a bulky volume, which became such an established authority and held its place for so long a time that seventy years afterward it was translated into English and published in London.

In his first book he considers the general phenomenon of

the body in health and disease, and in the chapter relating to temperaments and humors he writes: "An humor is called by physicians what thing soever is liquid and flowing in the body of living creatures inclosed with blood." Proceeding to the "manifold divisions of humors," he separates them into four parts, distinct in color, taste, effects and qualities, namely, blood, phlegm, choler and melancholy. Exact in his subdivisions, he says: "All men ought to think that such humors are wont to move at set hours of the day, as by a certain motion of the tide. Therefore, the blood flows from the ninth hour of the night to the third hour of the day; choler to the ninth of the day. Then in melancholy the blood flows from the ninth hour of the night and is under the dominion of phlegm."

Equally curious is the following on spirits, which he divides into "animal," "vital" and "natural."

"The animal spirit hath taken his seat in the brain. It is called animal because it is the life, but the chief and prime instrument thereof. Wherefore it hath a most subtle and aery substance. This animal spirit is made and harbored in the windings and foldings of the veins and arteries of the brain, brought thither sometimes of the pure air of sweet vapor drawn in by the nose in breathing. The vital spirit is next to it in dignity and excellency, which hath its chief mansion in the left ventricle of the heart. The natural spirit, if such there be any, hath its station in the liver and veins."

Describing "certain juggling and deceitful ways of healing, of cures by such means as fear, surprise, and even by music for spider bite, the music causing the patient to dance so lustily that he shakes all the poison out of his system," he sums up some of those heroic remedies thus: "I would not cast the patient headlong out of a window; but would rather cast them sodainly, and thinking of no such thing, into a great cistern filled with cold water, with their heads foremost; neither would I take them out until they had drunk a good quantity of water, that by that sodain fall and strong fear the matter causing the frenzy might be carried from above downward from the noble parts to the ignoble."

A medicine upon which he dilates at great length is "mummie," referred to as the usual remedy for contusions, and he describes it as follows:

"Mummie is a liquor flowing from the aromatic embalmments of dead bodies, which become dry and hard," and being ground into medicine, was "administered either in whole or portion to such as have fallen from high places, the first and last medicine of almost all our practitioners at this day in such a case."

He also gives some gruesome facts connected with the preparation of "mummie" when he says: "Certain of our French apothecaries, men wondrous audacious and covetous to steal by night the bodies of such as were hanged and embalming them with salt and drugs, then dried them in an oven, so to sell them thus adulterated, instead of true mummie. Whereupon we are thus compelled both foolishly and cruelly to devour the mangled and putrid particles of the carcasses of the basest people of Egypt, or of such as are hanged as though there were no other way to help or recover one bruised with a fall from a high place."

"I have not thought it fit in this place," he says, "to omit the industry of Nicholas Picart, the Duke of Guise, his surgeon, who, being called to a certain countryman to set his shoulder, being out of joint, and finding none in the place besides the patient and his wife, who might assist him in this work, he put the patient bound after the fore-mentioned manner to a ladder, then immediately he tied a staffe at the lower end of the ligature, which was fastened about the patient's arm above the elbow, then put it so tied under one of the steps of the ladder as low as he could and got astride thereupon and sate thereon with his whole weight and at the same instant made his wife pluck the stool from under his feet, which being done the bone presently came into its place."

He also gravely discusses witches and witchcraft, the birth of monsters with horns, hoofs and wings, ascribing their birth to the master of evil, and closes with a lofty panegyric upon Hippocrates and Galen, the princes of physicians.

## AT NAPOLEON'S TOMB.

[Eugene Easton in Kansas City Journal:] When the steamer anchored at St. Helena all the passengers went ashore. The captain announced that it would take a day and a half to unload the mails and cargo. This last included large quartermaster, ordnance and commissary stores for the garrison on the island. All the passengers started for Napoleon's grave. There was only one carriage that could be hired and an English woman secured this for herself, her children and their governess, paying £3 (\$15) for it. The rest started to walk. The road is a splendid piece of engineering work and well kept. It is said to be only six miles by the road to the tomb. A bird could fly there in less than two. It seemed like twenty before the summit of the mountain was reached. Scores of the visitors turned back after resting at hospitable villas on the way. About a dozen continued to the tomb. Of these, two were Frenchmen. The rest were mostly English army officers. The Frenchmen approached the little iron fence around the white slab with their hats in their hands. They examined the trees and vines and even the ground with reverence. The Englishmen threw themselves on the grass and began filling their pipes, at the same time heaping uncomplimentary remarks upon the officer at the wharf, who had told them it was only six miles to the tomb. The French soldier who keeps watch of the spot informed them smoking was not allowed inside the inclosure. They wanted to know the reason.

"It is sacred ground," he replied. "Those are my orders." So they went outside to smoke, remarking that it was "decidedly foolish since old Nap's bones were not there any longer." Then the English woman arrived in the carriage. After remarking that the scenery was very grand, she sat down beside the spring near the grave and began sketching. Her children turned somersaults in the grass. The governess, a pretty young French woman, climbed up the mountainside and sat down where she could see the white cement covering over the grave and silently wept.

The only inscription about the spot is a brass plate nailed to a tree. It is crudely engraved and was placed there by the officers of the French man-of-war who had England's permission, after many years, to remove the body to Paris. It bears this inscription:

"Expédition de Cléve, 1860, 1862, La Frigate La Forte, a La Mémoire du Premier Empereur, 30 Aout, 1862."



# The Development of the Great Southwest.

## IN THE FIELDS OF INDUSTRY, CAPITAL AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.]

### Celery Shipments.

THE Westminster section of Orange county is not the only section of Southern California which produces celery for eastern shipment on a large scale. From San Luis Obispo county a carload a day has been shipped to eastern markets during the past few weeks. According to the San Luis Obispo Tribune two Chinese merchants of that city are coining money out of this industry. Ah Luis has sixty acres planted to celery and Yee Chung forty acres. The seed was sown in June and on December 1, shipment of the celery began and now every day a carload leaves for Chicago, New York, St. Louis and other points.

A carload of celery brings \$90 clear profit in the eastern market to the California shippers. The cars are arranged with shelving for the transportation of the celery bunches, many of which raised at Oceano weigh eight and nine pounds.

### Kaolin.

THE kaolin deposits recently discovered in the El Cajon Valley of San Diego county may give rise to an important industry which would furnish employment to a number of people. According to recent reports the clay is of remarkably fine quality, having few equals in the world. The San Diego Vidette quotes the parties interested in the deposit as saying that analysis shows it to be the finest clay in America and only equaled by the celebrated French deposit from which the Sevres ware is made. The following analysis is published:

	Per cent.
Silica.....	62.30
Aluminum.....	30.50
Iron.....	Trace
Lime o.....	2.20
Magnesia o.....	.35
Water.....	11.60
Moisture.....	3.10
Total.....	99.95

### Natural Gas.

MENTION was recently made in the papers of a strike of natural gas on the Colorado River, near Yuma. Some claim that the gas came from submerged driftwood, but an analysis that has been made shows that it comes from coal or oil. Following is the analysis of the gas, as published in the Yuma Sun:

Carbon dioxide.....	35.3
Carbon monoxide.....	0.8
Oxygen.....	0.9
Olefinant gas.....	1.1
Marsh gas.....	36.0
Hydrogen.....	0.7
Nitrogen.....	35.3
Total.....	100.0

### San Diego Oil.

THE latest field to be prospected for oil is at Del Mar. On the coast in San Diego county, where a company of Englishmen is about to begin development. Experts have examined the field and have reported favorably. Oil has been noticed floating on the ocean off Del Mar, as is the case at Santa Barbara, and it is believed that a good deposit will be found underground.

### Fuller's Earth.

ANOTHER discovery of fuller's earth has been made in this section, this time on the line of the Santa Fe Pacific, about eight miles from Needles. The deposit is said to be 600 feet wide, with an average depth of eighty feet, and it is stated that the material can be mined at a cost of not more than \$1 per ton. Being so near a railroad it should prove valuable.

### The Grand Cañon Railroad.

TRACK is being laid at a rapid rate on the railroad from the Santa Fe line to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, and it is expected that a large tourist travel will be handled over the line during the coming summer.

### A San Diego Diamond.

DISCOVERIES have recently been made in San Diego county of several varieties of rare and useful minerals. The latest find is that of a diamond, which, according to the San Diego Sun, was recently brought into the city by a German, who refused to tell where he found the stone. The diamond is said to weigh in the rough about five and a half carats. Possibly San Diego county may before long develop another Kimberley.

### Santa Barbara County.

THE Santa Barbara county agriculturists are more than well pleased with the way the season's rains have come this season. Had any one had the management of the weather a better scheme of rains could not have been planned. The grain growers were enabled to do their plowing directly after the first rain. A second rain then allowed them to work their ground over and before the first of the year thousands of acres had been well planted.

The storm of January 2 and 3 started the seed and the county has an assurance of heavy crops even should no more rain come now until April, a thing not likely to happen.

The January 3 rain was the best one known here in five years and it certainly did an immense amount of good. While the hay crop would have done with a lesser rain the recent drenching was very necessary to the thirsty citrus and other fruit trees. Water sources were also suffering. The rains now have reached the springs all over the county. In the mountainous districts almost twice as much rain fell as fell in the valleys.

The total fall so far has been 8.58 inches. The first rain occurred upon October 12. During that month 2.06 fell. November gave 1.97, December 2.35 and the first three days of January 2.20.

### Prosperous Jerome.

THE mining town of Jerome, in Arizona, where Senator Clark has his celebrated copper mines, is reported to be in a very prosperous condition. A business man of that place was recently reported in the San Diego Union as follows:

"There are about three thousand people in Jerome at the present time. The buildings—the new ones—are all either concrete, brick or stone, the several fires that have occurred there having resulted in a law prohibiting the erection of any frame business buildings within a certain district. I have just completed a concrete building, perhaps the best in the town, and at present there are twenty brick, concrete and stone business buildings going up."

### Natural Gas.

AN IMPORTANT strike of natural gas was recently made in a well which is being drilled by the Union Oil Company, near Arroyo Grande, in San Luis Obispo county. The strike was made at a depth of 1150 feet and it is believed may be made commercially valuable.

### Development of Mountain Streams.

DURING the past year the energies of those needing more water for irrigation have been devoted chiefly to the sinking of wells. In view of the fact, however, that many acres of the choicest fruit land lying high on the foothills must depend largely or wholly on the mountain streams, the methods of increasing their summer flow constitutes an interesting topic.

It should be understood that the mountains of Southern California are simply outcropping ridges of the mass of rock of unknown depth, which forms the bulk of the earth's crust and beside which the seas and the soil deposits on its surface are as the dust in the balance. The most casual observer must have noticed the absence of any regular stratifications in these mountains, the rock having apparently been rent and twisted by a thousand Titanic contentions. The comparatively slight deposits of soil on them are chiefly of local origin—the result of erosion and decaying vegetation.

This broken formation, however, enables the mountains to absorb a far greater percentage of the water falling on them than would be the case if they were roofed with regularly sloping strata. But if the water enters the rocky mass through a million small crevices it is a natural and logical sequence that it should, after following their devious windings for months or years, emerge in like manner in a million small springs on the mountainside.

It is probable that, in the past twenty years, more money has been spent in Southern California in tunneling for water in "rock in place"—the bedrock of the miner—than has been expended in sinking wells. It is also probable that the tunnels mentioned are not now yielding one-tenth as much water as are the wells. To the inexperienced mind the spring on the mountainside is the omen of a great reservoir within the rocky heights. To the average adventurer who has followed its crevice with pick, shovel and pocketbook it has proved a will-o'-the-wisp. And when all the conditions are considered, one can plainly see that it could not be otherwise.

Between the extremes of taking the natural flow of the spring and of trying to find its source of supply, there is, however, a method which has nearly always proved practical and profitable. A majority of the springs in question do not issue from the rock in a solid stream, but seep out over a large area of hillside or cañon wall. In many cases the moisture has induced a growth of vegetation and that in turn has accumulated soil until the spring is hidden under the mass. Such a formation is known as a cienega, a Spanish term without an exact equivalent in English. The cienega is the product of the spring and not the progenitor of it, as is commonly supposed. Where the water of a spring reaches the surface in the manner described it is plain that the loss by evaporation must be very great; and it is here that the tunnel is of practical value, for if driven a short distance into the rock the water which was formerly lost to the atmosphere will drain into it and can then be carried away in a pipe.

A notable instance of this method of development may be seen in Plunge Creek Cañon, in San Bernardino county. In seasons of average rainfall this stream has a summer flow of fifty to seventy-five inches. During the summer of '08 this dropped to fifteen inches or less, as measured at the mouth of the cañon. Like all of our mountain streams it owes its existence to a large number of relatively small springs in the several gulches of its watershed. It should be understood that a spring yields just as much water in the middle of a hot summer day as it does at midnight; but the tribute which a hundred little rills must render to the atmosphere ere they reach the main stream materially reduces the volume thereof, either by night or by day. During the past year the East Highland Orange Company, which owns nearly the entire flow of Plunge Creek, has run short tunnels under all the larger springs and cienegas in the cañon and has laid over six miles of vitrified pipe to convey the water without loss to the mouth of the cañon. The pipe was taken in on pack animals, about thirty mules

and burros being employed for several weeks. Thousands of dollars were expended, but the result was a system which carried their orchards through the summer in condition and which will be of great value during the period of drought.

The great cost of piping the small streams of the foothills will make the process a slow one; but the gains gained will be of untold value and an important part of the fruit crop of the foothills.

### Ontario Oranges.

ACCORDING to the Ontario Observer, the crop of this season will be 50 per cent. greater than it was last year and the growers are consequently happy over the outlook.

### A New Wharf.

A NEW enterprise has been started at Tijuana, by the Crescent Wharf and Warehouse Company. The new firm has taken a lease upon the site where the old wharf was situated, which will be torn down and in their place will be constructed new wharfage facilities, and in conjunction with the existing wharfage facilities there will be a new warehouse erected for the convenience of the shipping business which will be done at this point. San Pedro Times says:

"There are now a number of independent business men who can be utilized quite profitably in the large and growing domestic trade from this point to the Coast ports. The promoters of this enterprise are men who are clear sighted enough to take advantage of a good thing when it can be so readily obtained. The men are G. L. Schifman and C. J. Lehman, recently identified as chief promoters."

### Portland Cement.

THE California Portland Cement Company at Compton employs nearly one hundred men, is running day and night and turns out a carload of cement daily, the product finding a ready market.

### Lumbering.

LUMBERING is an important industry in the Bernardino Mountains, north of Redlands. For a long time the people in the Pullman have had an idea of the amount of fine timber that may be found up in the mountains, over six thousand feet above the level of the sea. The most important enterprise of the kind in California is that of the Brookings Lumber and Mill Company, which has taken out about five million feet of lumber during the past ten years. The forests in the mountains are carried on cover about five thousand acres. Brookings, who lumbered in Michigan for twenty years, is quoted as saying that he never saw such fine timber as these forests afford. The wood is valuable for general commercial use, but also for interior work. Redlands Facts, in the course of an article on the subject, has the following:

"From the cars the logs are dumped into the mill yard and from that time until they come out in the mill, nothing but steam power is used in the mill. The mill is a modern hand-saw mill, operating on a band-saw. The logs are loaded upon the conveyor by steam 'niggers,' and the carriage is fed against the saw by steam. Engines, boilers, and in fact every piece of machinery, is the very best, and the entire mill is a sample of modern mechanical methods. Its capacity is 1000 feet of lumber per day.

"After the lumber is manufactured it is drawn to the yard by horse power, where it is piled up in stacks enough for transportation down the mountain road to the box factory. The hauling is done by teams, the loads averaging from two to four thousand feet of lumber at one time. In November thirty-five teams were at the mill, and the road, down which the lumber is hauled, is a fine piece of engineering, so built that the lumber from the mill to the box factory is all of the way in down grade. At one place the road is over a bridge 125 feet long and 10 feet high. At the box factory the lumber is again piled in stacks along two tramways. From these stacks the lumber is loaded upon cars which are run by the factory, where it is manufactured. The mill is large and convenient and up-to-date in every respect, having a capacity of a carload or about four thousand feet of lumber per day. In addition to the box material, the better pine lumber and fir and cedar are kept in the mill for shipment.

"One can get but a slight idea of the nature of this enterprise from the above sketch. While the road was being built and the mill put in order, there have been about eighty; and counting the fifty men at the box factory, and thirty engaged in the lumbering, there will be steady employment for 150 men. Good wages are paid, and the expenditure for hauling and manufacturing will be between \$100,000 and \$150,000 annually. One would think that if the forest was cut at the rate of 50,000 feet a day, the forest would be destroyed. But it is estimated that there is a sufficient timber to keep the mill running for years. By the time the tract is all gone over the trees now being left will have attained a size great to permit of their being cut. So the group of picturesquely located among the pines at the altitude of 6500 feet, will undoubtedly remain a scene of much activity for quite a number of years to come."

The Prince of Wales has promised to open the International Congress on Tuberculosis, to be held in London in 1901. He was present several months ago at a national organization was effected there.



## SOU' BY SOU'WEST.

By the Ancient Mariner.

REFERENCE was made in this department several weeks ago to the Batopilas mine of Boss Shepherd, in Chihuahua, celebrated for its phenomenal output of silver in the virgin or native state. The other great mine of the Western Hemisphere that has been celebrated for a similar product is the well-known Silver King, in Pinal county, Ariz. About twenty years ago and for four or five years after it was the most noted mine in the whole Southwest, giving employment directly and indirectly to thousands of people at the mine and mill, the latter of twenty stamps, being located at Pinal City, formerly known as Picket Post, five miles distant from the mine. Here a town of over fifteen hundred population was built up in the early eighties. Big sixteen-mule teams, with two immense wagons and a trailer, brought down the heavy loads of beautiful gray ore from the mine. In some of the chunks the bright native silver could plainly be seen glistening. It was so rich that an assay of the dust at any point on the road between the mine and the mill would have given handsome figures. Some of the teamsters got into the habit of tossing off pieces of rich rock for their friends to pick up after the wagons had passed, and quite a trade was done by some of the unscrupulous among the miners in secreting and selling specimens. Aaron Mason, brother of one of the locators of the mine, who was at that time superintendent—he died a few years ago in Los Angeles—would sometimes come down from the mine with his big scumero twisted all around with wire silver, and on one occasion the company gave away new silver dollars which had been manufactured direct from the silver without any refining. The mine was in many respects a remarkable one, being in the shape of a cone, only unfortunately the small point of the cone was at the bottom, so that at a depth of about eight hundred feet the rich ore gave out. Since then it has either been abandoned or worked in a desultory manner without any great results. The mill was pulled down several years ago and removed from Pinal City, which has been for ten years one of the deserted camps of Arizona.

The story of the discovery of the Silver King is a romantic one. In the year of 1872, when Gen. Stoneman, the accomplished cavalry officer, later Governor of California, was commander of the Department of Arizona, it became necessary to adopt more rigorous measures for the suppression of Apache raids. To this end Gen. Stoneman moved with his command to the base of the mountains, near the Apache trail, and established a camp. He then constructed a road, or mule trail, diagonally up to the face of the mountains leading over into the higher tablelands and valleys of the Pinal Range. This pack trail, since known as "Stoneman's Grade," is the route to the mining districts of Globe and Pioneer. One of the soldiers, named Sullivan, employed in cutting the trail, when returning from his work one evening, sat down to rest on a projecting rock, near to camp, and began picking up loose fragments of rock about him, amongst which were some small, but heavy, black, metallic-looking lumps. These, instead of breaking up when pounded on the stones, became flattened out, and were evidently metallic, somewhat resembling lead. This attracted his attention, but he did not value the importance of his find. He, however, gathered a few of the lumps and went on to camp, without saying anything about his discovery to his comrades. His term of service expiring soon afterward, he was discharged from the service, and made his way to the ranch of Charles G. Mason, on Salt River, near to the place where the town of Phoenix was afterward located. Mr. Mason was one of the few frontiersmen who braved the terrors of the Apaches and staked out a farm on the fertile bottom lands of the river. Sullivan remained at the place some time and frequently showed the black ore (since familiarly known among the miners as "nugget silver") to Mr. Mason, without telling exactly where he found it. Mr. Mason suspected he would go back to the place, and he no doubt intended to go with him and participate in the benefits of his discovery, but one day Sullivan suddenly disappeared, and was not heard of for many years after. He was supposed to have been killed by the Apaches, or to have perished on the desert, in the attempt, perhaps, to return to the place where he had found the rich silver ore.

The desire to find the place where Sullivan had discovered the "pure stuff," as the ranchers called the black nuggets of silver sulphide, led them to make several attempts to get there. Prospecting parties were formed at intervals for several years to prospect the Pinal Mountains, and these parties were often close upon the spot without knowing it. They even made a location only a mile and a half distant from the place, and called it the Silver Queen. This was the first location made in the region, but no district was then defined by boundaries, or organized by the appointment of a recorder. Later the party extended their searches over the Pinal Mountains into the region now known as Globe district. They made a location there known to this time as the Globe mine, and they gave the name to the district. The next year, 1875, Mr. Mason and one of his neighbors, Benjamin W. Regan, formed a party of five, consisting of themselves, William H. Long, Isaac Copeland and another, to go again to the Globe mine, taking a train of animals to fetch out some of the ore. On their way back, March 21, 1875, they were attacked by Apaches, and one of their party was killed. His body was taken to Camp Supply, at the summit of the Stoneman grade, and was buried by his companions in one of the old bakers' ovens used for baking bread by Stoneman's soldiers. When the survivors reached the foot of the grade, near to the water and camp ground, Copeland was sent to fetch a mule which had strayed, and found it standing on some croppings at one side of the trail, some of which he broke off. He soon after came hurrying into the camp shouting, "I have struck it!" and "it is good enough for me." The excited and hopeful prospectors gathered around him, and the pieces of croppings holding the long-sought black silver ore passed from hand to hand. They all said, "it is good enough for us," and concluded that at last they had discovered the place where Sullivan had found the

"black stuff," the nugget silver. But they were in no condition to remain at that time to explore the locality or to make their prize more certain and secure. Travel-worn, weary and saddened by the loss of their comrade, and without provisions, they hastened on to the settlement of the Gila, at Florence, crossing the dreaded desert at night. The next day, jealously guarding their secret, they gathered supplies together and hastened back to the discovery point. There, sure enough, they found the little black nuggets strewn on the surface, and mineral stains, of many colors, including green and blue in the substance of the rock. The long-sought treasure was found at last. Sullivan's discovery was no longer his alone. Standing upon the highest point of the mineral-stained rock, they made the Silver King location, 1500 feet long, in an easterly and westerly direction, and 600 feet wide, in a northerly and southerly direction. This was on the 22d of March, 1875. It was the initial location of the district, now known as the Pioneer mining district. Years after an aged man walked into the Silver King mill, where twenty stamps were pounding out silver night and day, and announced himself as Sullivan, the original discoverer of the mine. He had been long given up as dead, but proved his identity and was given work in the mill.

An institution which has outlived its usefulness—if it ever had any, which is doubtful—is that known as the Law Association of this city. Whenever a lawyer files a suit, he puts up a fee of \$6, \$1 of which goes to support the association. An organization of this kind might be made of much value to the community, in calling the attention of judges to bad lawyers and bad practices of indifferent lawyers and in securing the debarment of men who disgrace their profession. That it has ever done anything of this kind is not, I believe, of record, although there have certainly been plenty of opportunities for such action during the past ten years. It is possible that if a Los Angeles lawyer, after embezzling the funds of an orphan asylum, should murder his wife and mother-in-law in cold blood, the Law Association might adopt resolutions mildly censuring him for his indiscretion, but even this is doubtful. As it is, the association only includes in its membership about one-sixth of the local members of the legal profession, and the only apparent object of its existence is to furnish a salary for a librarian.

Up to about 6 o'clock in the evening, or a little later, the pedestrian on the streets of Los Angeles is run over by enterprising "kids," offering the evening papers for sale, but later in the evening it is almost impossible to find a copy, even at the news stands. There ought to be a chance here for one or two young men who are old enough to escape the provisions of the curfew ordinance.

There is no doubt that much harm has been done by the indiscriminate and exaggerated boom literature that has been sent abroad from this section, in which a general invitation has been extended to everybody to come and grow rich in Southern California. The statement that is sometimes heard to the effect that "Southern California is not a poor man's country," is true only to a limited extent. The poor man, if he is industrious and temperate, can do as well here as in any other part of the United States. It is true that there are no broad acres to be taken up as government land, but there is plenty of mountain land left, where the rich kind of a man, starting in with bees and chickens, may make a good living, and after a time perhaps something better, the geniality of the climate here going a long way toward compensating for the roughness of the ground. This is for those who are willing to go out into the country. For those others who are looking for some way of making an easy living in the city by running some kind of a little store, no such hope can justly be held out, for that line of non-productive industry is very much overdone, not only in Los Angeles, but in most of the other cities and towns of Southern California. A thorough understanding of this fact may save much disappointment and pecuniary loss to those who may be thinking of trying something in this line.

The copious rains which fell recently have deprived of their favorite occupation a number of mournful and discontented citizens, who from morning till night, in season and out of season, have been in the habit of uttering lugubrious predictions in regard to another dry season. These people are never so happy as when they can button-hole some patient listener and give him their reasons for believing that Southern California is rapidly going to the "demnation by-wows," some of them going so far as to insinuate that this section is going to be a rainless country, like Peru or Egypt. Then they have got the theory down pat about that Japanese current, which they claim has strayed away from its regular field of operations and left California out in the cold—or rather in the dry. The old resident of Southern California knows these birds of ill-omen and pays very little attention to what they say, but it is natural that the tenderfoot, on his arrival here, should often become somewhat alarmed at the dire predictions of coming disasters. The abundant rains have knocked out the croakers for a time, but we may be sure that they will soon be on deck again. If they cannot reasonably say any more about an impending drought, then they will probably sing a mournful song in regard to floods and earthquakes, or something else of an unpleasant nature. The man who is determined to look at the dark side of things can always find some shadow, even in Southern California.

Los Angeles surely has more than the average allowance of cranks that fall to the lot of an American city. Ladies and gentlemen of every age, color and nationality, who have wheels in their heads, seem to have a particular liking for this southwestern corner of the country, where the mild climate seems to favor the operation of wheels of all kinds. On of the latest of these erratic individuals to crop up is an aged Pole, who calls himself Lord Polangensky. A local court recently decided that Mr. P. is a sane man, but this must be considered to some extent a stretch of the legal imagination. He admits, himself, that he was incarcerated for six months in an insane asylum at Provo, Utah. For some time past his favorite occupation has been to come around to the business office of The Times and laboriously write lengthy communications to the paper

with a scratchy pen on soft paper, in which screech he mixes up an awful jumble of theology and personal grievances. This, however, is only one of the great army of cranks who seem to consider that a newspaper office is a natural outlet for their eccentricities. It is not surprising that the disposition of a newspaper man is not always so angelic as it might be.

The oil excitement in these parts begins to remind one of the time of the bonanza excitement on the Comstock, twenty-five years ago, when two stock exchanges were in full blast in San Francisco and every other man you met on the street was a prospective millionaire. Clerks and hack drivers and dishwashers and servant girls—almost every one, in fact—gambled in stocks, and most of them, of course, came out at the wrong end. Otherwise, how would several of those big residences on Nob Hill have been erected. For the most profitable field of work was found, not in the ground, but in the pockets of credulous stockholders, who were always ready to swallow the bait in the shape of an inside tip from one of the cappers regularly employed by the big operators to misinform the public. It is not surprising that people lost their heads, when they saw such rapid advances in the value of stocks. There was, for instance, Sierra Nevada, which in the late 70's jumped from \$3 to about \$200 a share within a few weeks, making a millionaire of Johnny Skae, who had control of the mine. But for every man who made a million, or even a hundred thousand, there were thousands who lost all they had, many of whom found a suicide's grave. This is not said to discourage the legitimate oil industry, which is evidently destined to play a most important part in the development of the State, but there is a difference between gambling in oil stocks and the development of petroleum in the field just as there was between the exploitation of the marvelous mineral wealth of the Comstock and the shearing of the lambs on Pine street. Companies for the development of oil are being formed now almost every day. Some of them are strong, legitimate propositions, backed by solid men, and offer a fair prospect of profitable returns for capital invested. Others are dubious, making promises that are evidently exaggerated, and there is still a third class—of which it is only fair to say very few have so far come to the front—which the wise man or woman will let severely alone. As the excitement in the oil field progresses and new reports of big strikes are published we may expect to see an increased laxity and boldness on part of those who organize companies, and it is well that the public should learn to distinguish between true and false metal. At the best, boring for oil in new territory is much of a gamble—more so than in the case of mining for the precious metals, because if you have an outcropping of gold or silver ore you have something to go on, whereas in boring for oil you must "go it blind" until you strike the oleaginous fluid—or get tired. When to these natural risks are added, as is sometimes the case, the extra risks of irresponsible or even dishonest management, it is evident that the investor in oil stock is in such cases up against a tough deal. The character of the men at the head of an enterprise of this kind is often fully as important as the nature of the land upon which operations are carried on.

A striking revelation to newcomers who arrive in California during the winter or early spring months is the wonderful transformation in the scenery surroundings and climate as the train rolls down the grade from the snow-covered mountains to the smiling valleys, with their orange groves and fragrant flower gardens smothered in bloom. It is something like the descent from the Alps into Italy in early spring, when the higher ground is one vast snow field. The transition is more marked by the Central Pacific route than it is by the Santa Fé. The entrance to California by either of the mountain routes during the winter months is like a passage into another world.

There is at least one man in Los Angeles who has been making a practice during the past six months of obtaining money under false pretenses by locating persons on oil land in Fresno county and other sections which he knows to have been previously taken by others, and consequently not locatable. The amounts thus obtained have not been large enough to justify the aggrieved parties in taking legal proceedings, but if this enterprising individual does not look out the Sheriff man will get him, sure, before long, and he will find himself the occupant of a dungeon cell, in which he will not have an opportunity to turn the midnigh oil—or any other kind of oil. There may be others to whom this warning will also apply. An excitement like that which now prevails over the petroleum discoveries is sure to bring to the front an army of chevaliers of industry, who live by their wits.

The damage done by the recent earthquake in the San Jacinto Valley may be useful as a warning to builders in this section. While it is true that the damage done by earthquakes in California since the first settlement of the State has been trifling, yet it is also true that California lies in a recognized belt wherein slight shakes may be expected at any time, and occasionally one of somewhat great violence. This was so generally recognized by the early settlers that until about twenty-five years ago none would have thought of erecting structures of more than two or three stories. When the Palace Hotel was put up in San Francisco many of the old-timers shook their heads and prophesied a great calamity, but for the big white building built by Sharon has stood the test of all the slight tremors that have visited San Francisco during the past quarter of a century, and much taller buildings since erected have also come through the ordeal all right. The brick buildings shaken down at San Jacinto were doubtless of flimsy structure. Most of the big buildings in Los Angeles have been built after the most approved precepts of architectural science, but there are a few of the older structures whose inmates would have cause for some anxiety should ever get a real lively shake up like that which visited San Jacinto. Our architects and builders will, doubtless, take the lesson to heart.

ANCIENT MARINER.

Maj. Jones, the head press censor in South Africa, was known in England as a kindly and quiet man, and his friends are surprised at the complaints of his hardness coming from the correspondents.



## NATURE SKETCHES

BY GRANT ALLEN.

## II.—THE INTELLIGENT JAY.

WALKING down the Churt road this morning, on botany intent, I was startled as I passed the copse near Smithson's cottage by the loud cry of a jay, whom I had disturbed by my approach. Next instant, I caught a flash of blue and gray wings, and the beautiful bird, taken unawares, flew almost within touch of me. He was startled himself, a great deal more than I was, and his usually harsh note sounded, if possible, shriller and higher than ever. For the jay is a persecuted creature—doubly persecuted both for his beauty and for his real or supposed misdeeds. Boys sling a stone at him whenever they catch a sight of him, because he is the most brilliant of British birds, after the unapproachable kingfisher; and it is a deeply ingrained instinct in British youth to say, "Here's a beautiful creature; let's try to kill it." But boys only frighten the jay, for the most part their stones miss the mark; he is too quick for such missiles. It is the gamekeeper, sworn enemy of our fauns, who commits most havoc among the lovely creatures. It must be admitted that from his own point of view the gamekeeper is right; jays are great stealers of eggs, and they pay no more respect to the nests of the sacred pheasants or the jealously-guarded partridges than to those of the commonest hedge-sparrow or tom tit. A still odder source of danger comes from the needs of the fly-fisher, who covets the blue feathers in the jay's wing for the manufacture of the gay artificial insects which he employs for luring the trout and the salmon. All these terrors combined have made your jay one of the shyest among our common birds; he is much more often heard than seen; and if he shows himself for a moment it is usually just as a gleam of sapphire light between covert and covert.

Strange to say, the jay is by family a crow—the dingiest and the brightest of our birds are thus closely related. But the crow clan is divided into two main branches, one long-winged like the rook, the raven, and jackdaw; the other short-winged, like the magpie and our present subject. The long-winged types are splendid flyers; the flight of the crow in particular has given us a proverbial expression for straightness of line; the short-winged are much less remarkable in this respect; they do not scour the country for miles like the rooks and ravens; they keep much nearer to their native copses, and rather glide from tree to tree than soar boldly on the open. Their wings flap more, and they do not poise themselves in the air like their more advanced relations. In many ways, indeed, one can see that the jays are not highly-developed members of their own great group. Nothing is more characteristic of the higher birds than the fact that when on the ground they walk instead of hopping. Now the crows and ravens walk, but the jays hop like the vulgar small fry of the sparrow alliance. On the whole, therefore, we may regard the jays and their closest relations as to some extent a link between the lower sparrow-like birds and the fully developed crows of the raven branch of the family.

But if the short-winged group are less advanced in type than the true crows and rooks, they are aesthetic in their tastes, and therefore more beautiful. They select their mates for form and plumage. Your rook is a bird of business; it dresses in glossy black like a city magnate, and has devoted its energies entirely to the evolution of a type of bill and feet which enable it to cope with the new conditions created by civilization. It rivals the sparrow in the way it has made the best of man's supremacy. It follows the plow, unabashed, and picks the wireworms from the newly-turned sod; it frequents barns and farmyards, and pilfers the stacks; it devours much newly-sown corn, and has to be frightened away by boys and scarecrows. It is the practical common-sense member of the family, which has accepted accomplished facts, and seeing that man has taken possession of all the best cultivable spots, has decided to accompany him and to make the most of his unwilling companionship. The jays, on the contrary, are the old fogies of the clan. Conservative in their tastes, they still love the antique woodland life and the shelter of the copses; they shrink from open fields and distrust the farm, the gun, the dog, the wiles and dangers of civilized existence. But they are artistic in taste, and they have exercised their sense of beauty in the constant selection of brightly-colored mates, so that they differ nowadays immensely from their much more advanced and up-to-date, but sober-suited relations. They stick still to a somewhat barbaric richness of color, and pride themselves on the brilliancy of their wings and their foreheads.

In the eastern continent, a curious gradation of jays may be traced from west to east, and these local forms have generally been distinguished by systematists as distinct species. Our west-European jays have pale throats and striped heads, very daintily dappled. As you go south and east, you come across other types, still with pale throats, but with black heads, in Algeria, Anatolia, and the slopes of the Caucasus. Along the Himalayan Range, the jays acquire reddish-brown caps, but still retain the characteristic pale throat of the European species. Lastly, in Japan and Korea, we find a black-throated class, which differs most of all from our western variety. Mr. Seebohm has shown that with many other birds like local variations occur from west to east, and in most cases the kinds emerge by insensible gradations into one another along a debatable border. We have here probably to deal with various descendants of a single common stock, which have been modified in different countries by the local conditions, but are still scarcely distinct enough to be properly ranged as separate species, at least when we have under review a large series of intermediate specimens. So a negro differs widely from a white man, if we put typical specimens side by side; but if we start from London and go to Khartoum, studying all the intermediate types of Egyptian and Nubian, we shall find it impossible to draw an effective line at any point between one class and the other.

Jays live and breed in very dense copses; they are es-

entially birds of the forest. They must therefore be far less numerous in Britain than formerly, just as the rooks and sparrows and house-martins must have increased enormously with the continuous increase of fields and houses. Like most of the crow kind, they are fairly omnivorous; but their chief food is nuts, especially acorns. They are thus more frequent in oak-clad districts; least so, I think, where pine and larch form the staple of the woodland. In the spring, when suitable vegetable food is naturally scarce, the jay follows the example of the rest of its race, and feeds largely on insects. But these it finds for the most part in the copses and plantations, not in the open. At this season it devours large numbers of grubs and chrysalids, and so preserves the woods to a considerable extent from the plague of caterpillars. But these good deeds count for nothing with the gamekeepers as against the imputation of eating eggs, though the jay must much more often attack the nests of nut-hatches and of finches than of the sacred game-birds. As the season progresses, and fruits and berries ripen, the jay turns rather for sustenance to acorns, hips, haws, pine-kernels, and holly berries. He is also fond of the young shoots of branches and of succulent seeds when he can get them. In the gardens of country houses, when the wood runs up close to the cultivated part, as is usual in this district, jays are said to do much damage to the green peas, the beans, the apricots, and the currants; and, indeed, early risers may see them so engaged at 5 o'clock in the morning. But they become wary after the day has well set in; and for my own part, I incline to think that their good deeds as insect-eaters in early spring far outweigh their small thefts of a pennyworth of garden produce. It is the habit of farmers and gardeners to reckon all the misdeeds of the beasts and birds, but to overlook their virtues, especially if the latter are unseen or unobtrusive. I allow that a hungry jay will eat partridge chicks if it can get them; but it will eat a thousand grubs to one young bird; and jays are really cheaper caterpillar-pickers to employ than boys—the boys eating more fruit and not caring for caterpillars, while the jay likes insects best, and only takes to fruit as a dessert when sated with dinner.

The male and female jay do not differ in appearance. Whatever esthetic taste has been exerted in selection of beautiful mates has affected both equally. The young, however, are dingier in hue, which would seem to show that the ancestral jays had not so brilliant a coat as those of our own time; for it is a well-known fact that throughout the animal world the young tend to resemble the common ancestor. Comparison of a number of such cases leads to the comfortable conclusion that the world as a whole is growing more beautiful; modern flowers and birds and insects show a distinct advance in color, form, and perfume, as well as in song (where song occurs) over their earlier representatives. The jay nests in a high tree, as does also the rook; but its nest is solitary. The materials it employs are forestine in character—branches and twigs, lined inside with smaller shreds and rootlets. The eggs number usually four; they are gray in hue, but blotched with pale brown, and are decidedly pretty. I often fancy that the color of bird's eggs may be partly attractive to the eye of the mother; they may be blue or green in order to give her a pleasure and pride in them—these pretty round things which she sits upon and cherishes. But undoubtedly protection has something to do with it, too, for many eggs harmonize admirably with their natural surroundings.

The note of the jay is harsh and unpleasant, especially when it is startled—and we human beings seldom hear it at other moments. The noise which we are so familiar is really a cry of alarm, meant to warn its mate or young of impending danger. But none of the crow kind have anything that could be rightly described as song; they caw or croak or chatter; they do not warble. Indeed, it is noticeable that as a rule only small birds sing; and I think we may lay it down as a principle in nature that very handsome birds, such as the peacock, the bird-of-paradise, the macaws and the hummingbirds, never have tuneful voices. The order seems to divide itself aesthetically into two irregular groups; the species which have selected their mates for color, plumage, decorative crests, or the like; and the species which have selected them for musical qualities. Nevertheless, the jay, though not a songster, has considerable powers of imitation, and if caught young and trained becomes a bit of a mockingbird. He is an intelligent creature, his intellect having been doubtless sharpened by exposure to danger; but even in America, where the blue jay has been less persecuted, the cleverness of the type is a commonplace of local natural history. The truth seems to be that all the crow kind are distinctly clever; they stand intellectually at the head of the sparrow group, as the parrots stand at the head of the other great division of birds, the woodpecker and kingfisher alliance. Forestine life seems on the whole to tend toward cleverness; and when adaption to civilization follows in its wake, we get wisdom like that of the rook and the raven. The jay cannot compete in these respects with his black-suited allies; but, as a pure wild bird, he must rank very high in a competitive examination. His knowledge of forest lore is probably exhaustive; he knows all that it behooves him to know about edible and inedible grubs, and is a first-class authority on eggs and berries. All this means more than most people imagine; to understand the woods as a jay or a squirrel understands them is to have a much wider range of facts and ideas than the average Londoner's. The jay has contact with realities at first hand; the cockney knows only products, and is innocent of processes.

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## RECRUITING FOR THE TRANSVAAL.

[Collier's Weekly:] Recruiting Officer. I'm afraid you are not smart enough for a cavalryman. We want men who can ride right over anything, if necessary.

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If there is a man or woman who reads this and who feels that there is the slightest question about the results to be accomplished by Prof. Harris, he is requested to send for the new 16-page January ARMENT, just out, containing much valuable and interesting reading relative to this new science, together with testimonials of many people who have been permanently cured, people to whom it is easy to write or talk. Publication is mailed upon receipt of 2c stamp.

NOTE:—Every subscriber of The Times obtains the interesting article on "Absent Treatment" in a portion of this morning's paper.

## HER IMMENSE INCOME.

A PRIVATE FORTUNE SAVED BY THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

[New York Tribune:] The wealth of the Queen of England is vast. It cannot be accurately computed, because there is no one person who is cognizant of her sources of income. In fact, what is known to the public is vast, while there is much which is known officially, and is kept confidential. She still draws a widow of Prince Albert the £30,000 which was allowed him by Parliament. She has also inherited a private fortune of her mother, the late Duchess of Kent, and which brings in a yearly income of £10,000. It is known that she receives a yearly income of £10,000 which goes into her private purse without regard to the revenues accruing to her office or for the support of her royalty. It is certain that Victoria has saved a private fortune. This is outside of the amounts set for the proper support of each member of the royal family, each one of whom has a separate allowance. Individuals have been known to make bequests in the Queen, several of which have been large fortunes.

Besides the money wealth of the Queen, her jewels alone are prodigious. Her gold plate, used only at court festivities, is estimated at a value, and consists chiefly of dishes, flagons, stands, and is the result of years of accumulation of monarchs. Other treasures in the way of furnishings, wearing apparel and other personal and effects and works of art, tapestries, rugs, carriages, etc., would reach a huge sum if carefully appraised.

The expense of keeping up the royal household is another matter which is taken care of by the government to the extent of each of the royal palaces and residences.

The Prince of Wales receives £100,000 annually about \$500,000, while each of his brothers and sisters receives regal incomes as well. It has been claimed, also, that the President of the United States receives an immense salary. But out of his \$50,000 he is to defray much of his expenses, few of the most of his expenses being defrayed by the government over and above his salary. The contrast between this small annual income of the heir apparent to the British throne and it seem pitifully small.

The Queen of England was hardly 21 when she married Prince Albert. Her eldest son, the Prince of Wales, was not 23 when he married Princess Alexandra. The Czar of Russia was only 23 when he married the Dagmar, the sister of the Princess of Wales, who was King Humbert of Italy was 24 when he wedded his Margherita, and the Emperor of Austria at the age of 21 married Princess Elisabeth, who was at the time only 16. The Belgian King was married at 19, the King of Spain at the age of 19 the first time, married his second wife when he was only 22. The Emperor was only 23 when he married Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg.



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## LEADER WRITERS.

## STORIES OF BRITISH JOURNALISTS' METHODS OF WORKING.

From the Cornhill Magazine.

ON THE vast majority of newspapers—indeed, I may say on all newspapers without exception—there is a permanent staff of leader writers, who must be prepared to write on any possible subject at a moment's notice. A well-known London journalist began his career as an "all-round man" on a local paper. One day an article on the agricultural outlook was required. The journalist protested that he knew nothing of farming. "What books have you at home?" was the sharp inquiry of the editor. "A Bible, Shakespeare and a dictionary," said the leader writer. "What other sources of information do you want?" returned the editor, coolly. "Go ahead with the article."

Many good stories are told of strange circumstances in which leading articles have been written. A leader writer on an important daily newspaper in the provinces was directed by his editor one afternoon to write on a certain subject, the understanding being that his article should be forthcoming not later than midnight. Before sitting down to his work he came across convivial companions, and the party "twined vine leaves in their hair." What happened afterward our journalist could not recall when he awoke in the morning with a painful head and a feeling of remorse. On opening the paper his jaw dropped. He found the subject he had undertaken to write upon the coming before treated in a very masterly fashion. On arriving at the office in order to apologize for his omission, he inquired of a sub-editor who wrote the article. "Why, you wrote it yourself," was the reply. "Did I? Oh, yes, to be sure; of course I did," rejoined the journalist in a dead way. He subsequently learned that he had gone back to the office, after parting with his boon companions, to his usual chair, and turned out his "copy" with his usual facility.

Mr. Morley, who was a journalist before he became a Cabinet Minister, delighted the journalists at a press-club dinner in London a few years ago by making the following autobiographical confession: "It was while I was writing a leading article for a certain periodical that I received a letter from an illustrious statesman, who was then forming a government, offering me a post in his Cabinet. Gentlemen," continued Mr. Morley, "so strong in me was the journalistic instinct that, after accepting the illustrious statesman's offer, I went back and finished that leading article. And I can assure you," he added, when the applause which greeted this statement had died away, "that neither the grammar nor the style of the latter half of the article fell short of my usual standard."

Mr. Cooper, the editor of the Scotsman, tells, in his autobiography, a story of how a leader writer (who it has been suggested was the late James Hannay,) being pressed by the printer's devil for a leading article, and having allowed the time to go by in which he could construct one of his own, took the scissors, cut out a "leader" from that day's Times, pasted it on a sheet of paper, and writing on it the headline, "What Does the Times Mean By This?" sent the whole article as his contribution to the leading column of his own journal! It was printed as a "leader" exactly as he sent it in—simply an article from the Times headed by the query: "What Does the Times Mean By This?"

The late Robert Wallace, M.P., who edited the Scotsman before Mr. Cooper, was asked early in his career by the editor of a local newspaper in the north of Scotland to be kindly furnish an article on a light theological topic. Wallace responded with one bearing the title "The Relations Between the Presbyterian Churches and Modern Thought." When set up the article made many columns, and it became a puzzle to editor and printer how to get rid of it. They began by using it in pieces, and whenever the printer said to the editor, "We've got a leader," the reply was, "Eh, mon, just sneek off about a quarter o' Wallace." In this way the composition was being used, first working down from the beginning, then upward from the end. And, as the story goes, "they are at it still."

Mr. Labouchere indulged in some rather disrespectful remarks about leader writers in Truth a couple of years ago. "Article-writing is to a great extent trick writing,"

he wrote. "To 'catch on' they must dogmatize in pointed commonplace. Some persons possess this trick, which is rather an acquired than a natural gift. I have seen articles written by eminent statesmen. I never saw one which would not have been more effectively written by a professional journalist." The last sentence, at all events, would be confirmed by many editors. Articles by eminent statesmen are excellent when the eminent statesmen put their names at the bottom. Otherwise they are no better, but perhaps a little worse, than other people's effusions. John Bright once wrote a "leader" for the old Morning Star, of which he was part proprietor, and the policy of which he controlled. It was a very poor thing in the opinion of the editor, but, of course, it had to be published. Next day a Conservative newspaper had a reply to the article, which began "The great tribune has laid aside his pen, and some miserable hireling of the Morning Star has taken it up." Mr. Bright called at the office of the Morning Star that afternoon, and said, good-humoredly, "I don't think leader writing can be my forte." But the suggestion that the leader writer's business is to "dogmatize in pointed commonplace" reminds me of another story, which, it is said, the late Master of Balliol used to tell. There came to him one day a great and wealthy London newspaper proprietor, who asked him to recommend a young man as a leader writer for his paper. Dr. Jowett mentioned one who was a brilliant scholar, another who had a fine taste in literature, a third who had remarkable gifts of style, a fourth who was given to original thinking. "No, none of these," said the great newspaper proprietor, contemptuously brushing them aside. "The man I want is the man who will write good sense in highly-bombastic language."

But that view of the composition of a leading article does not generally prevail in newspaper offices. In most offices, indeed, it is the custom of the editor to draw his prosaic blue pencil ruthlessly through the sentences containing the higher flights of eloquence of his leader writers. "No dithyrambs, s'il vous plait," Mr. Morley would remark, dryly, as he returned me my article with all the most telling passages struck out." W. T. Stead wrote in a character sketch of John Morley as editor of the Pall Mall Gazette. "He was a great stickler for severity of style and restraint, and sobriety of expression. He was always down on my besetting temptation to bawl, when a word in an ordinary tone would be sufficient." And so it is with many editors.

## MEN OF NOTE.

T. P. O'Connor says that Mr. Balfour is growing old rapidly in appearance.

Count Gleichen, who was severely wounded at the battle of Modder River, is a nephew of Queen Victoria.

Gen. Pole-Carew of the Ninth Brigade in South Africa, is known in the British army as "Polly Carey."

Loye H. Miller of the University of California is to be professor of chemistry and natural sciences in Oahu College, Honolulu.

Provost C. C. Harrison of the University of Pennsylvania gave the university \$250,000 as a New Year's gift. The money will be placed in the hands of the trustees to use as they think best.

W. J. Fisher, who has been appointed editor-in-chief of the London Chronicle, in place of H. W. Massingham, had recently been acting as Mr. Massingham's associate editor. He is a comparatively young man, though he has been

identified with the Chronicle for sixteen years or more. For ten years he served his apprenticeship as foreign editor. He has an exceptionally wide knowledge of international politics.

Admiral Dewey has written to the Savannah Reception Committee, which waited on him in Washington six weeks ago, that he will be pleased to visit that city on or about March 20. He will be accompanied by Mrs. Dewey.

J. H. Ridgway, a brother of the ornithologist of the Smithsonian Institution, has been engaged as taxidermist at the University of Illinois, and is now at work on the museum specimens. He has been connected with the National Museum, the University of Iowa, the Iowa Agricultural College and the University of Ohio.

Dr. Jerome W. Egbert, a young dentist of Chicago, has won fame by the practice of his profession in India. He is the official dentist at the courts of several Indian princes. The Ameer of Afghanistan recently offered a cavalry escort through the Khyber Pass and a fabulous fee for Dr. Egbert's services if he would undertake a journey to Cabul, but the doctor declined.

Russell Sage says, in a recent interview, that his good health is due largely to the fact that he had avoided social functions. "When I was in Congress," he says, "Washington life was very gay. But I decided I would take my frugal habits with me. I met a lot of men who drank so much that they couldn't attend to anything. That doesn't pay. I kept my resolution and was very frugal in Washington."

H. M. Moore, the president of the trustees of Northfield, Mass. Seminary, says that not one dollar received from the hymn books has ever been used by Mr. Moody or Mr. Sankey for their own personal use, but, on the contrary, every dollar received from the hymn book fund has been used to defray expenses of Mr. Moody's schools, materially helping in the \$80,000 necessary to be raised annually for their current expenses.

## THE FRENCHMAN'S WORKDAY.

[Paris Correspondence Pittsburgh Dispatch:] The American workman can congratulate himself that he does not live in France, for the workday is a long one over here. At a recent session of the Commission on Work the length of the workday was reduced to eleven hours. It was further decided yesterday that another half hour should be cut from that date the workday should consist of ten hours. The ratification of the decree, and that at the expiration of six years from that date the workday should consist of ten hours.



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